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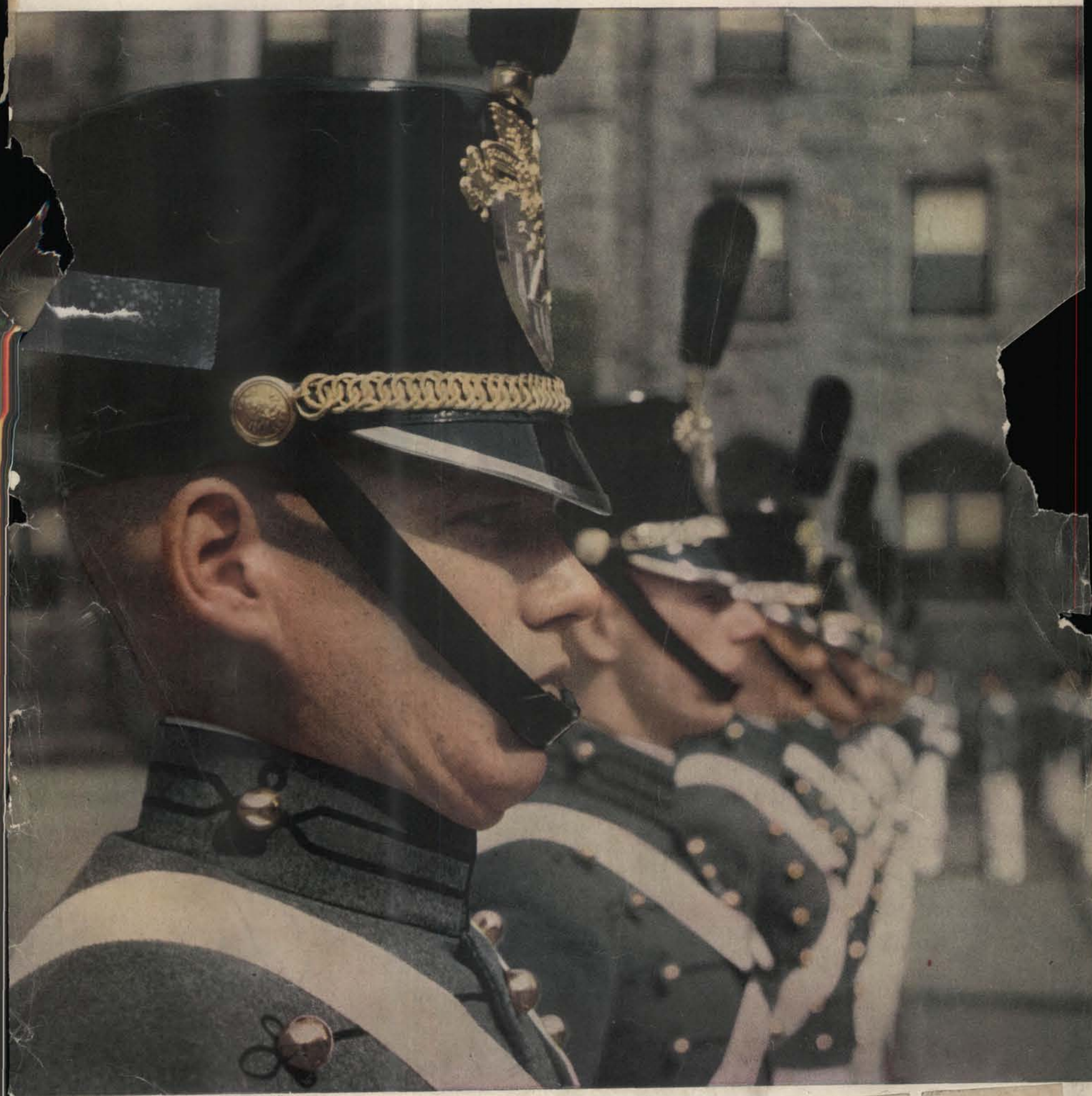
PAINLESS PARKER
Last of America's Tooth-Plumbers



WEST POINT'S 150TH ANNIVERSARY (SEE PAGE 14)

The 12 Who'll Rule Our '52 Conventions

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January 5, 1952

ARTICLES

Painless Parker—Last of America's Tooth-Plumbers..... 7
(PART ONE OF THREE PARTS)
RICHARD DONOVAN AND DWIGHT WHITNEY
The 12 Who'll Rule Our '52 Conventions....ROBERT BENDINER 12
Plebe at the Point.....SEY CHASSLER 14
Eve Arden—Teachers' Pet.....THOMAS CARLILE 20
Rough on the Curves.....COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA 22
Our Friendliest Diplomat.....JOHN LEAR 26
Planet Parenthood.....MURRAY ROBINSON 30
Exploring the Desert of Death.....WALTER A. FAIRSERVIS, JR., 32
(Concluding JOURNEY TO 4000 B.C.) WITH BILL DAVIDSON

FICTION

Stopover at Reno.....JACK FINNEY 10
Animal Husbandry.....ROBERT CARSON 18
The Winner.....JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS 24
Wizard of the Court.....WILLIAM HEUMAN 28
The Waiting Room.....EDWARD HARRIS HETH 34
Men Are Maddening.....E. C. KEIFFER 38
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

48 States of Mind.....WALTER DAVENPORT 42
Hysteria at Circleville.....H. B. FOX 50
Editorials..... 70
Cover.....MARVIN KONER

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

On January 5th the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, begins the celebration of its 150th Anniversary. To pay tribute to the Point—one of the finest military schools in the world—Collier's tells its tale pictorially in terms of one first-year cadet, James J. Waldeck, Jr., of Hampton, Virginia. There is nothing special about Mr. Waldeck, except that his superiors asked him to be the "typical plebe" in Marvin Koner's cover photograph and in the picture story on page 14. Otherwise, Waldeck is exactly like every other man at the Academy: dedicated to Duty, Honor, Country—the motto of West Point.

Week's Mail

GI Gripes

EDITOR: I liked your editorial *Comfort* Isn't the Main Point (Nov. 24th) and wonder, in your comment on the feelings of the GIs in Korea contrasted with the feelings of the GIs in France and Germany, whether or not the instructing officers are perhaps suffering from the type of moral degeneracy expressed in Pentagonese (same issue).

Seems to me, as a housewife with four children in the family, that I could do a better job with a frying pan and rolling pin in making a lasting impression that this thing is serious. The *thing* being the condition of the world in general.

MRS. H. L. MCKERN, Brownsville, Ore.

. . . Comfort Isn't the Main Point seems an unfair attempt to belittle servicemen for expressing dissatisfaction with trivial details of their life. A fair-minded person recognizes these complaints as the only release they are allowed to use to express unhappiness at being in military service at all.

I hope it was not an attempt to set military personnel against one another through comparison of relative stages of comfort and safety. Servicemen, active or inactive, enlisted or officers, share the common grief of rigid, restricted lives without the freedom for which many have fought once before. And they'd defend it willingly again and again if a fair system of military service were used. But the military service system of this time is unjust and naturally produces an Army, and a Navy, of complainers.

I think Collier's editorial could better be used to obtain a more equalized system of military service than in criticizing men already stuck. Place yourself in service, no financial security awaiting your return, your job filled by a younger, "deferred," man, and you'd express your dissatisfaction in a petty manner, too.

DOROTHY MATTOON, Lakewood, Ohio

Fiction Fanciers

EDITOR: Why don't you print more beautiful gems like Jack Finney's Sounds in the Night (Nov. 24th)? That story filled me with such happy buoyancy it lasted for days.

Mr. Finney reminds me most of Somerset Maugham, American style. He writes about practically nothing, yet he does it so wonderfully well.

RUTH CRANE, New York, N.Y.

. . . No murder suspects, no asinine plot, no bloody climax—and it seems the result is a terrific short story like Sounds in the Night. I seem to recall another wonderful story by the same author, which I particularly enjoyed—My Cigarette Loves Your Cigarette.

FRANCIS T. BETTACK, Bronx, N.Y.

. . . I sincerely hope we may have the opportunity of reading more stories by John Bell Clayton.

(Continued on page 45)

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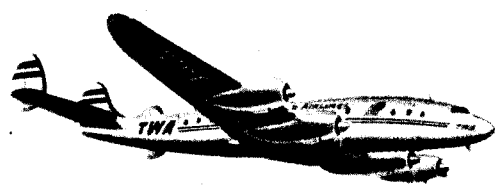

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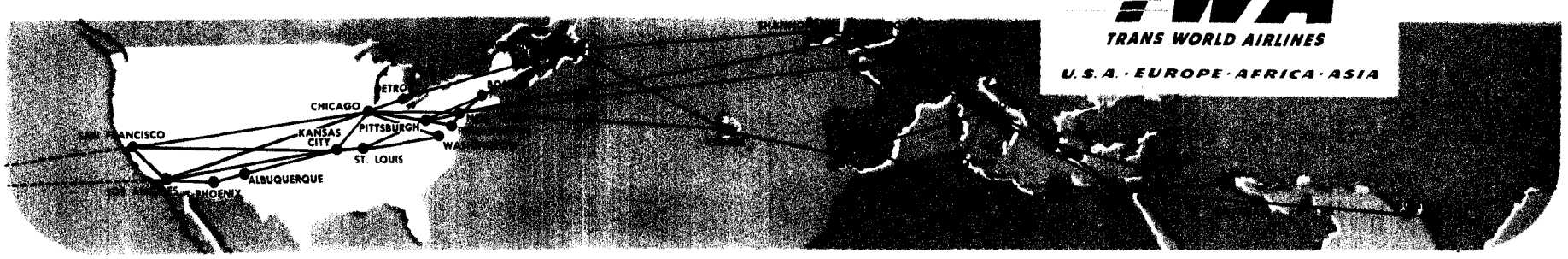

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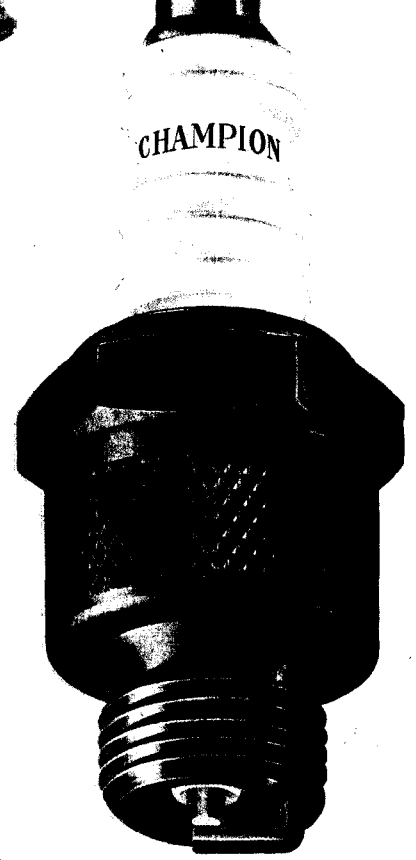

The Sign of Dependable Service!

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Collier's, January 5, 1952

PAINLESS PARKER

Last of America's Tooth-Plumbers

By RICHARD DONOVAN and DWIGHT WHITNEY

In 59 rowdy years of needling the "ethicals," he yanked out teeth on the sidewalk, used acrobats and dancing girls to attract patients—and made millions. Here is his fabulous saga

I

ON THE third floor of a flatiron building in downtown San Francisco one recent morning, a patient waited tensely in a dentist's chair for novocain to numb his aching jaw. Antiseptic odors assaulted his nose while his eyes avoided a nurse who was arranging various, formidable drills, pries and chisels on an instrument tray. Suddenly a side door burst open and a stocky, white-coated old gentleman with silvery hair and mustache, a pointed Vandyke beard and an expression of restrained glee, swept into the cubicle, causing the patient to start up in alarm.

"Easy, son!" boomed the old gentleman, flexing a large forceps while he gazed into the half-open mouth before him. "This extraction is going to be absolutely painless!"

With that, the old gentleman got swiftly and expertly to work. When the molar was out, he brandished it triumphantly.

"Compliments of the expert exponent of extraordinary excellence on his fifty-ninth anniversary as a blot on the noble tooth-plumbing profession!" he exclaimed, in one breath. "In short, this one is on the house."

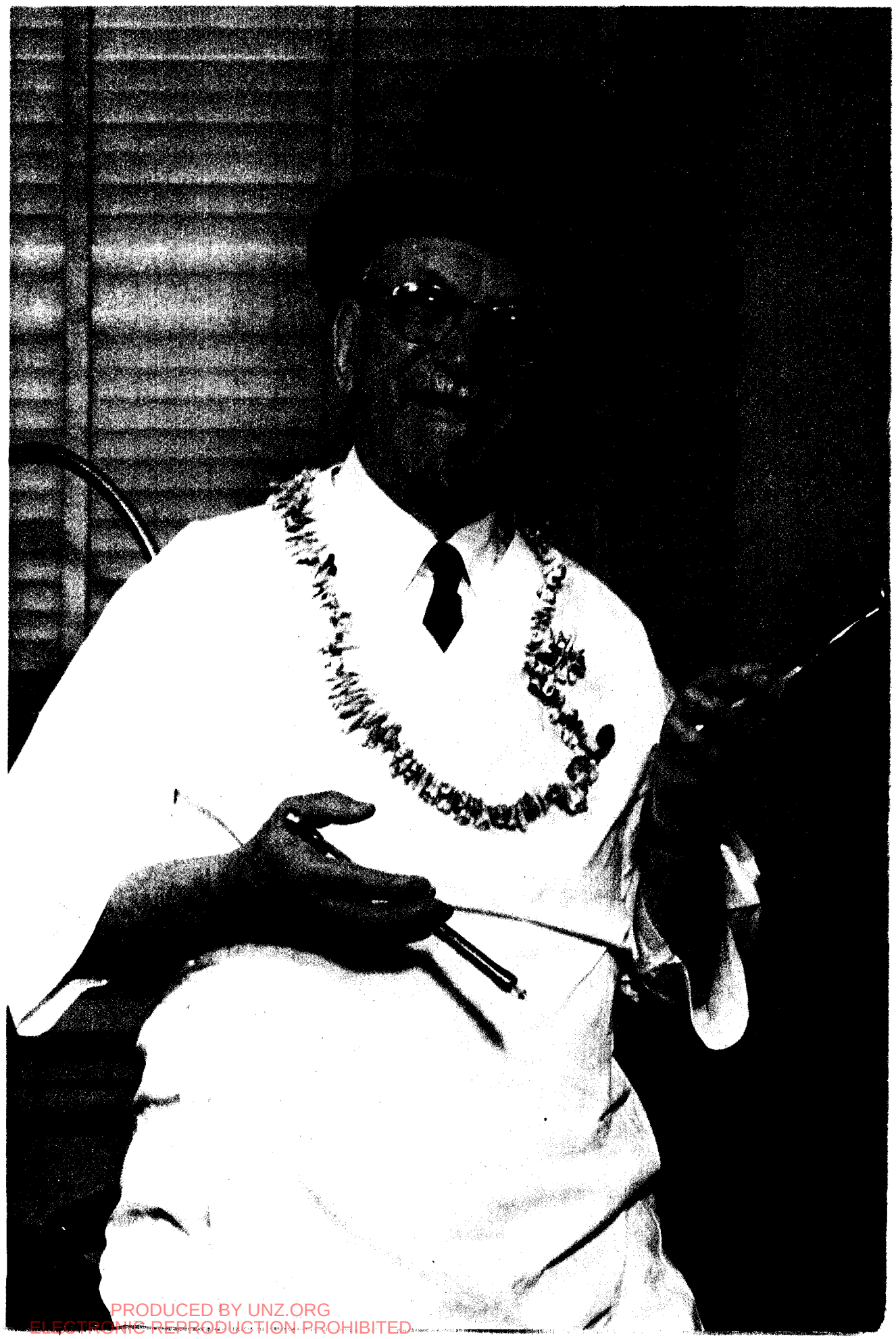
When the old gentleman had vanished from the room, stopping only to rattle a necklace of 357 human teeth hung on a wall as a memento of his all-time record for one day's work, the patient stopped cowering and began to rise.

"Who was that?" he asked, faintly.

"That?" said the nurse, in obvious surprise at such a question. "Why, that was Dr. Parker, of course—Dr. Painless Parker. He's in charge here." The nurse thought a minute, and then added: "We think he's a very unusual man."

In describing Dr. Parker as "unusual," this good nurse achieved an almost sensational understatement.

At the age of eighty, Painless Parker, *D.D.S.*, is the active head of a million-dollar-a-year chain of 28 dental offices in California, Oregon and Washington; the employer of 240 dental workers, including 78 dentists; the owner of office buildings, ranches, dental supply plants and one of the sharpest tongues and steadiest right hands in dentistry. He is licensed to practice in 8 states and several provinces in Canada, and he has all but four of his own teeth. He is, he says, the third oldest dentist in the U.S. and Canada still in daily practice. He is also one of the greatest pitchmen ever developed in the United States, which more or less invented that art. In addition, he is the number one, all-time black sheep, emeritus, of the American Dental Association and its 70,000 ethical members, who feel that dentistry has come a long way since



Parker, now 80, dons his bullet-riddled hat, punctured during his early days in Canada's wilds, and a necklace of 357 teeth he pulled in one day. He's in his San Francisco office

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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Parker's spectacular promotion violates dental association rules

Dr. Parker's youth, and that medicine-show dentistry is happily past.

Just about every working day, Dr. Parker personally pulls, drills, fills, crowns or otherwise overhauls some dozen teeth (he pulled 59 on his fifty-ninth anniversary in dentistry). Between times, he helps keep the books of his sprawling organization, makes field trips during which he fires policy orders right and left and thinks up plans for new expansion. Even though the A.D.A., which once tried to make him cease advertising in the newspapers and on the radio, has apparently decided to wait out his winter years in silence, he continues to defy that organization in private. When not thus occupied, he may spend a few off hours cackling over remembered battles, routs and charges.

In 59 years as "the people's dentist," Dr. Parker has made and lost more millions of dollars than any other dentist, dead or alive. His license has been revoked and recovered and he is probably the only dentist ever to whoop up trade with his own circus. He has filled the teeth of circus tigers and walruses while cameras clicked and thousands stared, and he has planted diamonds in the front teeth of dozens of patients, including ex-heavyweight champion Fighting Bob Fitzsimmons. With nothing but a forceps in his holster, he has ridden horseback through the frontier wildernesses of Canada and Alaska, servicing the teeth of farmers, Blackfoot Indians, sourdoughs, gamblers and ladies of the evening, in turn.

In big cities, wearing a top hat and cutaway coat, and presenting brass bands, dancing girls and contortionists to attract crowds, to which he often tossed buckets full of small change, he has moved into that special niche in the American consciousness reserved for folklore figures, like Soapy Smith, Bigfoot Wallace and Buffalo Bill, whom he startlingly resembles.

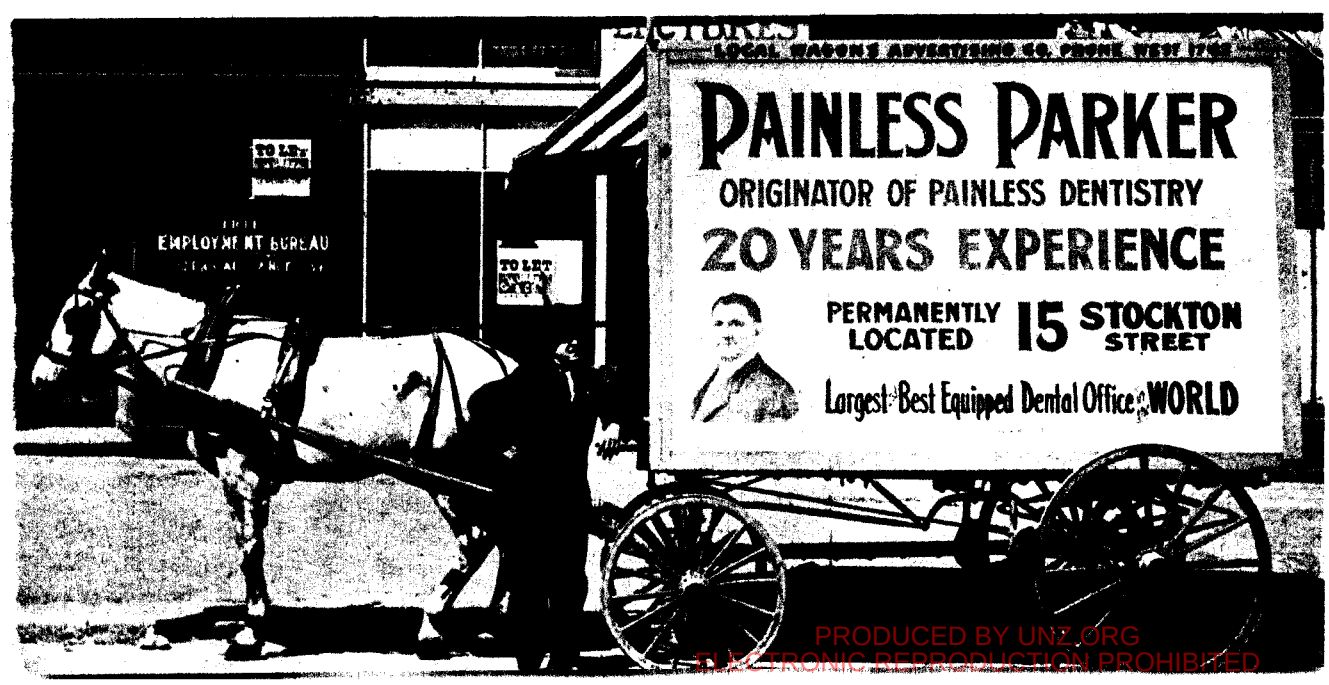
This is not to say that Dr. Parker has been all pitchman and no practitioner. While certainly not the greatest dentist of his age, he was nevertheless one of the first to use dental anesthetics on a mass scale (hence his first name), and the first to bring dental education to the man in the street with his sidewalk medicine shows, "painless" extraction demonstrations in the open air and hellfire sermons on the horrors of tooth decay. He was also the probable originator of civilian group dental practice, in which every service from X ray to complete uppers and lowers could be had under one roof.

But what really made the doctor into a piece of Americana (a fact recognized in The Paleface, a movie in which Bob Hope played a frontier dentist named Painless Peter Potter) was his inextinguishable love of backwoodsmen, sometimes known as rubes. The sight of rubes standing around and waiting to be sold something inevitably roused a deep emotion in the doctor. This is the mark of the true pitchman.

Parker graduated in 1892, pulled teeth to help pay his way through dentistry school

Dr. Parker, during the '30s when he was an "inside" dentist, re-enacted this scene from his sidewalk days

Mobile huckstering in San Francisco about 1916. Dr. Parker hired dozens of wagons like this



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Selling Dentistry by Showmanship

Long ago, when Dr. Parker, dressed in a rented uniform of the Pavlograd Hussars, bounded up on the tail gate of a wagon in the hill country and began to exhort the pioneers to fly to his forceps, all to the accompaniment of cornet blasts and throbbing tom-toms and cries of "Get away, boy, you bother me!"—that was Americana, a spectacle to warm the heart of any man who reveres the honest sleight of hand that helped get this country, and most others, started.

In later years when the A.D.A. quite understandably belabored the doctor as a "menace to the dignity of the profession," the point that he was a showman first and a dentist second was always heavily stressed—and rightly so. Dr. Parker would have made a show of anything he went into. J. P. (Morgan) Parker would certainly have astounded Wall Street; Billy (Sunday) Parker would have astounded the devil.

But a fact that was always overlooked by detractors was that the doctor was two incompatible men, one of them yearning for spectacle and the other yearning equally hard for respectability. Nobody ever seemed to see the respectable man in Dr. Parker. Nevertheless, in his eightieth year and laying about him with forceps, advertising and invective, the respectable man is still scrambling around in the doctor, still trying to get a word in. "I'm probably the most ethical man you ever ran into," Dr. Parker informed a friend recently. This was the respectable man talking.

The war in Dr. Parker is rarely visible to outsiders, of course. In fact, he has often had trouble convincing strangers there was substance to him at all. The younger generation, which to a man of Parker's age includes almost everybody now alive, persists in thinking of him either as long dead, or else as a kind of business trade-mark or as a figment of the American frontier imagination.

"It's that dang name, Painless," Dr. Parker fumes. "People won't believe a man would go around with a name like that. I can't count the times I've stood looking some stranger right in the eye and seen him shifting around in his mind, like Scrooge sizing up Marley's ghost, telling himself I was nothing but indigestion. Dang it, there's times I wonder if I haven't oversold myself."

This question, distressing as it must be, is nevertheless academic. Dr. Parker could as well have done without air as without self-advertising. His first infant yell for food had a midway ring to it. It was a pitch, clear and distinct.

This yell emanated from a large house in Tynemouth Creek, New Brunswick, Canada, where Edgar Rudolph Randolph Parker was born in 1872. It was received with indulgence by Edgar's parents, who were Baptists, the descendants of shipbuilders and respectable, Parker says, to the point of stifling. This indulgence lasted until Edgar was three, and tried to elope with a druggist's daughter, who was five. After that, it abated steadily as Edgar grew into a muscular and aggressive youth with bold blue eyes, a kick in either fist, an enormous enthusiasm for young females, a dislike for orthodoxy and a magnetic, light-foot quality that characterizes most pitchmen.

Edgar's talent for salesmanship was first demon-

...but he was a pioneer in popularizing the proper care of the teeth

strated when he was seven—he sold the playground of one of the many schools from which he was ejected to a fellow student for twenty cents. When Edgar was fifteen, his mother insisted that he study for the ministry, but before packing him off to Acadia University, in Nova Scotia, she took him to a phrenologist to see whether she was doing the right thing. Dr. Parker remembers that the phrenologist was relaxed and smiling as he began to run his sensitive fingers over the bumps and hollows of his youthful skull. A few more feels and the phrenologist's expression changed to one of worried concentration, and then to frowning disapproval. Finally, recoiling visibly from an area behind Edgar's right ear, he announced:

"Mrs. Parker, your son will probably be world famous, though what he will be famous for I hesitate to say. I can tell you, however, that he will not gain renown as a holy man."

Agitated by this pronouncement, Mrs. Parker rushed Edgar off to the theological seminary at once, only to get him back a few weeks later with a letter that richly corroborated the head-feeler's findings.

"An ordinary interest in young women is to be expected in healthy young men," the letter said, in part. "But to say that Edgar Parker reaches the extraordinary in this respect, madam, is understatement of the grossest kind."

Rather than discuss his "interests" with his father, Edgar signed on a coastal schooner at St. John, New Brunswick, as cook. Later, in Boston, he signed on a ship bound around Cape Horn, and in the next two years at sea developed muscles, a vocabulary and a knowledge of worldly ways largely undreamed of in Tynemouth Creek.

Water-Front Brawl in Buenos Aires

Dr. Parker feels he might have been shipping out yet, had he not got into a roaring brawl on the Buenos Aires water front one night. While Parker was stomping up and down upon one seaman, another hit him across the back of the neck with a belaying pin, parting two vertebrae and causing partial paralysis. Moved to a hospital in the British West Indies, Parker took envious notice of the doctors who strolled around with great dignity, looking cool, as though they did not have to work very hard. The memory of this professional ease was still strong in him when he had recovered and his mother had brought him to New York to see an uncle who was in the ship chandlery business.

"All the doctors did, it seemed to me," says Dr. Parker, "was look mysterious and prescribe salts. I knew I could look as mysterious as the next guy with one of those white coats on."

Edgar passed this thought on to his mother who promptly took him to another phrenologist to have him "vocationalized." By this time the contours of Edgar's skull had been so altered by clubs and knuckles that it was difficult for a feeler to get a true reading. Nevertheless, this fellow fingered Edgar industriously and after the usual starts of surprise and revulsion, declared:

"It looks like this young man has got too big an engine for his frame. If you will notice right here" —the phrenologist guided Mrs. Parker's fingers to a ridge along the frontal area—"here is a rare configuration, indicating high powers of persuasion. Perhaps he ought to enter one of the learned professions—a lawyer, say, or even a doctor."

"A doctor?" Mrs. Parker mused, dreamily fingering the lumps behind Edgar's ears. "That would be nice."

Dr. Parker remembers that the phrenologist removed his mother's hand from the lumps with anxious haste. "I wouldn't fool around that back area," the feeler warned, nervously. "There is certain information about the patient that is perhaps best left undisclosed."

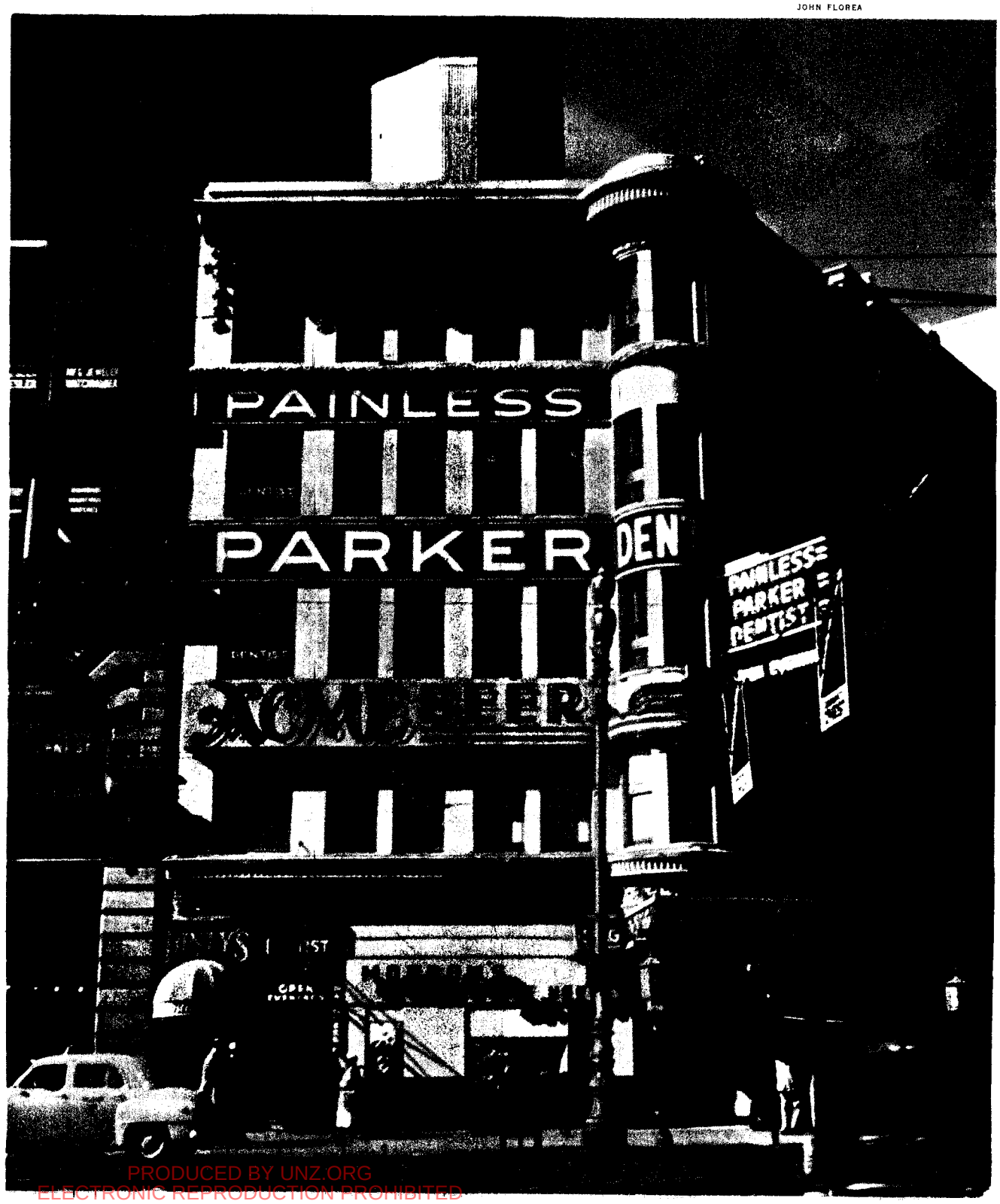
Back in Tynemouth Creek, it was discovered that a medical education would be too expensive. As a desperation move, Mrs. Parker dispatched Edgar to the old Baptist Seminary at Saint Martin's, New Brunswick, for another go at religion. When he was ejected once more, for spreading worldly unrest among the neophytes, he spent a few months as a horse-and-wagon peddler in the Canadian backwoods. "I learned about making money there, friend," Dr. Parker says. "You stick your foot in everybody's door, taking the precaution to wear a heavy boot and save your toes." Then, with $250, he set off for New York and a dental education, which was quicker and cheaper than a medical one. After three years at the New York College of Dentistry and the Philadelphia Dental College, during which time he was forced to practice door-to-door dentistry to continue eating, he got a diploma.

The return of Edgar Rudolph Randolph Parker, D.D.S., to Tynemouth Creek in the spring of 1892 was a shining occasion. Parker, Sr., rushed out of the house, grasped his son's hand and cried, "Doctor!" Mrs. Parker smiled through sniffles while Edgar, clad in morning coat, polka-dot cravat and silk hat, stood solemnly curling his new mustache. "Danged if I wasn't a dude!" says Dr. Parker, happily.

The next day Dr. Parker got a shingle, rented a chair in the local barbershop and retired behind a curtain to wait for customers. There was nothing queer in this choice of location since barbers, as some antiquarians may remember, were the first dentists, or more accurately, the first public tooth pullers. Occasionally, Dr. Parker peered out hungrily at the barber's customers, but never once mentioned teeth. That would have been unethical.

In dental college, Parker had been lectured sternly on matters of professional ethics. He had been told to wait for people to come to him, and to do such a conscientious job that they would recommend him to others. This unsolicited word-of-mouth advertising, Edgar was warned, was the only kind permitted an *(Continued on page 54)*

JOHN FLOREA



From his San Francisco headquarters, Parker runs a chain of 28 dental offices in Oregon, Washington and California. His blatant signs are frowned on by ethical dental practitioners

Collier's for January 5, 1952

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Stopover at Reno

By JACK FINNEY

You're pretty broke by the time you hit Reno—but you do want to gamble a silver dollar, just for fun. And then suddenly something has happened and it isn't fun any more. You've got to keep on, you've got to *win* . . .

THE instant the bellboy closed the door, Ben Bennell saw his wife turn toward him, and he avoided her eyes. "How much is the room?" she asked. She was dark and pretty, in slacks and a short cloth jacket, her face marred, now, by tired lines.

For just an instant, he hesitated; then he told her the truth, winking confidentially. He was a stocky man with a pleasant face. "Eight dollars," he said.

She grimaced and sat down on the tan chenille bedspread, watching his face. "And how much will that leave us?"

"Enough; don't worry." He patted the wallet in his hip pocket. Then, slipping the knot of his tie down, he began to unbutton his collar.

"Ben, are you sure?" she said softly. "It's costing more than we figured, and there isn't a soul we could wire for money."

He nodded, his face calm. "We've got our bus tickets through"—again he touched his hip pocket—"and forty-five dollars, plus the change in my pocket. So we'll hit San Francisco, after meals and the hotel bill, with thirty-odd dollars. I figure fifteen dollars for a room and kitchenette for a week—I've got the address of a place on Sutter Street. Five or six dollars carfare and lunch money for me, the rest for food. And before the week's up, I'll find a job. Bound to, baby." Taking off his wrinkled suit coat, he tossed it on the chair, then walked over to his wife. Standing before her, he began gently massaging the back of her neck, staring over her head.

"You have to take a chance now and then," he murmured soothingly, then repeated what they had told each other so often: "If we'd stayed in Newark till we could move out here with absolute security, we'd have been there the rest of our lives. As it is, we'll be in California by noon tomorrow. Get happy about it," he urged her gently. "We'll be all right."

"Okay." She glanced up, smiling a little. "But we'd have been there tonight, except for me."

Ben shoved both hands into his pants pockets and walked toward the windows. "Listen," he said, "four days and nights on a bus is no rest cure for anybody, including me. This way, we break the trip, get a decent night's rest, and hit San Francisco fresh and relaxed." He glanced out the windows at the sunny street below. "And that's the best way to look for a job. Anyway, we deserve this"—he winked at her again—"before we forget how to sleep lying down."

"I haven't forgotten." Rose smiled and pulled back the tan bedspread, exposing the fat pillows and folded-down sheet. "White sheets," she murmured. "Clean and fresh." She sighed and lay back.

Ben smiled. "Get some rest now. Take a nap. Start getting our eight dollars' worth."

"Okay." With first one foot, then the other, she pushed her slipper heels off, then lowered both shoes, hanging from her toes, to the floor. "How about you?" She snuggled her head into a pillow.

"Pretty soon; few minutes, maybe." He dropped into the big chair, feet sprawled out. "Maybe I'll read for a few minutes first; I might go down for a paper."

"Okay." Rose closed her eyes. "Reno," she murmured. "Never thought I'd be in Reno; didn't know we even passed through it."

Opening her eyes, she smiled at Ben. "You want to divorce me?"

"Can't afford it." Then, with gentle finality, he said, "Get some rest now, baby," and pulled a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. Lighting one, he sat back in his chair, blowing smoke at the ceiling, watching Rose.

Within a minute she was asleep, and Ben watched her for a few moments longer, then stood up, taking his coat from the chair.

DOWNSTAIRS in the lobby, he crossed from the elevator to the newsstand. The massive hotel doors were clear plate glass, and he saw the doorman standing out in the intense Nevada sun, wearing gabardine riding breeches, a green silk shirt, and a cream-colored sombrero. The sidewalk cow hand, Ben said to himself. Pulling the change from his pocket, two half dollars and a dime, he bought a paper, then returned to the elevators and stood waiting.

Even without turning his head to look, he knew what the steady wash of sound from the big room off the lobby meant. It was the composite drone of many sounds; the heavy chunk of slot-machine springs, the tiny musical racketing of an ivory roulette ball on a turning wheel, the sustained monotone of many voices, and the occasional rich chink, audible even out here, of silver dollars in stacks.

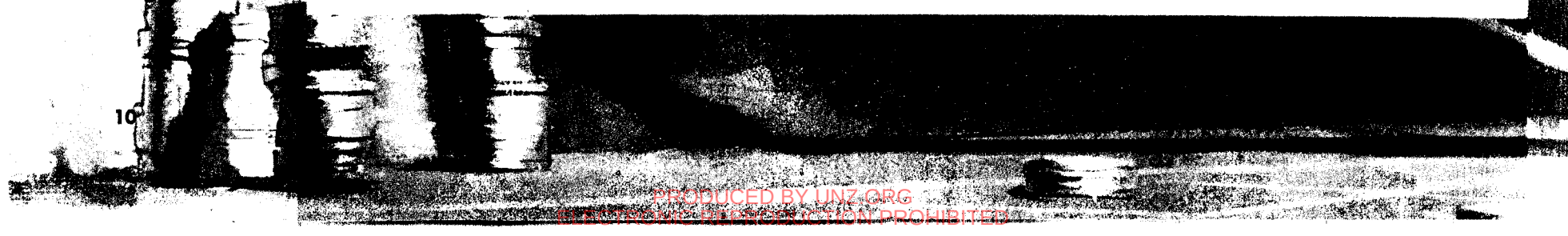
He turned and walked toward the casino to watch, one hand slipping casually into his pocket. As he crossed the wide lobby toward the sounds ahead, the hand in his pocket fingered the half dollars there, knowing—a tiny instant before his mind knew it too—that he wanted to gamble them in the room ahead. Instantly fear moved in his stomach. He was more worried about money than he had let Rose know. He understood, more than she did, how possible it was not to find a job in a strange city, in a week or much longer; and if their money ran out he simply did not know what they would do.

Then he shrugged in annoyance, suddenly tired of days and weeks of budgeting almost to the penny. If their luck was to be bad, he told himself irritably, a dollar wasn't going to matter much now, one way or the other. We're not that bad off, he said to himself—you can't visit Reno without betting a dollar. Anyway—he shrugged again—he knew he was going to bet it one dollar, and he stopped in the wide doorway, looking into the casino.

It was impressively large, high-ceilinged, and carpeted in beige, the walls unobtrusively cream and tan. There were no windows, Ben noticed, and the room was filled with soft yellow *(Continued on page 39)*

In panic and confusion, Ben hesitated, then reached out helplessly and picked up the dice

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY



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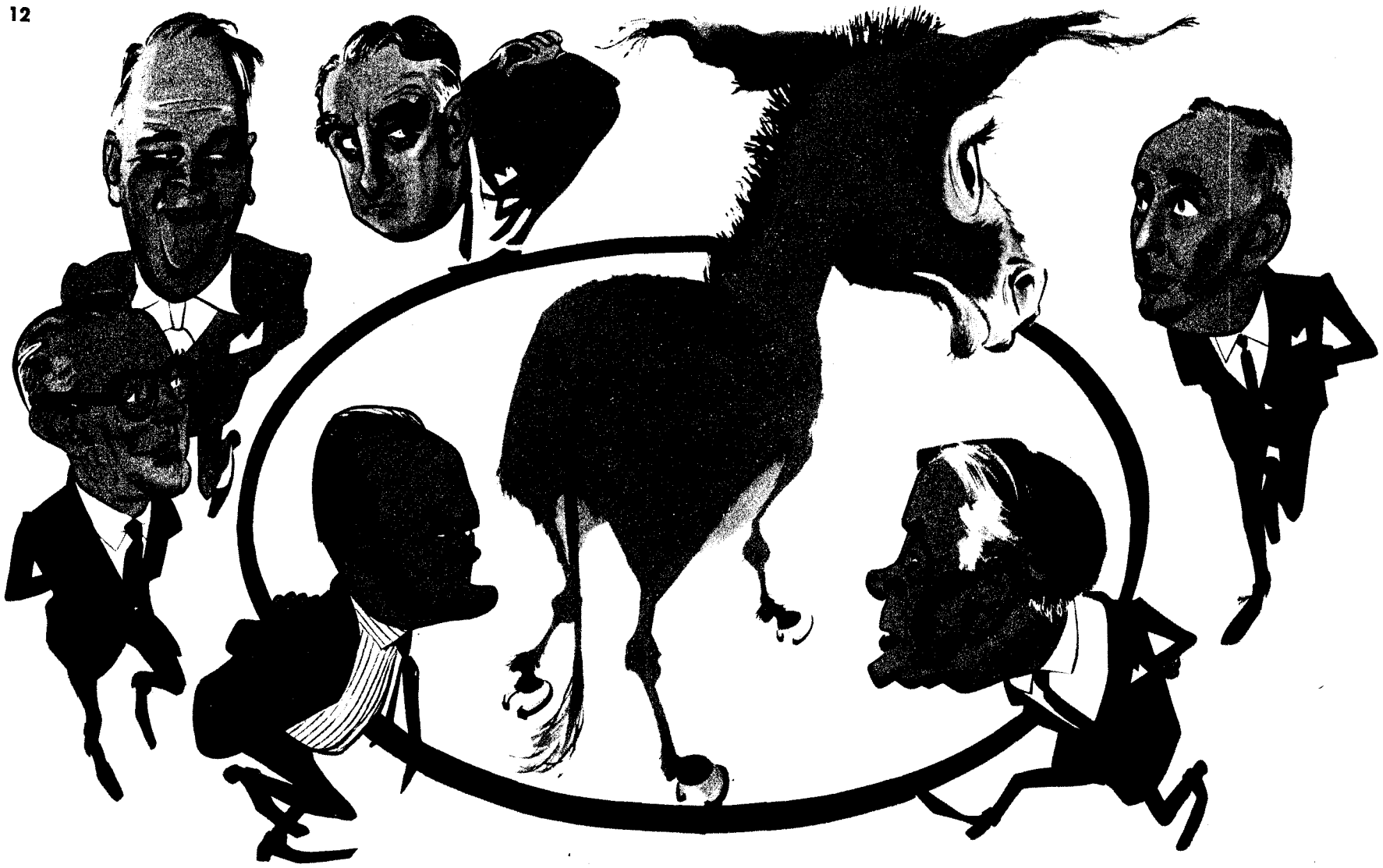

The Democrats' Big Six: (clockwise) Senator Richard B. Russell, Georgia; Vice-President Barkley; Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, Minnesota; Secretary of the Interior Oscar L. Chapman; Senator Robert S. Kerr, Oklahoma; and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Fred M. Vinson

THE 12 WHO'LL RULE

Granting the influence of Truman and Eisenhower, there are a dozen other men whose leadership will largely fix the choice of nominees. Here's a study of their power and how each will probably use it

By ROBERT BENDINER

NEXT July some 1,200 Republicans, equipped with banners, badges, noisemakers, deep-laid plans and counterplans, will gather at Chicago's International Amphitheater to choose their party's nominee for President of the United States. Two weeks later some 1,200 Democrats, similarly equipped, will pack the same South Side amphitheater, observe the same rituals, and emerge with *their* standard-bearer. Theoretically the two big names that appear on the ballot in November will be the carefully pondered choices of these hundreds of party faithful. And the nominations will, on the record, be their doing. But the selections will be powerfully influenced, if not determined, by the actions of a small number of men—probably not more than a dozen.

Some hardened observers will tell you that a Presidential candidate is nominated by a few grizzled kingmakers gathered in a "smoke-filled hotel room," while the delegates who are charged with this solemn mission go harmlessly whooping around a bedecked hall several miles away. Others will tell you that our Presidential conventions are among the least predictable gatherings of the human species, that anything may happen, and that no political boss can even foretell, much less order, the behavior of a hallful of rampaging delegates. Both views have elements of truth and can find support in the record, but neither is anything like a reliable guide.

The case of Warren G. Harding is often cited, of course, as the classic example of the first theory. In the Republican convention of 1920, the Ohio senator straggled through the first day's balloting without polling more than 65½ votes or even winning all of his own state delegation. But by the tenth ballot, after a night's recess, his vote soared to 692⅕, and the prize was his. To stunned reporters Harding explained dubiously, "We drew to a pair of deuces, and filled." Actually Lady Luck had only a negligible role in the affair. It later came out that in the small hours of the morning the senator had been summoned to a suite at Chicago's Blackstone Hotel. There he was offered the nomination by a handful of party chieftains because, as one of them later put it, "there was nothing against him, and because the delegates wanted to go home."

On the other hand, Wendell Willkie, a Democratic voter up to 1938, took the Republican convention by storm in 1940. Spurned by the top G.O.P. leaders, he whipped up such a contagious enthusiasm for himself that the convention at Philadelphia thumbed its collective nose at the kingmakers and chose him above such party stalwarts as Robert A. Taft, Thomas E. Dewey and Arthur Vandenberg.

These are the extremes, however—the one resulting from an unbreakable deadlock; the other from a mass appeal that caught the unbelieving professionals off balance and blew them down before they could swing into action. Normally a convention falls into a pattern somewhere between these extremes. The conclave as a whole is not slavishly at the command of a few wirepullers, but great clusters of delegates do follow their respective leaders. These, in turn, oppose one another, make deals, withhold or deliver voting blocs, and in general do the masterminding. Whether the conventions of 1952 turn out to be raging battles or mild tea parties, there will be, as usual, a dozen or so men whose power and strategic position

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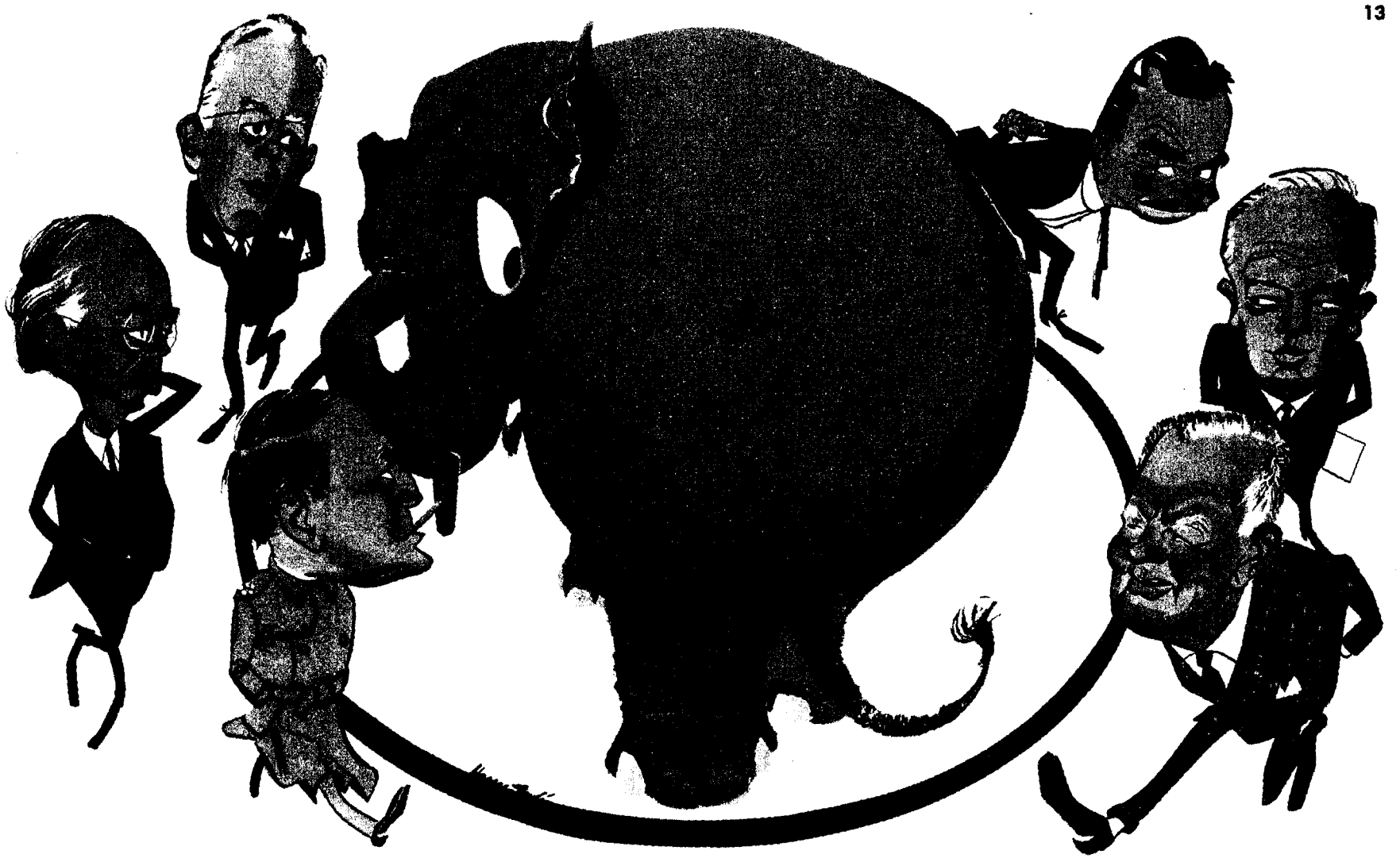

Ringmasters for the Republican convention: Governor Thomas E. Dewey, New York; Harold E. Stassen, University of Pennsylvania's president; Senator James H. Duff, Pennsylvania; General Douglas MacArthur; Senator Robert A. Taft, Ohio; and Governor Earl Warren of California

OUR '52 CONVENTIONS

give them a potent influence in the final decision.

Because a President can generally have a renomination for the asking, it may be assumed at once that Mr. Truman will dominate the Democratic convention if he chooses to run. And if he doesn't, his will still be the strongest voice in the naming of a successor. Should General Eisenhower consent to be a Republican candidate, it does not similarly follow that he will get the nomination; but certainly such a decision would dictate the kind of convention the Republicans will have. And if he should decline to run, his renunciation, especially if it came too late for his supporters to organize behind a second choice, might well hand the nomination to Senator Taft without a struggle.

It must be accepted at the start, then, that the President and the general are in top positions to call the turns. But they are far from having the field to themselves. Whether, to begin with, they will find the nominations worth the seeking, the kind of platforms they can run on, and what will happen if they throw open the conventions—all this depends on others.

Who are these others, where does their power come from, and how are they likely to use it?

In the judgment of some of the capital's shrewdest observers, including high party strategists, the key figures among the Democrats include names relatively little known to the public. The "Big Six," not necessarily in the descending order of power, are: Richard B. Russell. Fred M. Vinson, Robert S. Kerr, Hubert H. Humphrey, Oscar Chapman and Alben Barkley. For the Republicans the line-up of influence is better known, chiefly because most of its members are, or have been, Presidential candidates in their own right. Here, unless all signs fail, the roster will read: Robert A. Taft, Thomas E. Dewey, Earl Warren, James H. Duff, Harold E. Stassen and Douglas MacArthur.

Any such listing is hazardous, of course, and opinions on the subject will vary. But these dozen names would have to be high on any informed list simply because each represents a force within his party that is bound to express itself in some important way at Chicago. Allowing for the necessary "ifs" this far ahead, one can get an advance insight into the working of the conventions merely by considering the roles staked out for these star performers.

Take, to begin with, the junior senator from Georgia, a man not often found in the limelight. Richard Russell may not even appear at Chicago but, to those who know, his influence will be extremely apparent all the same. For no matter who wins the nomination, the proceedings are sure to be sparked by another of those rows with the Southern wing of the party which promise to be as standard a feature of Democratic conventions as the opening prayer.

And behind the scenes, as any Capitol Hill reporter will attest, the man who calls the signals for the Southerners is smooth, quiet, able Dick Russell, a skilled parliamentarian and, in spite of his status as Georgia's junior senator, a veteran of 19 years in the Upper House. At fifty-four he is the recognized strategist of the Senate's Southern bloc, the man who runs the show, at least on the explosive civil rights issue, while his more vocal colleagues fence and filibuster.

Clear notice of rebellion has already been served by some of the Southerners, with this threefold objective: to deny the nomination to Truman, assuming he wants it; to scrap the civil rights plank that prompted the Dixiecrat walkout four years ago; and to restore the convention rule, in effect from 1836 to 1936, whereby a two-thirds vote is needed to nominate for President. It was this rule that for a century gave the Southerners virtually a permanent right of veto.

Actually, none of these objectives is at all likely to be attained at Chicago, the numerical strength of the Southerners being what it is. But what might happen as the result of such a triple defeat promises to provide a major share of the summer's political excitement.

Some veteran political observers predict a post-convention rebellion in the South much more far-reaching than the 1948 uprising, which cost Truman 39 electoral votes—one that might well make his renomination in 1952 a meaningless gesture. Former Governor J. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina and Governor Fielding L. Wright of Mississippi, they point out, were, after all, men of minor stature in the South. This time the movement has already had more than a friendly nod from two men of national prestige.

Governor James F. Byrnes of South Carolina is pledged to fight for the nomination of another Southerner, like Senator *(Continued on page 52)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY DEVLIN

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West Point cadets must be first-class soldiers. Here plebe James J. Waldeck, Jr., gets careful inspection by upperclassmen before parade

Accepted by Point, Waldeck (red hair, center of picture) arrived with his class July 3d. By day's end they were briskly military

Soon after arrival, Waldeck got posture lesson by "popping his chest" to meet hand of second classman Robert Beaucond, St. Petersburg, Fla.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER

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PLEBE AT THE POINT

As the United States Military Academy marks its 150th anniversary, a typical Fourth Classman prepares to take his place in the historic "Long Gray Line"

By SEY CHASSLER

JAMES J. WALDECK, JR., of Hampton, Virginia, is seventeen years old. His life is governed by a set of rules which account for his time, his physical appearance, his mental demeanor, his obligations and privileges, and his relations with his fellow man.

He must walk in the rigid position of military attention at all times when he is out of his room. He must take his meals in silence unless he is given permission to speak. He is responsible for his every act to his seniors and superiors. It isn't easy for young Mr. Waldeck. There are days when hell might seem sweeter, but he would not trade a moment of what he has for two weeks with pay in the Garden of Eden. James J. Waldeck, Jr., is a Fourth Classman, a plebe, a freshman, in the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York.

Along with 641 other plebes who came to the Point on July 3d last year to start their careers at one of the finest military schools in the world, Mister Waldeck—he is not called by any other name by upperclassmen during his first year—learned fast that the rigid Fourth Class System by which his first year at the Academy is regulated is not, as many outsiders assume, simply a form of hazing. It is an introduction to military life. It teaches discipline, obedience and the serious value of subordination under military conditions. It leaves a man feeling that he is a soldier, physically and mentally. For one thing, he walks erect for the rest of his life because he has trained his body to the soldier's carriage. When he leaves the Point, he will be forever devoted to the principles of duty, honor and loyalty to his country. And he will feel qualified to join the Long Gray Line of men who have come out of West Point since 1802.

Plebe Waldeck awaits a formation. His full-dress hat is called a "tarbucket"; the insigne on it, a "fried egg"

This year the Academy on the Hudson River is celebrating its 150th anniversary. As a symbol of dignity, patriotism and national security, it is today an example for the world to follow. But West Point wasn't born great. It was a long, hard time before the Long Gray Line began to form on the green plain that juts into the Hudson.

Physically, West Point was a military factor in the nation's history from almost the very beginning. During the Revolution, the British tried to take it twice—once by force of arms and once by the treachery of Benedict Arnold. After they failed, it was strongly fortified under the direction of the Polish-born patriot, Colonel Kosciusko. But it was soon fairly forgotten, and at the end of the war there was nothing more than a small artillery school on its grounds.

Yet the 80 men who composed the school and its garrison were virtually the major portion of the Army of the United States. The nation, battered, weary and tired of war, cared little and worried less about it. Only a few leaders, like George Washington, Alexander Hamilton and John Adams, evidenced interest. The new nation must have a strong military establishment, they said, if it was to survive at all; and it must train officers of the highest caliber to administer this establishment. There were bold and adventurous men by the hundreds in the U.S. who would join an army, but there was nobody to lead them. The nation needed a military academy. Washington pleaded for one in every way he knew until the day he died in 1799.

Finally, on March 16, 1802, Congress authorized a Corps of Engineers which, when organized, "shall be established at West Point, in the state of New York, and shall constitute a Military Academy." The basic job was done, but the hard work was still to come.

The first class at the Point was composed of 10 cadets under the supervision of five instructors. There were no entrance requirements, no system of discipline, no class rank, no tactical organization. Enrolled cadets did not even have to attend the Academy if they didn't want to. Yet, somehow, on October 12, 1802, two men managed to graduate as officers of the army. Eight years later, there were 71 graduates and 186 cadets. But the Point was still a weak and foundering institution. It continued to mark time until 1817, when President Monroe went up to have a look for himself. Only two of the 100 registered cadets were present to greet him. Returning to Washington, Monroe fired the incumbent superintendent of the Academy and appointed Brevet Major Sylvanus Thayer in his place. For the first time, after 15 years, the Point began to move toward its destiny.

Thayer, a Dartmouth valedictorian and a graduate of the old Point in 1808, was a veteran of the War of 1812. He was tough-minded, logical, efficient—in every respect a soldier. And he made the tradition of the soldier the foundation stone of the new Academy.

First, he formed the Corps of Cadets into a battalion of two companies, in which the students would act as their own officers. The newly organized Corps provided the Point's first workable unit for teaching and handling military exercises. It established an organization in which the principles of discipline could be practiced as well as taught. The military life thus became the heart of the Academy. By Thayer's orders and design, it pervaded every living moment of the cadet's life for four years. The cadet was no longer a dilettante playing at marching in uniform; he was a soldier in a soldier's world.

But Thayer was a teacher, too, and the scholastic system he instituted is still in effect at the Academy. The core of his system is a simple statement: "Every cadet must recite in class in every subject every day." If preparedness is the art of the soldier on the field, it must, Thayer felt, be the art of the soldier in his daily life. To keep his men on their toes, Thayer established regular examinations, which weeded out the incompetents and regrouped the remainder into classes of 10 to 15 men whose scholastic levels were equal. Thus, no one man would hold back others in his class, and all men would receive the kind of instruction to which they could best adapt.

But more important than the military and academic changes Thayer brought about was his introduction of moral training. Integrity became the key word at the Point. It laid the foundation for the world-famed Honor System. And it was for honor that Sylvanus Thayer, "Father of the Military Academy," resigned after 16 years of service, when he refused to countenance a Congressional ruling to readmit several cadets who had been expelled for academic reasons. But so well had he built, that nothing—not his leaving nor the rare breaches of honor at the Academy in years since—could shake the Point.

There have been 37 superintendents since Thayer. Robert E. Lee served from 1852 to 1855. In the four years from 1919 to 1922, Douglas MacArthur was in charge. He was the first since Thayer to make a sizable improvement in the curriculum of the Corps. MacArthur added compulsory courses in physical education and required all cadets to participate in at least one of 14 competitive sports each season.

In its 150 years, West Point has graduated more than 18,000 cadets. Grant and Lee, Goethals, Pershing and MacArthur, Eisenhower, Arnold and Bradley, all learned the lessons of war in its gray stone buildings. And all of them came up the hard way, through the Fourth Class System as plebes—as Mr. James J. Waldeck, Jr., is doing it today.

Mr. Waldeck reported to West Point on the traditional first Tuesday in July to join the 2,400 cadets who normally make up the Corps. He was in many ways typical of all entering plebes. Just graduated from the Fork Union (Virginia) Military Academy, he had received a nomination to the Point from his congressman, Edward J. Robeson, Jr. In March, he had taken and passed physical and mental aptitude examinations which quali-

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fied him for admission. At Fork Union, Waldeck was graduated as the outstanding man in his class.

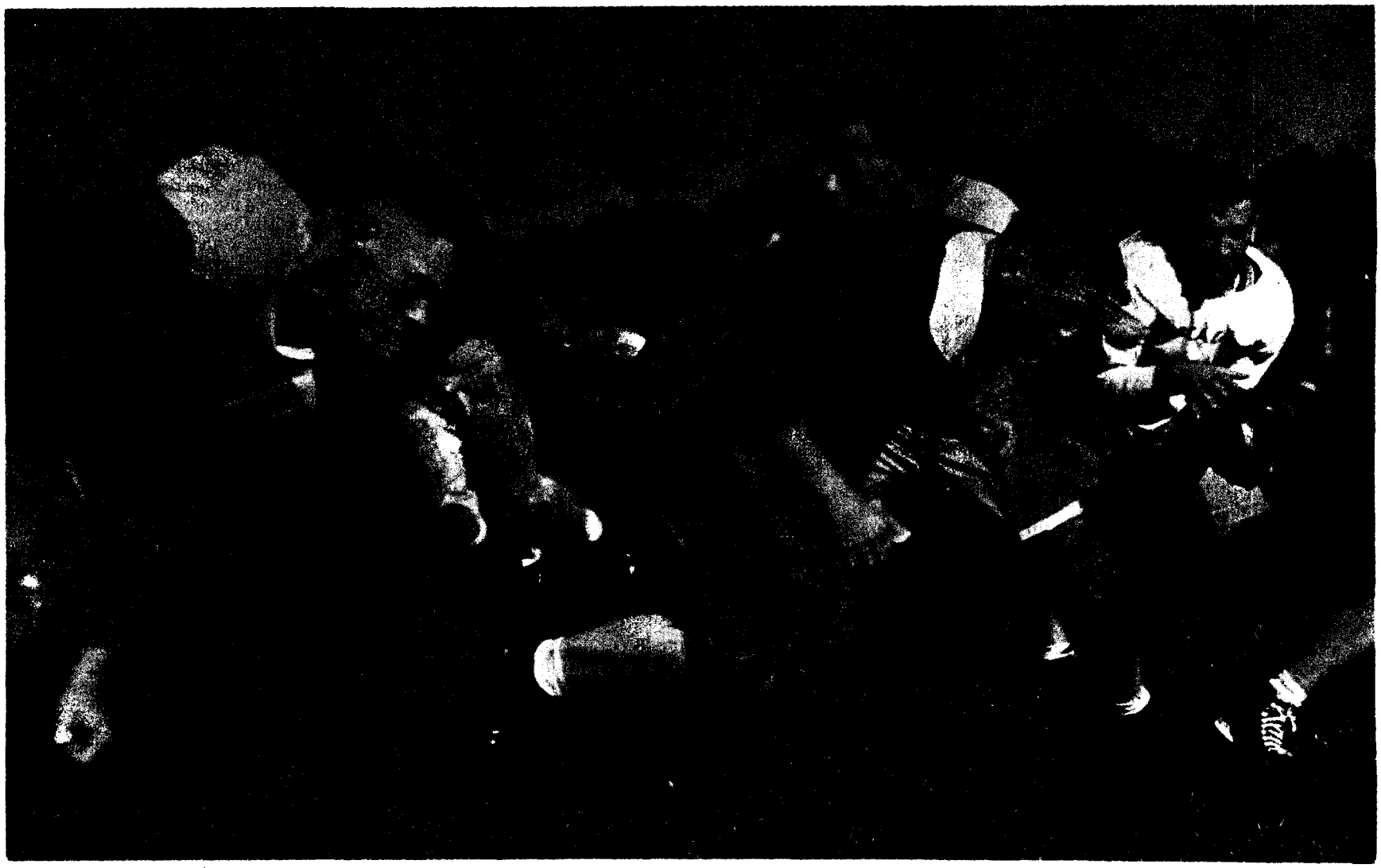
All entering plebes do not come from military schools, neither are they top students. But every one admitted must be physically fit and mentally alert. They must be between seventeen and twenty-two years old, and have been nominated by a member of Congress or the office of the President of the United States. The only exceptions are members of the armed forces, veterans or sons of deceased veterans, who are admitted under special conditions.

Mr. Waldeck, as a plebe, attends classes daily from 7:55 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. His evenings are almost entirely devoted to study. He is not permitted to leave his room after seven fifteen, and he must put his lights out at ten fifteen. In addition, he must do a great number of things during his first year which are distasteful. He has, for example, virtually no time off. He is at the beck and call of upperclassmen. He cannot "drag a girl to the hops," except during Christmas vacation. He doesn't go home during his first year for the Christmas-New Year holidays. He stays where he is, taking whatever relaxation he can out of the fact that the upperclassmen have all gone home.

As a student and a cadet, Waldeck receives his tuition plus $936 a year, and an allowance for food. Out of the cash he receives in monthly installments, he must provide himself with everything but quarters and medical attention, and he is expected to save enough out of what's left to buy himself uniforms and equipment upon entering the regular Army or the Air Force. Except for a foreign language, he has no choice in the subjects he will study: mathematics, the military sciences, physical education, English, physics, chemistry, government and history. In four years he will progress from an obedient and untutored follower to a learned, fast-thinking and considerate leader of men.

Mr. Waldeck knows that it is not his privilege to do these things. They are his duty. That's why he's at West Point. This is what his country expects of him. Mr. Waldeck is getting ready. THE END

In mathematics class, Waldeck sits between classmates Wilson Wallace, of Avenel, N.J., and Theodore E. Vitori, of Clairton, Pa., waiting to make his required daily recitation



Participation in intramural sports and physical education courses have been compulsory at West Point since Douglas MacArthur served as superintendent, 1919-1922. Waldeck, five feet ten, 175 pounds, played football for prep school, made it his first sport at Point

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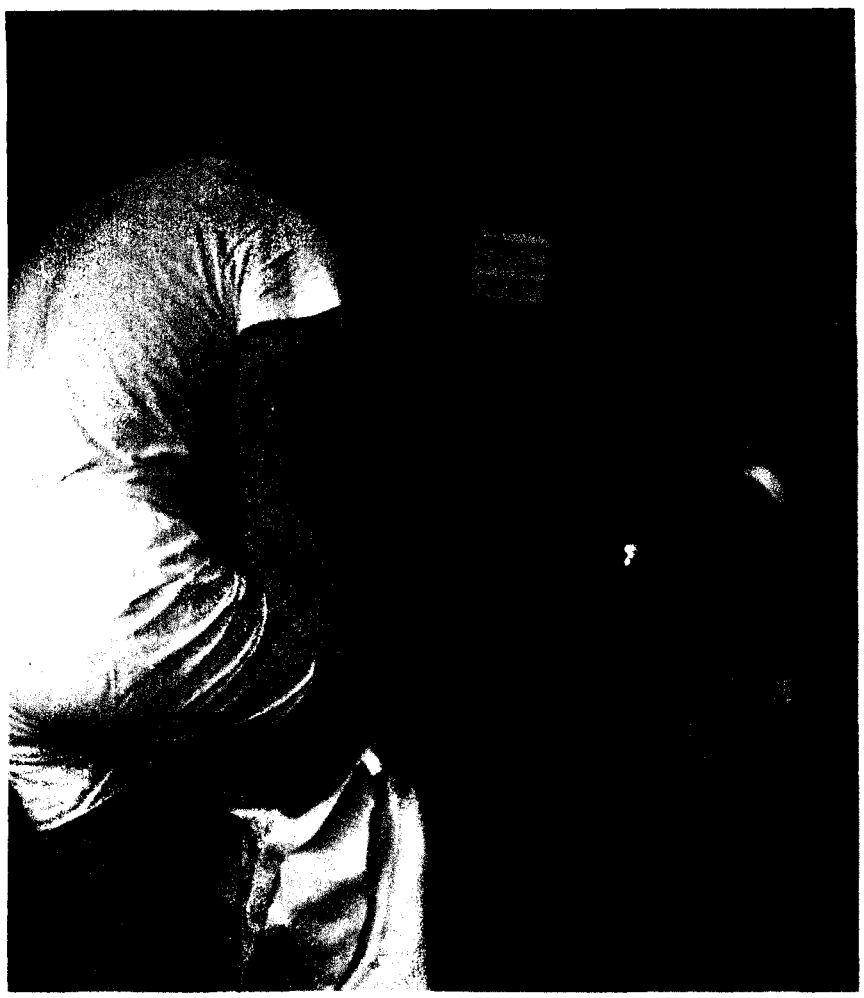

Getting into his white trousers is tricky because dirt specks are taboo. Waldeck stands on a chair to keep pants off floor

In scarce spare time, Waldeck, like all cadets, goes to the library to do research. Point believes Army officers should have wide knowledge

Listening to a lecture on the Honor System by an upperclassman, Mister Waldeck and roommates Kenneth Wilson, of Long Island, N.Y., and Reed L. Stone II, of Bassett, Virginia, pay strict attention, for they know that moral integrity is the key to life at West Point

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Animal Husbandry

Doc had it rough—no sick animals, no friends, no money. And Alice had too much of all of them

By ROBERT CARSON

IN A RURAL area of southern California, not far from a town called Essextown, stood the veterinary hospital and house of Oscar J. Forbes, D.V.S. The hospital, a single-story frame structure with a neon sign on it that lighted up at night in red and said VETERINARY HOSP, was in front, and in the rear of it was Dr. Forbes's house, a single-story frame structure with no neon sign and very little paint or floor space.

Doc Forbes lived there alone, without nurse or receptionist or even handy man to clean the cages and change the feeding pens. He was a tall young man, and thin, with brown hair and earnest brown eyes, and a persistent shyness that arose partly from his long-legged awkwardness and partly from a high moral character which had caused him to be considered something of a curiosity. The shyness normally vanished when he was dealing with the animals he loved and wanted to help, and also the awkwardness; but he continued under any circumstances to remain honest, sincere, decent, truthful, quiet, likely to question his own motives, and painfully repressed.

A local boy, the doc had received greetings from the President in 1943, toured Europe in a Sherman tank in 1944, returned to his job as assistant cashier of the Essextown Farmers' & Merchants' Bank in 1945, and in 1947 had availed himself of the G.I. Bill of Rights and gone to veterinary college, mostly because he had spent his boyhood on a farm, was sick of being indoors, and anyway felt more at home with quadrupeds than depositors. Coming back to his home town after graduation, the doctor had set up in business, if you could call it that.

Ready to treat anything from an Angora goat to a hamster, adept at making deliveries and administering drenches, Doc Forbes lacked a remedy for going broke and starving to death, which is what he was doing at his hospital. There were simply too many tractors and trucks and not enough farmers raising livestock; and another, elderly, well-established veterinary named Helmser had a large setup on the other side of town. As he entered the second winter of his discontent, Dr. Forbes often didn't know where to turn, and one of his few consolations was the fact that he was without a wife and family; but it was not really a great consolation, for he was lonely as well as unsuccessful.

A morning came when, as usual, Dr. Forbes had no calls to make and the telephone refused to ring. His three patients were resting comfortably, prognosis good, and for want of something else to do he scrubbed the spotless hospital floor. In the midst of this, a lovely blonde staggered through the door, carrying a German shepherd slightly larger than herself.

"Hey, you," she said. "Get the croaker at once. This is an emergency!"

"I beg your pardon?" Dr. Forbes said, and rose to his full skinny six feet.

"Get the croaker!" the beautiful girl said.

"I am the croaker, madam," Dr. Forbes said.

"Oh," the girl said. "Doc, this is Cedric. He can't walk on his right leg—rear, that is. Keeps moaning. Get to work."

Dr. Forbes took the dog from her, put him on the operating table, and began an examination. Cedric gave a sample moan, and feebly twitched the damaged leg.

"Cedric, old boy!" the girl said. "Stiff upper lip. Bite the bullet. What is it, Doc? Snake bite, paralysis, anthrax?"

"He's got ants in his pads." The doctor removed several crushed insects from the foot. "These big red ones have a powerful sting. They can temporarily numb a member, but it soon wears off."

"Well, well," the girl said, and looked up at him with huge admiring blue eyes. "Ants in his pads, huh? In addition to being a scientist, Doc, I see you can turn a phrase."

"It was unintentional, I assure you," Dr. Forbes replied, and flushed. He applied a soothing lotion to Cedric's foot, and gently scratched behind Cedric's ears; the moaning stopped. "There you are. No harm done, Miss—Mrs.—?"

"Alice Mandeville—Miss. What do I owe you?"

"Well, I really shouldn't charge you anything."

Miss Mandeville dug in a pocket of her blue jeans and brought out a roll of bills that made the doctor's eyes widen. She peeled off a ten and handed it to him.

"No, no," Dr. Forbes said. "That's far too much, Miss—"

"Nonsense," Miss Mandeville said. "The stuff is weighing me down. I'm paying for what you know, not what you did."

Hating himself for his greed and weakness, Doc Forbes said, "Thank you very much, Miss—"

"Call me Alice. What's your first name?"

"Oscar."

"I'll stick to Doc," Alice said. "Listen, can Cedric walk now?"

"I'd give him a few more minutes," the doctor replied, moved by an obscure impulse.

MISS MANDEVILLE, who was scarcely five feet tall in her Texas boots but an abridged edition of Miss America, even in a wool shirt and with her hair hanging down her back in a single pigtail, stayed on. She inspected the other patients and asked questions.

"The cat is going to have kittens," Dr. Forbes said. "The dog, address unknown, was hit by a car. The piglet was starving and had to have vitamin shots. Uh—they're all charity patients."

"Where are the paying patients?"

"I haven't got any right now."

"What do you do—run your own S.P.C.A. here?"

"Well, the Four-H girls bring them in. I can't—"

"How old are these Four-H girls, Doc?"

"Just children. I teach them animal husbandry."

"For free?"

"Of course," Doc Forbes said.

Cedric got up and walked, a thing the doctor was not prepared to thank him for. But the doctor's gorgeous guest lingered on, going to the rear to inspect his quarters.

"I see you have television," she said. "Does that satisfy your social aspirations?"

"It's better than talking to yourself," the doctor said. "But the picture and sound are not very good here."

"I note no provision has been made in this joint for a mate. You're unattached?" He nodded. "How did you happen to become interested in the care and feeding of our four-footed friends?"

"Why, I guess I'm crazy about them, and—"

"How about women? Are you crazy about them?"

"I can take them or *(Continued on page 67)*

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

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Eve with Junior, one of her two Siamese cats (other is called Senior). A cat once helped fatten her part in the motion picture Stage Door

EVE ARDEN—

U.S. schoolmarms got an unexpected bonus

AMONG certain educators, the evening of July 19, 1948, is considered a historic occasion. Up to that time, they felt, the prevailing concept of a schoolteacher had been a sort of blackboard caricature: a buck-toothed, flat-chested, horn-rimmed female with hair tightly drawn into a bun on top of her head—the kind of nasty-tempered nemesis that would scare any ten-year-old Halloween goblin out of his sheet.

But after that evening, and the *première* performance of a new CBS radio show called Our Miss Brooks, a rapidly growing audience began to think of the schoolmarm as a warmhearted, personable young woman with a pleasant laugh and a flair for gentle humor. What's more, an image had somehow been projected over the air that was so attractive even the most sternly anti-female small boys had to restrain the impulse to whistle. Now, more than three years later, the show has become so popular that its producers are ready-ing its metamorphosis into television (it will remain on radio, too, of course) during the winter.

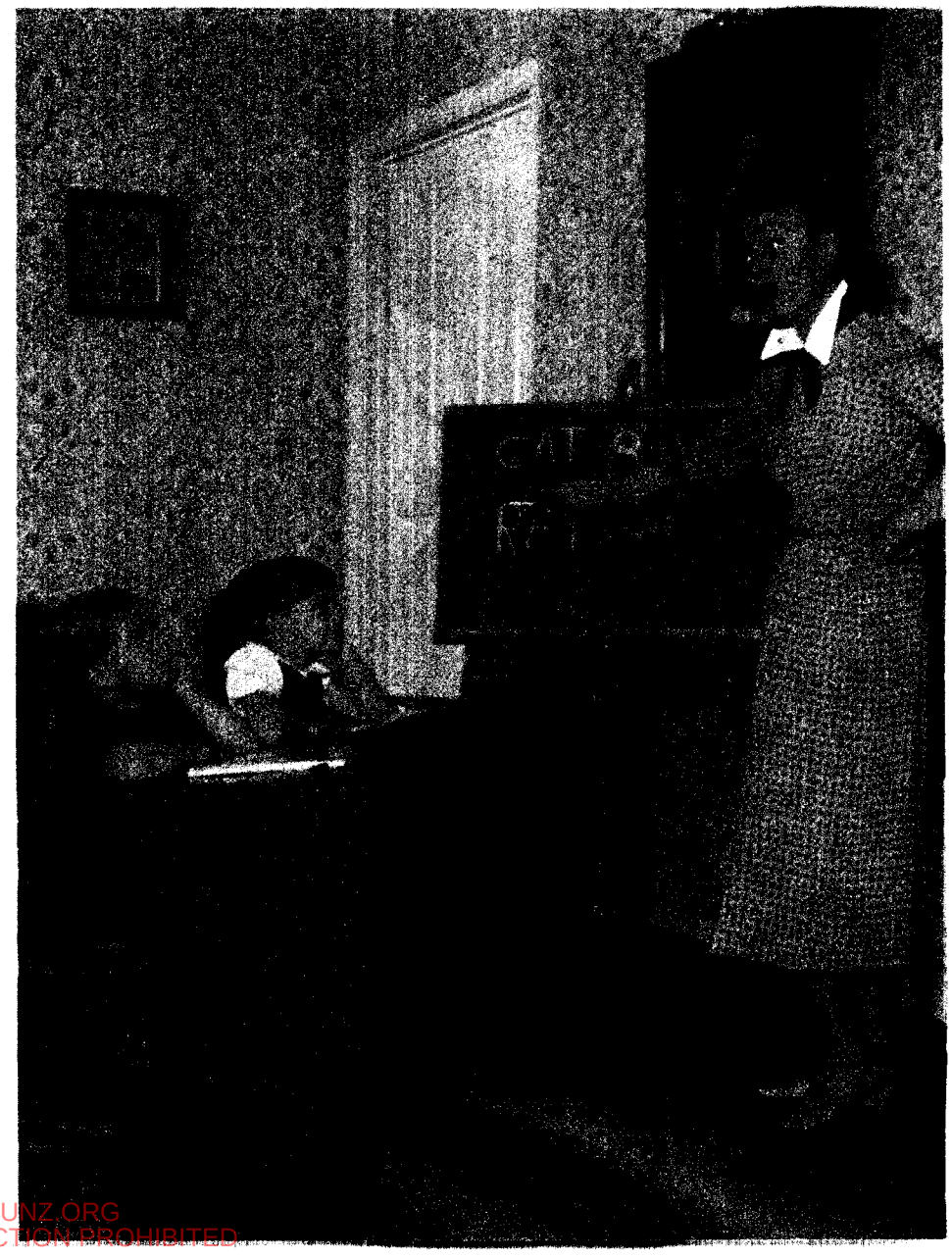
Credit actress Eve Arden for that. Miss Arden, as a host of filmgoers will attest, is neither bucktoothed nor horn-rimmed; she is a handsome, long-limbed young lady, with a generous laughing mouth and snapping green eyes. As the English-teacher heroine of Our Miss Brooks, she is not only poised and capable, but warmly and intelligently human.

Without a touch of dreariness, she has managed to convey in this role the rueful realities of a teacher's life—which, in her case, revolve mainly around her efforts to overcome the shyness of a biology teacher, played by Jeff Chandler, and the problem of trying to survive on a bare subsistence wage. True, she has her low moments, but she always comes up bright and gallant, ready to try again.

A reading of the program's heavy mail indicates that this unquenchable

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY

Miss Arden is married to actor Brooks West; has two adopted daughters, Liza (left) and Connie. Note the antique furnishings



Radio's "Our Miss Brooks," with her shoes doffed for comfort, shows off teaching technique to little girls. The pictures are American primitives

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TEACHERS' PET

By THOMAS CARLILE

When Eve jettisoned her brash film personality to become a likable radio schoolteacher

spirit has had a real impact on American lower education. Aside from the show's effect on small boys, it seems to have started many a parent thinking about teachers as something more than frustrated old maids too ugly to find husbands and too incompetent to find more interesting jobs. To the hard-pressed teachers themselves, Eve apparently has become a sort of patron saint without portfolio. Many of them write that she has done more to gain sympathetic attention for their social and economic problems than anything since the founding of the P.T.A.

Understandably, the teachers have an especially poignant interest in those of Eve's quips which underscore their chronic financial dilemma, such as: "Teaching school can be a very rich life for a young woman—that is, if she happens to *be* a very rich young woman." On another program, Eve, disconsolate over the absence of the bashful biology teacher, was told by her landlady that there were plenty of other fish in the sea. Eve replied ruefully, "Yes, but on my salary I can't make the bait as attractive as it should be."

Letters from Grateful Teachers

For such lines, created for her by writer Al Lewis, Eve receives approximately 100 grateful letters each week from teachers all over America. After the first broadcast of Our Miss Brooks, a teacher in Lewiston, Maine, wrote a typical response: "Thanks for publicizing, at long last, the human side of our profession. For years, teachers have been stereotyped as poker-faced leftovers. The social stigmas of teaching plus small salaries have provided little incentive for young women to trade their souls for the cause of education."

Since she began taking Miss Brooks through her weekly misadventures three and a half years ago, six high-school principals have offered Miss Arden jobs in their English departments. Recently, she addressed a dinner of the Los Angeles Federation of Teachers (the guest of honor was Mabel Studebaker, president of the National Education Association), and she has received invitations to appear before P.T.A. groups in 14 other states. Last year, one California P.T.A. group voted her the outstanding feminine personality on radio, an award which she also received from the newspaper Radio Daily, after a poll of radio editors.

Today, Eve has a room lined with these and similar awards, plaques and cups for her performance as Our Miss Brooks. The show also brings her a large portion of her $200,000 yearly income, which is more than most teachers see in a lifetime. But amid all these substantial proofs of her success, Eve holds one item in particularly sentimental esteem. It is a letter from the office of the Los Angeles Superintendent of Schools which reads: "We believe that Our Miss Brooks, which presents a classroom teacher as a sympathetic, warmhearted, likable person, will do much to raise the status of teachers everywhere."

To Eve, words such as these come like a soothing balm. During the previous 13 years of her career in motion pictures, the theater and radio, about the last thing anyone would have thought to call Eve Arden was "sympathetic, warmhearted, and likable." In fact, more than one Hollywood producer swallowed his gum in surprise at the instant success of Eve's portrayal in Our Miss Brooks. When she auditioned for the part, at the personal behest of CBS board chairman William S. Paley, film folk reacted as they might if they had seen Lucrezia Borgia entering a convent.

"What are you trying to do?" a movie director asked Eve at the time. "Louse up your career? That isn't your kind of material."

Judging by past performance, his observation appeared accurate. For some 20 years, in films and on the stage, Eve had been the kind of woman who always slipped a drop of gall into someone else's pleasure, or casually dropped a verbal banana peel in front of an opponent. Without exception, her roles had always required her to appear as a well-tailored, barb-tongued female who casually skewered her victims with a caustic line. For three years on the radio—from 1945 to 1948—she had reinforced her reputation by pulverizing first Jack Haley and then Jack Carson on the weekly NBC radio show they shared at various times.

Unfortunately for Miss Arden, audiences found her cruel retorts vastly amusing. Show producers began to rely on her to move in with a brittle line of dialogue just before their picture threatened to go awash in the soggy flow of the leading lady's tears. Eve hypoed so many high-budget melodramas into box-office bonanzas with her well-timed vitriol that throughout the industry, producers started to think of her more as an insurance policy than as an actress. In studio parlance, she was a "lifeguard."

"More than that," Eve says, "about three years ago I discovered that four out of five people claimed to remember me best as one of the catty, clawing females in The Women. I wasn't even in that film."

Eve brooded about that. It was bad enough going through life with people thinking she was just a character invented by a playwright. But in addition, Eve had developed an ugly-duckling complex, resulting from the fact that she looms at least three inches above most of the leading ladies on the screen. Her imposing stature of five feet seven inches has caused her on occasion to adopt a slumping stance—which, in turn, has created the incorrect impression that she is an angular, horsy, large-boned woman.

Her personal conviction (shared by practically no one) that she is not a very attractive woman merely underscored her dislike for the characters she played on the screen or elsewhere. Even in the beginning of her career she had felt uneasy playing them. Gradually they became more and more repugnant to her. But by the time she openly rebelled, she found herself trapped, or—as Hollywood puts it more politely—typed. She developed such a resentment of her screen alter ego that she became almost physically allergic to it. Her only defense was to refuse to see films in which she appeared.

Recently she was watching a double feature with a friend in a Beverly Hills theater when her image suddenly flashed on the screen in a trailer of the next week's attraction. Horrified by the sound track, which blared, "Just Wait Until You See Her —Gay, Witty Eve Arden in Her Brightest Role Ever," Eve jumped out of her seat and bolted for the lobby.

"I'm not being a ham," she explained later. "I just don't *like* that dame. She is hard-boiled, unsentimental—and not me."

The real Eve began life as a tomboyish girl in Mill Valley, California, just north of San Francisco. Her name then was Eunice Quedens (a matter which she later *(Continued on page 65)*

CBS PHOTO

On radio program, Jeff Chandler plays the part of a bashful biology instructor too shy to succumb to pretty English teacher. Show started 3½ years ago and may be seen on TV soon

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Derby beauty queen Gloria Clairbeaut (r.) tries to block Red Devils' Ginger Foley in effort to help Jersey Jolter mate Jean Porter pass

Like a ghost, Joyce Beasley, of the Red Devils, breaks from pack. She must overtake and pass at least one opponent to gain a point

Red Devil men players, Red Smartt (foreground) and Dick Wehner, come to assist "Doc" James Alvani (on hands and knees) after a six-girl spill

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Collier's COLOR CAMERA

ROUGH ON THE CURVES

TIME was when roller skating was merely a pleasant diversion. Times change. As just about every owner of a television set knows by now, roller skating can also be a skull-cracking, knee-twisting, arm-busting sport, strictly for cash. The ladies and gentlemen who dedicate their necks to it are members of a Roller Derby League that barnstorms the country, shaking the customers out of their seats, for eight months of the year. The spectacle of the flying wheels is presented in the flesh and through the cathode tube. You can have them either way. This week the league hits its midseason peak by rolling into New York's Fourteenth Street Armory and the Public Auditorium of Cleveland. And though the teams may look like disorganized mobs as they clatter around their 180-foot wooden track, there's method in their sometimes vicious circling.

Each of the league's five teams consists of 16 players—eight men and eight women who make anywhere from $75 to $350 a week. Male and female, they split the eight 12-minute periods that make up the game. Only five players of the same sex are in action at any time. "The rest of us," says a veteran, "sit around waiting for the breaks—if you know what I mean."

While the men operate more skillfully, the girls generate most of the crowd excitement, cutting the muscular patterns which appear in the pictures on these pages. In the heat of play, they often pay more attention to roughhouse than to scoring. Derby points are scored in a maneuver called a "jam," when one or more players on a team lap completely and pass a player or players on the other team within two minutes. The jam, especially around the curves, can be the scene of violent blocking (legal), and various forms of shoving, tripping and biting (illegal). The girls give it all they've got, which is plenty.

Conceived 16 years ago and first popularized by television in 1948, the Roller Derby drew more than 10,000,000 customers for league and exhibition play last season. The sport is virtually the personal property of founder Leo Seltzer and his Roller Derby Associates. They have copyrighted the name "Roller Derby," and own all five teams—the New Jersey Jolters, New York Chiefs, Eastern Panjets, Chicago Westerners and the Red Devils, who alternately represent Brooklyn, Boston and Cleveland, depending where the business is. While non-*aficionados* murmur that this is no sport, the boys and girls on wheels continue on their slam-bang way. Right now more than 200 of the ruggedest pupils are being groomed for the "majors" at the Derby's Chicago training school. For this you need a diploma?

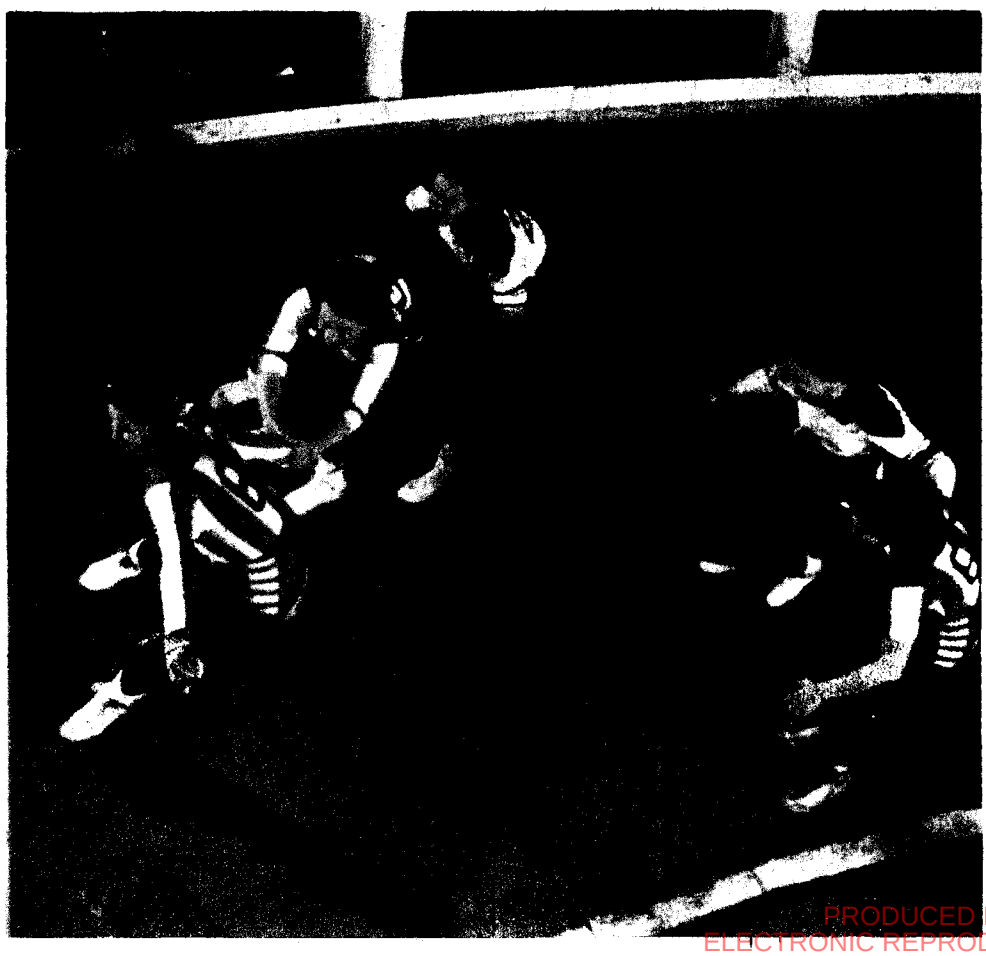
HOWARD COHN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

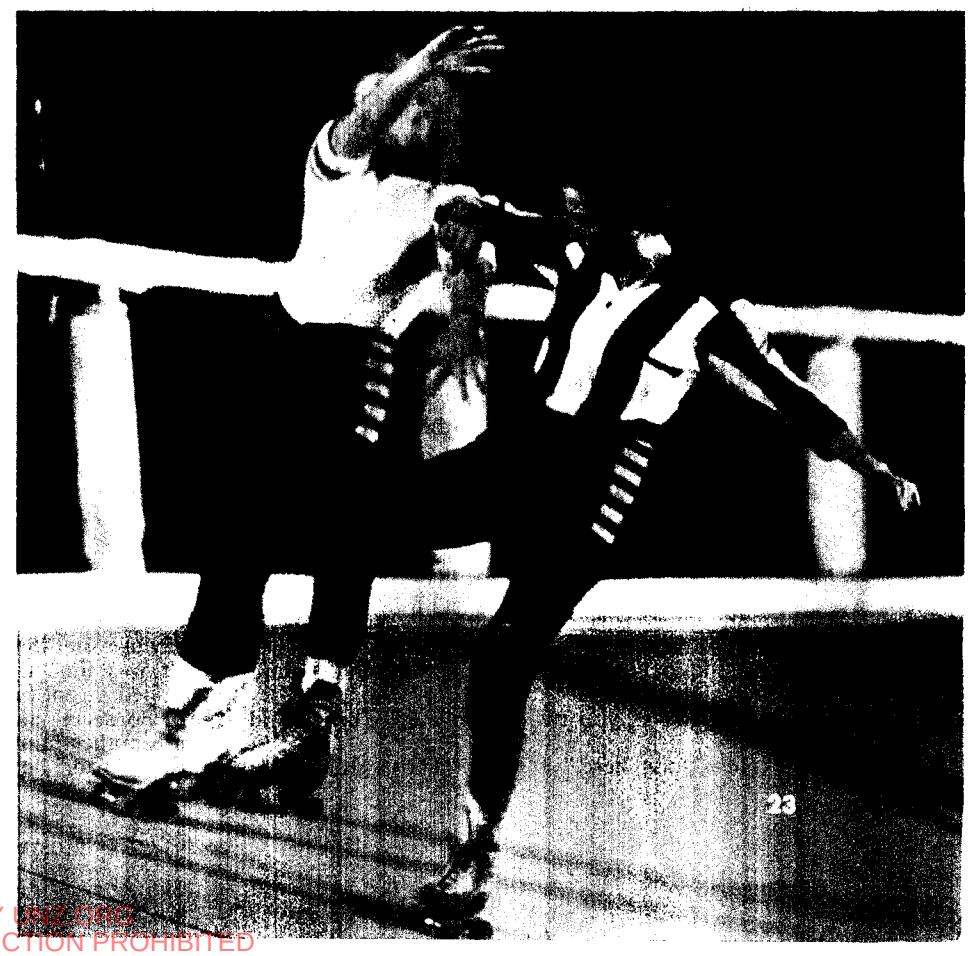
Ginger Foley (l.) and Betty Backus are spectators when the men skate. Nylon and wool uniforms have little protective padding

A kick in the mouth sends New York's Mary Ciofani to towel her lips at water fountain. Most common injuries are floor burns

In a favorite maneuver, Mary Lou Palermo (front) whips Toughie Brasuhn forward to add to her speed. Both are veteran stars, play for Jolters



The Red Devils' Annabelle (Slugger) Kealey uses an arm block to ride Gloria Clairbeaut out of a play and almost into the rail



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THE WINNER

By JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS

Turner was a guy who always had to win. I knew why, and I didn't blame him. But I couldn't bear to see him win the only thing that Ned Dunning had left

I AM glad I found out about Turner Llewellyn early in the game. The knowledge was a help to me later that winter. Once I realized he had to win at everything he did, I understood why owning Ned Dunning's dog, Spider, was so desperately important to him.

Turner Llewellyn was engaged to my sister, Judith, who since the war had been living with Ann and me at our place, Cherry Hill. Turner was a tall, handsome young man of twenty-five, with black hair and dark, restless eyes. He had a splendid war record and he was now doing very well in business in Richmond, Virginia.

I remember that first afternoon in the field with Turner Llewellyn. I remember in particular how, about the middle of the afternoon, we crossed a strip of woodland to a straw field dotted with sassafras bushes, and found the dogs on game. I remember flushing the covey and firing twice and hearing three fast shots from my companion's automatic.

"Nice going!" Turner said. "You got two, didn't you? So did I. But I missed the third shot a mile."

The dogs retrieved the four birds, and I tossed Turner his two. We stood a while then, admiring the fat quail, before we stuffed them into our game pockets. Finally Turner said, "Not too many birds in that bunch. Shall we leave them for seed and look for another covey?"

I smiled my approval, and signaled the dogs away from the direction the birds had taken.

"You've got seven now, all told, haven't you?" Turner said. "That still leaves you one up on me. You've been one ahead ever since the first covey. How many caps have you busted?"

"I don't know. I never pick my shots and I very seldom count the shells I've fired."

Turner Llewellyn either did not catch the hint or else he preferred to ignore it. He grinned at me and said, "Well, I've kept count. You've fired ten shots and bagged seven birds. I've only fired ten myself, but I've got just six birds."

"Does that prove something or other?" I asked him.

"Proves you're ahead of me on percentage as well as total bag," he said crisply.

Suddenly something that I'd suspected ever since the first covey had thundered up from its hiding place became a certainty. Suddenly the day turned sour. Suddenly I knew that he was out to beat me shooting.

That is anything but a virtue in a hunting companion. Good-natured rivalry is one thing; determination to bag more game or to rack up a higher percentage is something entirely different. The men who hunt with me don't try to beat me shooting, and I don't try to beat them. We wouldn't hunt together if we felt that way about it.

I opened my mouth to say that we weren't staging a contest, but Turner forestalled me with an exclamation. Looking in the direction he pointed, I saw that the dogs had again made game. This covey flushed wild. The singles were nervous too, persistently taking to wing out of range. When, finally, one bird waited a fraction too long before he boiled up out of the straw, Turner and I fired practically together.

"That makes you two up on me," Turner said ruefully.

"Now, look here," I said. "Those shots were very close together. Chances are you killed him and I missed him."

He shook his head. "Bird was falling when I fired. I just couldn't stop. Catch up with you on the next covey."

"There's an old log over by the creek," I told him. "Let's ease down there now for a breather."

We sat down on the log. The dogs came in, hung around us a moment, went down to the creek for a drink, and came back to wait impatiently. I stretched luxuriously, enjoying this lazy interval. There on an old log, there with a little stream beside me, there in the thin winter sunshine, I deliberately wasted time and enjoyed it immensely. But when I looked at Turner I found him as restless as the dogs.

So finally I said, "Tell me, Turner, why it's so important for you to beat me shooting."

A person less direct than Turner Llewellyn might have ducked that question. But Turner said frankly, "I always beat the men I shoot with."

"Do you really? Every hunt's a contest, then? What happens when you meet a man you can't beat? Do you quit hunting with him?"

"I've never yet met the man I couldn't outshoot —in the long run."

There it was. I had asked a question and had got an answer. Oh, he was a good enough sportsman in other ways. On a covey rise, he stuck to the birds on his side. When a small covey flushed, he let the singles go. If he doubled with you but thought his shot was late, he said so instantly. But it is no fun to hunt with a man who is out to beat you. You don't care if he does beat you, but you don't want to have the feeling that it is important to him to beat you.

Suddenly I spoke out of character, if I do say it myself. I said, "You met that man today."

"Met who?" he asked me blankly.

"The man you can't outshoot. There's nothing disgraceful about it, either. I'm twelve years older than you, and I was shooting partridges when you were still in diapers. I've just seen more birds fly than you have, Turner."

"Okay," he said, his dark eyes twinkling. "Don't cross me off your list, Jim. Is it a sin to want to win? Is it unsporting to—"

"Forget it," I told him. "I just dislike turning a bird hunt into a contest."

"Everything's a contest to me, Jim," he said soberly. "I had it rough when I was a kid. My stepmother and my father sent me to live on a farm with an uncle. It was no secret my uncle and his family didn't want me. The whole neighborhood knew it, and the other kids gave me a tough time. But—"

"You don't have to tell me all this," I interrupted.

"But in the end," he said, "I earned the respect of the other kids. Earned it by beating them. I beat 'em with my fists and I beat 'em running and jumping and playing baseball and I beat 'em shooting. I can take a licking, Jim," he said, "as well as anybody else, but the next time out I usually win."

It was time to go on. We crossed the creek, climbed a gentle rise, and looked down on a wide flat, bordering another creek. And there below us was another hunter with his dog. I heard Turner gasp. "Lord," he whispered, "look at that dog go!"

In the distance, the black-and-white setter swung wide and then swung back, quartering the ground before him. He ran fast, very fast, but he did not run headlong. He was no wild youngster gone crazy with his freedom, but a seasoned performer, a master workman, an artist.

"Whose dog is that?" Turner asked me.

"That's Ned Dunning's Spider."

"Dunning? Oh."

I realized then, by his tone, by the look in his eyes, that Judith had told him she'd once been engaged to Ned. Turning away from him, I watched Spider. The big setter galloped up the rise in our direction. Forty yards away he spied us, waved his plumed tail, slowed down and came toward us at a dignified trot.

When I spoke to him, he greeted me as an old friend and paused to pass the time of day. Turner spoke to him then and Spider trotted over to him and stayed at his side until Ned Dunning joined us. In those few seconds I could not help noticing how Spider seemed to trust Turner Llewellyn instantly and instinctively, and I remembered that my own dogs had responded the same way the first time Turner spoke to them.

NED came up and I introduced him to Turner. After a few minutes, Ned suggested that we hunt together the rest of the afternoon. From then on, Turner Llewellyn saw a finished artist at work. Spider found the birds; my dogs did the backing. He hunted far and he hunted close. He pointed coveys in the straw, he pinned down singles in almost impenetrable tangles of brush and briers. He went unerringly to downed birds and retrieved them tenderly. He pointed a living bird with a dead bird in his mouth.

At sundown we called a halt. Turner said to me, "Well, I never did catch up with you, did I? You're still two birds ahead of me." But he spoke absent-mindedly, as if outshooting me suddenly was not so important as it had been. He turned his back on us and began to stroke Spider's head.

Ned unloaded his gun and offered us his flask. I declined, having promised myself months ago that I would never take another drink with Ned Dunning. Turner took a swallow, and went back to stroking Spider's glossy head.

"I'll give you two hundred dollars for your dog, Dunning," he said abruptly.

"He's not for sale," Ned told him.

"Not for sale?" Turner said slowly. "Not for sale? I'll give you three hundred."

"You're wasting your breath," Ned said pointedly.

"Look, Ned," I said quickly. "Why not come on to the house for supper with us?"

"I'd like that, Jim. Only I have to go to the cabin first. Let's see, I'll be there in an hour."

Back at Cherry Hill, Turner and I fed the dogs. Then Turner went to the house while I gave the hired men instructions for the next day. When I went in the house, I found *(Continued on page 36)*

"I'll give you five hundred for him," Turner said, "and I'll bet you that in the end I'll get him." "Oh, Turner, do hush!" Judith said

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

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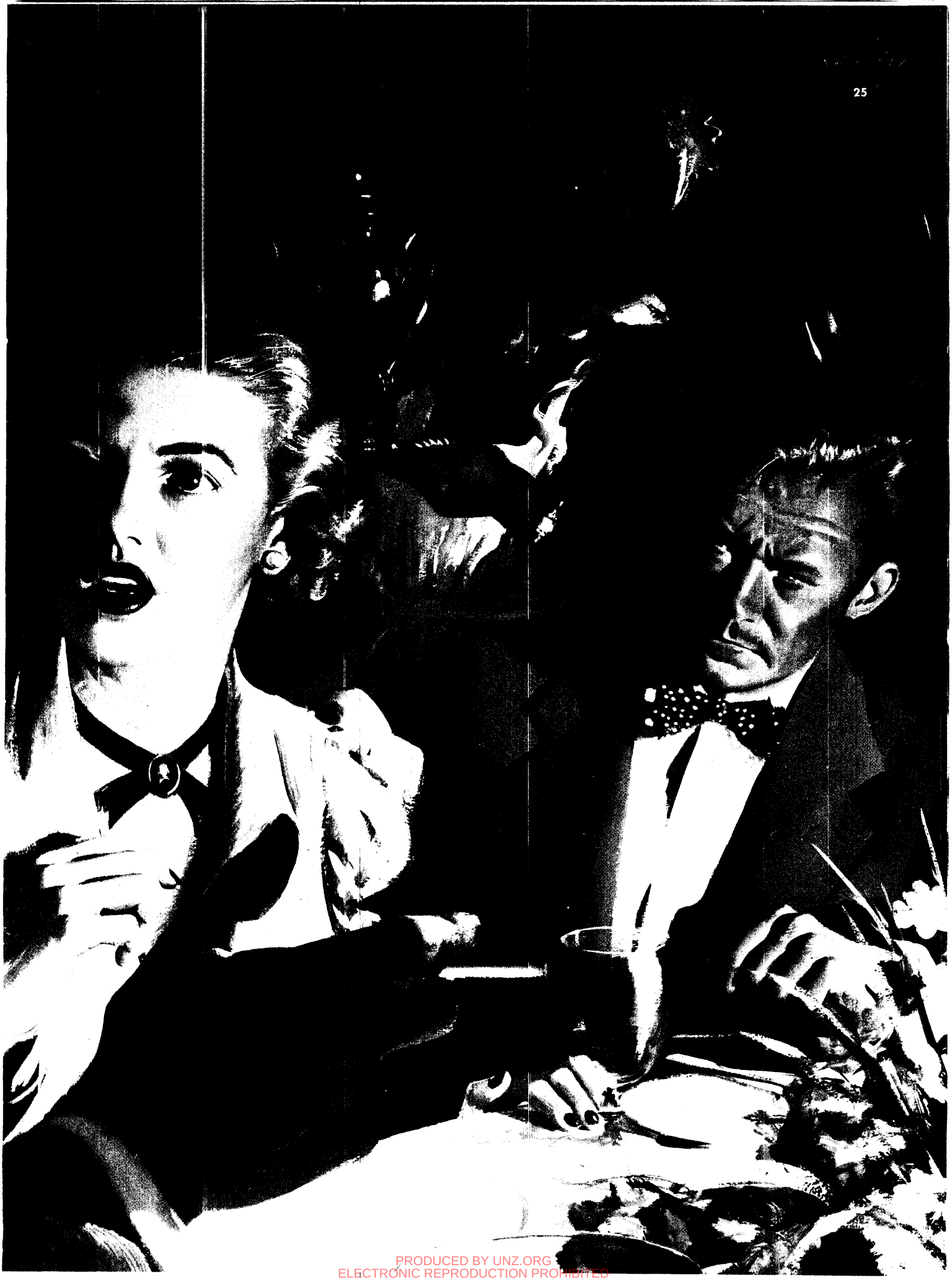

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Our Friendliest Diplomat

Christian Ravndal, our new Minister to Hungary, believes that an envoy should get to know the people, not just government officials. In Uruguay, he made his policy pay off—to the anguish of the Reds

When he was Ambassador to Uruguay, Ravndal toured constantly. Here he visits a Canelones school

MOST of the 155,000,000 inhabitants of the United States would have been mystified by the letter which the man who has just become their Minister to Hungary—lean, six-foot, moody Christian Ravndal—received just after the Senate confirmed his appointment on October 2, 1951. "Again I should like to commend you for the outstanding job you did," it said. "You have certainly set a worthy example for all the Foreign Service." Signed to the words was the weighty name of Deputy Undersecretary of State Carlisle H. Humelsine.

A prodigious penful of praise was written in those two sentences. For thousands of Foreign Service men and women are scattered around the globe. Anything that serves as a model for them all should be a household word to the folks who pay the bill. But whatever Ravndal had done abroad has never been told in headlines at home. Only in the Humelsine letter itself can a clue be found to the nature of his performance, and that is cryptic.

"I believe it will be a long time," Humelsine wrote, "before the 'people to people' diplomacy of Chris Ravndal is forgotten."

What is this "people to people" diplomacy?

Exactly that: people to people.

For centuries past, diplomacy has been accepted to mean day-to-day relations between governments. The new envoy to Hungary thinks that definition has been out of date ever since the Communists first began stirring up mass populations. "A diplomacy which deals only with governments today," he insists, "is a diplomacy in chains."

To escape the chains, Ravndal experimented during his first ambassadorship—in Uruguay—with a new idea. Every few weeks he went out to some backlands town and talked to the common people. He made friends, as an individual, with the individuals who collectively were the nation, his official host. He drank with the men, danced with the women, and went to school with the children. Ordinary citizens wrote their pleasure to him afterward on post cards and in letters. Some sent small remembrances. A Gaucho he met on a cattle ranch in the lonely interior was moved to tell a friend, "If the ambassador wants to come back here after he retires from the diplomatic corps, he could easily get elected to our Congress. He acts just like a local politico."

The Foreign Minister of Uruguay, Dr. Alberto Domínguez Cámpora, expressed a similar sentiment.

"The ambassador of the United States of North America must take his turn along with everyone else," he declared, "but our friend Mr. Ravndal can have whatever he wants any time."

And the Uruguayan mouthpiece of Communism, the Montevideo "news" paper Justicia, gave eloquent testimony to the diplomat's popularization of democracy by monotonously headlining, week after week:

"Get out, Ravndal!"

At first, this innovation in international etiquette split the State Department. Now the man responsible for it has been recognized by appointment to one of the hot spots behind the Iron Curtain—where usually only topmost careerists are assigned—and a new awareness of the individual's role in world conflict is evolving. Possibly Ravndal even has found the peaceful way to beat back Soviet imperialism.

In his new post in Budapest, and elsewhere in the satellites, where democracy's envoys are discouraged from human association by force of Kremlin policy, Ravndal's "people to people" idea is obviously hobbled. But wherever a nation still allows foreigners to move freely about the countryside (India, the East Indies, the Arab lands and Africa, for example) he is convinced that the Reds can be neutralized without resort to arms. He sets down only one simple rule of procedure: rather than try to persuade people to hate the Soviet, we should concentrate instead on making them like us. That's the rule, carrying unexpected power, he learned in Uruguay.

Uruguay does not look very important on the map of South America. It seems to hang like a useless appendix on the great sprawling body of Brazil. But one minor dent on its southern coast,

Ravndal traveled 3,577 miles to visit Uruguayans. Rivera Berreta (r.), son of the country's late President, went with him to this Canelones school

Making friends for America, Ravndal shakes hands with a worker in a quarry near Minas, Uruguay. He visited every city of importance

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By JOHN LEAR

JOE COVELLO

The new Minister to Hungary with his wife Alberta and daughter Inga, 25. Wherever they go, the Ravndals have new girl employees as guests of the family until they become established

the Bay of Maldonado, guards the sea approaches to Río de La Plata, in whose waters float rawstuffs of war: Argentine and Paraguayan meat, hides, tanning extract, vegetable oils, casein, beryl and tungsten. And plane bases beside the bay dominate air geography from Tierra del Fuego to Panama, in both oceans, and so protect the movement of copper from Chile, vanadium from Peru, tin from Bolivia, oil from Venezuela, bauxite from Guiana, and iron, manganese, mica and industrial diamonds from Brazil—not to mention Uruguay's own meat, hides and wool.

This strategic network is, for all practical purposes, at the mercy of labor unions whose workers man the ports of Uruguay. When Ravndal arrived in Montevideo in August, 1949, the port unions—in fact, almost all unions—belonged to a federation known as UGT (*Unión General de Trabajadores*), the General Workers Union. And the secretary general of UGT sat on the secretariat of the Uruguayan Communist party. With roughly 5 per cent of the country's total vote, the Communists held five seats in Congress and used the capital to distribute clandestine propaganda throughout South America.

Today Montevideo is still the continental propaganda center for the Commies, but its workings are no longer secret, the party holds only two congressional seats, the popular vote is cut in half, and the UGT has lost somewhere between one half and three fourths of the workingmen.

His Formula for Teaching Democracy

This article is the first accounting, official or unofficial, of how that change was wrought. It is the story of a long-legged, long-headed, brown-eyed patriot with a fervent message: "We can teach democracy to others only if we ourselves become a priesthood of true believers."

Ravndal is a "true believer." Throughout the 30 years of his career, he has functioned as the antithesis of the cookie-pushing tradition. Protocol he reserves for formal occasions. The rest of the time he is utterly oblivious to rank. In the office, he personally hunts out his subordinates more often than he summons them to him. At home, every new girl who joins the embassy staff as a secretary becomes a guest of the family (his wife Alberta, a piquant brunette, and his sunny, blonde, twenty-five-year-old daughter Inga) until she knows the town.

"Chris" Ravndal is exactly the kind of diplomat the ordinary American would expect to be if he thought he had any chance of being a diplomat. He twiddles his thumbs self-consciously on his way to formal banquets and receptions. Though he was practically brought up in a tail coat, he just can't get used to full-dress parties. When he knows he must make a speech, he takes at least one stiff drink beforehand, and even then has trouble breaking the shore ice of table talk.

Once freed of the shackles of formality, however, "Chris" grabs every chance to have company—lots of company. Nothing he did in Uruguay pleased him more than his first cocktail invitation—to all citizens who had ever received fellowships to study or work in the United States. There were so many acceptances that the party was given in two installments—on two afternoons.

While talk of that affair still stirred the air, the long, spare envoy gathered his attachés about him. How were things in Uruguay? Historically, the country was friendly; but, like all the other Latin-American countries, it had its share of covert fear of "Yankee imperialism"; in fact, the political *caudillo* with the biggest personal following in the land, Luis Alberto de Herrera, had built his reputation by exploiting that undertow. Was the Voice of America giving the people a better understanding?

Rodolfo O. Rivera, the cultural attaché spoke up at once with a loud "No!" He had recently finished a lecture tour along the littoral of the River Uruguay. The Voice of America there was an ineffective whisper. Argentina's powerful broadcasting transmitters drowned it out. The backlands of Uruguay were drenched with the conviction that the United States was a nest of vipers and that the giver of all good was Eva Perón.

"We are living examples of 22 of the 48 states working within the walls of this embassy," Ravndal announced, referring to the home states of his staff members. "Beginning now, we'll be the Voice of America in Uruguay. The people have no facilities to come to see us; we'll go out to see them."

Remembering the hornet's nest former Ambassador Spruille Braden had stirred up by taking too lively an interest in the affairs of Argentina four years before, Ravndal checked in with the Uruguayan Foreign Minister. Would the government have any objection to his going out into the country and seeing how many friends he could accumulate?

"Objection?" cried the minister. *"Caramba!* We ought to be doing it ourselves. Where would you like to begin?"

"Well," said the ambassador, "José Artigas was your George Washington. This year is the centenary of his death. I think it would be appropriate to pay my first call on the town that was named for him."

"Artigas!" The minister looked dazed. "Surely you don't want to go to Artigas! It was once a lively place. But now it is nothing. Only a sleepy town on the border of Brazil. Why, it's the farthest point you could choose! There's no fit way for you to get there! You will be most inconvenienced!"

Laugh lines crinkled around Ravndal's eyes. "People live there, don't they?" he asked politely. "Do they find it inconvenient to live there?"

So the ambassador went to Artigas, 500 miles to the north. He was on the road for 22 hours straight. The government gave him an official sleeping car, heated by a wood-burning porcelain stove, as far as it would travel. After that, he transferred to the battered chassis of a thirty-year-old station wagon set on railroad wheels. Once inside it, he couldn't move any part of his body except his head because of the baggage and five attachés who were packed around it.

Fortunately, the autocar had to wait on every siding it reached to allow freight trains to pass. The Ravndal party was able to sort itself out, put itself on its feet, and restore its circulation at lifesaving intervals. Wide-eyed train crews spread the word ahead, and informal *(Continued on page 56)*

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Watching them, Amos Judson felt his own shame, and his own smallness. He did not measure up to these young men who idolized him

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WIZARD OF THE COURT

By WILLIAM HEUMAN

Amos Judson, the grand old man of basketball, was through. He'd played to win, and he'd won. And his best boys had played to lose

JUDSON got up at exactly the same hour he always got up. At seven thirty he was shaved and dressed, and he had his English muffins under the broiler, toasting to a nice brown.

He squeezed an orange while his coffee was boiling, and he dropped one egg in the small pot of boiling water, setting the three-minute timer for it. He did everything exactly as if this were just another day in his life. He wanted to keep to the exact routine, as if by physical action—one step following the other—he could keep his mind off what lay ahead.

At nine thirty the telephone rang, and it was another reporter who wanted to know if he could come up. He was down at the station.

"I have no more comments to make," Judson told him, "than what has already appeared in the papers, but you may come up if you wish."

The reporter had sounded young and rather eager, and he'd been waiting at the station since eight o'clock, when the westbound came in. Judson didn't want to send him back to his paper without anything, and, besides, he had no objection to giving the public everything he knew on the subject. It wasn't much, but they were entitled to know, because it was their money that had made State a power in basketball circles.

Judson had turned out his magnificent teams, and the public had jammed the big city Palladium to watch; they'd filled the State athletic treasury, and with this excess money State had been able to entice high-school and prep-school talent from all parts of the country; thus he'd turned out greater teams, and still more people had come out to watch, making more money; and so the cycle had continued until Abrams, Caldwell and Slater smashed it to pieces.

Thinking about it now, Amos Judson, head basketball coach for thirty-six years at State University, six times national champions, eleven times sectional champions, tried to figure out how it had all started. Was it the basketball-mad big-city fans who'd flocked down to the Palladium to watch his teams; or was it the school itself, growing greedy because of the big money pouring in, making more lavish inducements each year to bring talent to the school?

Or was he to blame for accepting all this talent, fusing it together, forming the power machines which had, last season, averaged nearly eighty points a game in winning the national title?

The reporter came up in ten minutes, a young man with reddish hair, new to his job, and eager, as Judson had anticipated. He sat on the edge of one of the worn chairs in the parlor and asked his questions, the same questions more experienced reporters had been hurling at Amos Judson since noon of the previous day.

Had Mr. Judson sensed the fact that three of his greatest stars weren't putting everything into the games?

Judson said patiently, "In games that State won by fifteen, twenty and sometimes twenty-five points, there was always a little loafing on the part of the regulars. It was impossible to tell whether the loafing was deliberate, to keep State within the point span set by the gambling ring, or just ordinary carelessness."

"I understand that," the young reporter said. "I played a little basketball, myself, Mr. Judson." He smiled modestly.

"That's nice," Amos Judson said.

"When did you first know, Mr. Judson, that Abrams, Caldwell and Slater were being paid by the gambling ring to keep State's scoring in line with their bets?"

"When the police informed me," Judson said.

"Is it true, Mr. Judson, that these three men now being held for trial by the grand jury are three of the finest players you've developed at State in your long career as a basketball coach?"

"That's true," Judson acknowledged, and then, for the first time since the thing had happened, those three boys again became his boys, and not symbols of evil, which they'd been since the police had picked them up.

ALL three had been seniors, and they'd played three full seasons with him, right up until the next-to-last game of the regular schedule. Jackie Abrams, the Jewish boy, had been his high scorer; Red Caldwell, the speed boy of the trio; and Sam Slater, the colored boy, the floor man. All had been magnificent shots, all were great defense men, all were ball handlers, the kind Amos Judson liked to see on the court.

"Is it true," the young reporter probed, "that they were subsidized athletes at State, Mr. Judson?"

"They were at State on athletic scholarships," Amos Judson murmured. "That was all I knew about it, young man."

He had no doubt, though, that there had been more to it than that. Other schools could have given them athletic scholarships, and undoubtedly had offered them, but they'd come to State because the inducements had been greater. There had been little gifts, spending money, the promise that they wouldn't have to worry too much about exams.

They'd been bought, Amos Judson mused to himself, *so why is it a wonder that they have sold out on their purchaser?*

The young reporter was saying, "Under the circumstances, Mr. Judson, what are State's chances against Midwestern tonight?"

"As usual," Amos Judson said evenly, "State will do its best. I can make no predictions, young man."

That was a joke, too. *(Continued on page 60)*

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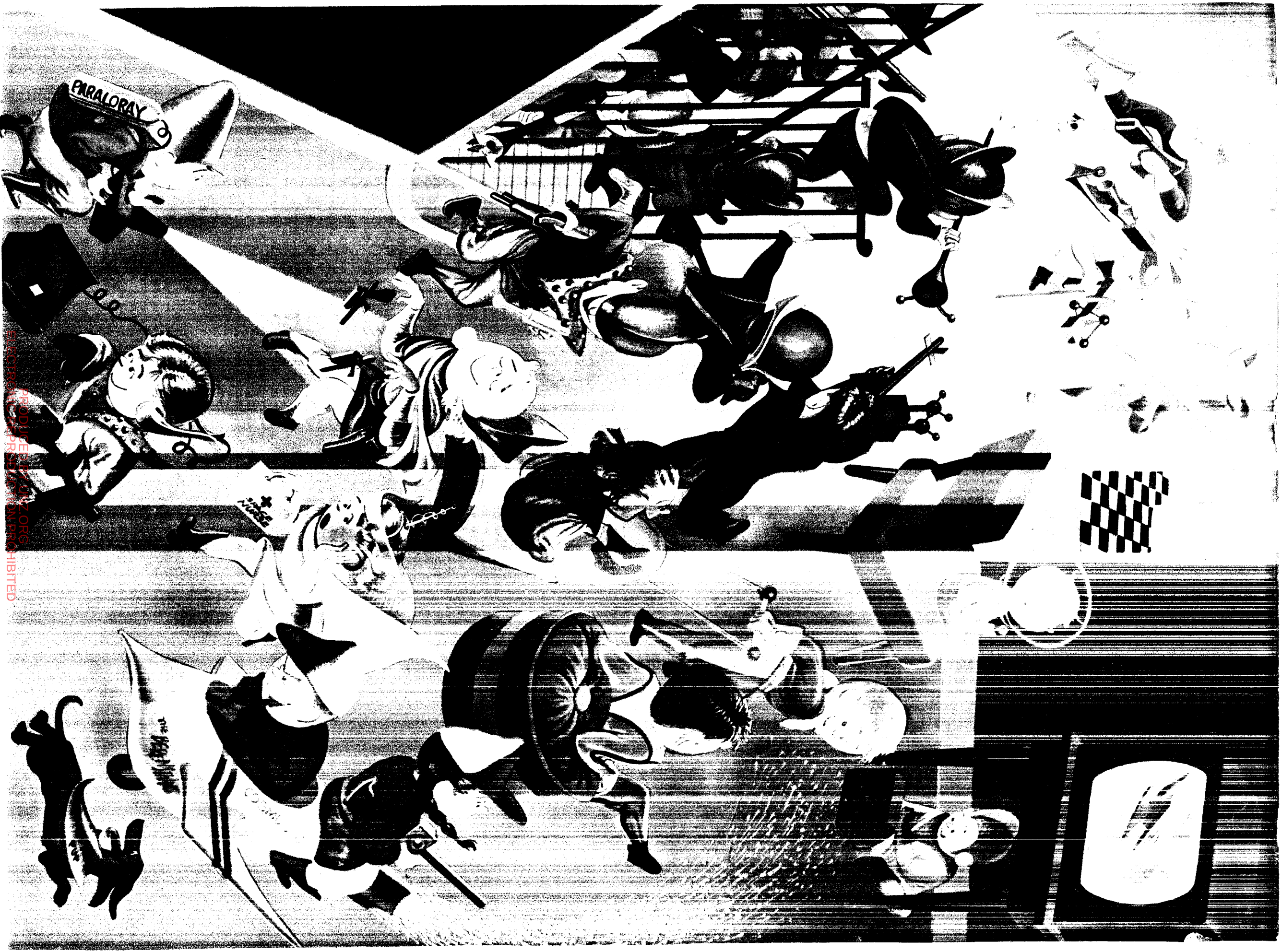

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PLANET PARENTHOOD

By MURRAY ROBINSON

TV spacemen have conquered our younger generation, and the nursery cow hands have given up the six gun for the atomic rifle. Nowadays, the cry is: "Gimme those wide *upper* spaces!"

AS NEARLY as he can recall it, this is what a New Jersey suburban father heard his twelve-year-old son, Donald, say over the telephone to a friend on a recent evening:

"That you, Willie? (Pause.) I never said that about you, and if he said I said it, he's just a space rat. (Pause.) Now, Willie, don't blow your jets. Smoking rockets, I'm your friend! (Pause.) That's the spirit, Willie. Well, spaceman's luck!"

Donald hung up and turned to his father, who had let his evening paper sink to the floor and was staring at him as though bewitched.

"I'm gonna blast off to the store, Pop," said Donald. "Spaceman's luck!"

All over the country, wherever America is exposed to television, parents during the past year or so have noted the rise of a strange new tongue among their young. Donald's telephone conversation is an example.

It is the entrancing language of a new world depicted for the kiddies on their television screens daily. It's the world of spacemen, rocket ships, trips to the moon, interplanetary affairs, space suits and space helmets, push-button miracles and wondrous inventions such as the amnesia helmet and the opticon scillometer.

Donald was talking the language of the spacemen. A "space rat" is, obviously, an unsavory character. To "blow your jets" is to blow your top. "Smoking rockets!" is like "Gee whiz," only double in space spades. "Spaceman's luck!" is either hail or farewell, depending on whether the other guy is arriving or leaving. And to "blast off" means to get going. Uttered as a command, it means "Beat it," or "Scram!"

The TV space heroes are full of Rocket Age talk like that. "Space-happy" means "slap-happy" or well addled. "Full of space gas" means full of hot air. "Plug your jets!" is a command to shut up. "Smoking rockets!" may be varied by "Great galaxy!" or "Great Ganymede gremlins!" or "Great purple comets!" A "Martian mouse" is a jerk. To "blow up some meteor dust" is to kick up your heels.

It is too early to say that the spacemen have nosed out the cowboys in the TV esteem of young America. I recently put the question squarely to a neighbor's five-year-old son, already a veteran of the video dials. He summed up the situation perfectly.

"Whom do you like better," he was asked, "Captain Video or Hopalong Cassidy?"

"I like Captain Video and the rockets better," he answered firmly, "but I like Hopalong Cassidy and the horses better."

But that the rocket-riders have made a dent in the cowboys' popularity is obvious to television experts, and the trend may be away from horses and up into the heavens for keeps. All over the air waves, the Wide Open Spaces are being traded in for the Wide Upper Spaces.

Captain Video, the Dumont Network's space hero, and daddy of the current crop of TV rocketeers, is seen by an estimated 3,500,000 earthlings on each of his half-hour episodes five days a week. The show is telecast, live and on film, from 24 network stations.

A few months ago, when Captain Video made a personal appearance in a Brooklyn department store, some 10,000 television tykes lined up, to use the expression loosely, to shake his hand. The captain wound up with a new form of space sickness—a crick in the back. Got it from bending over from his height of six-feet-plus to mitt the toddlers.

The Captain Video show was signed recently to a reputed $10,000,000 five-year contract by Post Cereals Division of General Foods.

Millions View Other Space Shows

The American Broadcasting Company has two space shows on TV. Tom Corbett, Space Cadet, originating from New York, is a three-a-week, fifteen-minute show with an estimated 3,000,000 viewers. It is sponsored by the Kellogg Company. ABC's other Rocket Age opus is Space Patrol, starring the handsome Commander Buzz Corry. On the West Coast, where it originates, it's a locally sponsored 15-minute daily show. It's also seen nation-wide as a once-a-week half-hour program, sponsored by the Ralston Purina Company.

To appease further young America's insatiable appetite for tales of the future, the Dumont Network revived ancient Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers movie serials and showed them on TV. Flash and Buck, who originated in the comic strips, were the first of the kiddies' space heroes. Both were played on film by Buster Crabbe, now doing a live Western-style television show for WOR-TV in New York.

Buster, who has played every type of adventure hero in the movies, thinks the Westerns will never lose out completely to the spacemen. "The cowboy," he says, "is the great American romantic hero. He'll never be replaced by a guy in space."

But the spacemen march on just the same, in comic books—bearing the familiar old names like Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers, the newer ones like Captain Video, and the latest additions to the racks like Chris Welkin, Planeteer—in TV, in radio and in the movies. Captain Video was recently serialized by Columbia Pictures.

And Santa Claus, poor old reindeer-powered soul, heard a lot of strange talk from the kiddies this past Christmas season. Cowboy duds and accessories are giving way, market analysts report, to a surging demand for spacemen's accouterments and weapons.

The letters adoring space fans write to their heroes breathe love and admiration, although an occasional sardonic note creeps in (witness this post card sent to Captain Video by a soldier stationed in Georgia: "Dear Captain Video: May I have an autographed picture of the whole cast? I'll tear off the head of my first sergeant and send it to you in exchange.").

Strangely, a recent sampling showed most of the missives come from girls. One young lady in Ohio who signed herself "Your Admirable Fan" made this suggestion, which has since been followed:

"I have never quite understood why there is never any girls on your program. I believe a girl would give the story new excitement. But I would not suggest a girl on the program all the time. Too many girls would be jealous with envy."

Another girl wrote Captain Video from New York City: "My brother and I like the new villain Sky Hawk. Don't kill him. Please reform him."

The Tom Corbett letters also reflect the keen interest among girls in interplanetary affairs. Parents, too, have expressed appreciation for the educational qualities of the show, which has sound scientific background. One enthusiastic Brooklyn mother told a startling story of precocious child interest in Space Cadet.

"My two-year-old child," she wrote, "is a constant fan. Please tell me where I can buy a space helmet for him. He calls it a 'head bowl,' and whenever the program *(Continued on page 63)*

TV rocketeers (l. to r.): ABC's Space Patrol features Cmdr. Buzz Corry (at controls); CBS show is called Out There; in next panel, it's Tom Corbett, Space Cadet (foreground), ABC; Captain Video, Dumont entry, is at wheel of X-9; last, TV film spaceman Flash Gordon (r.)

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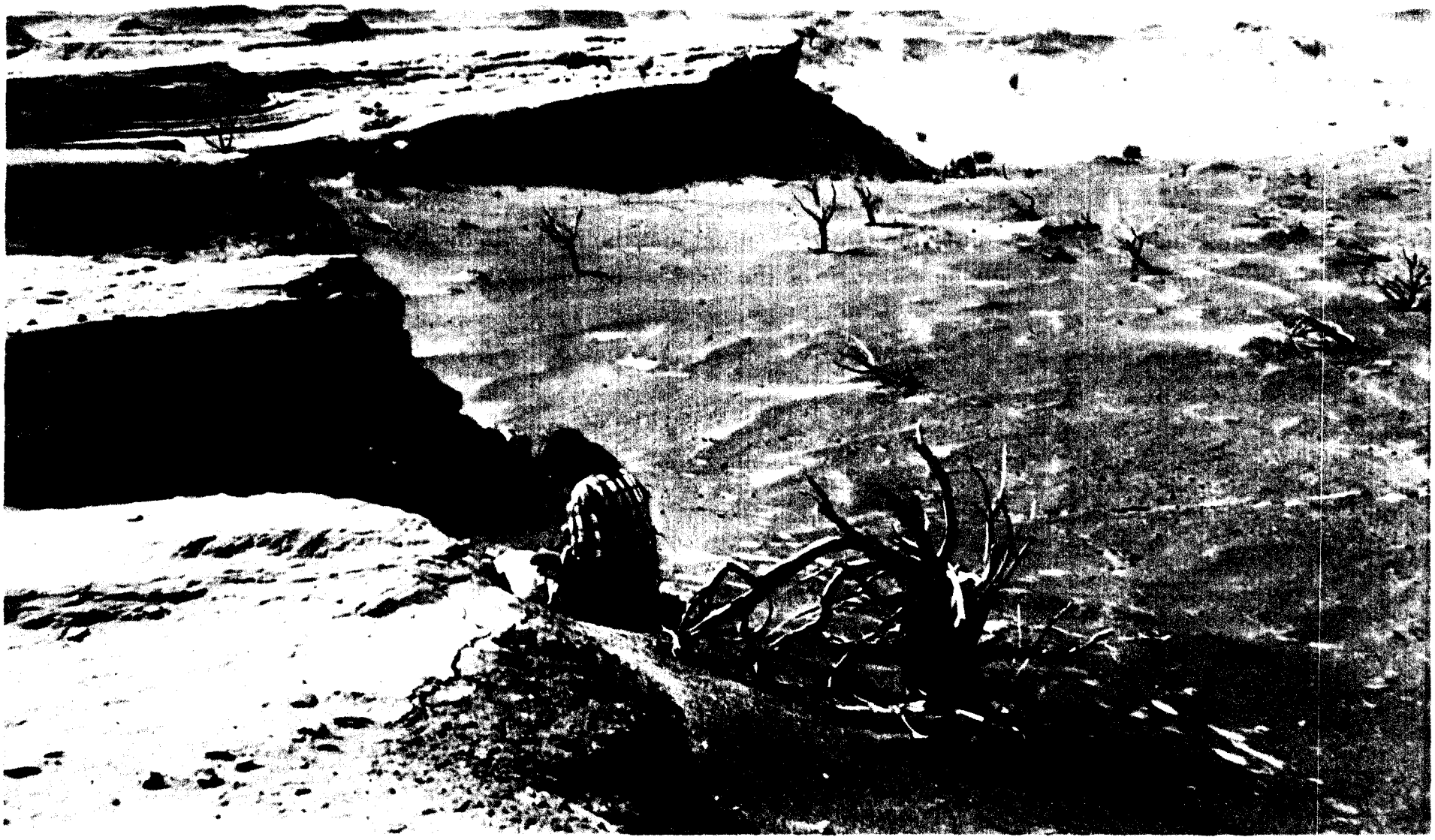


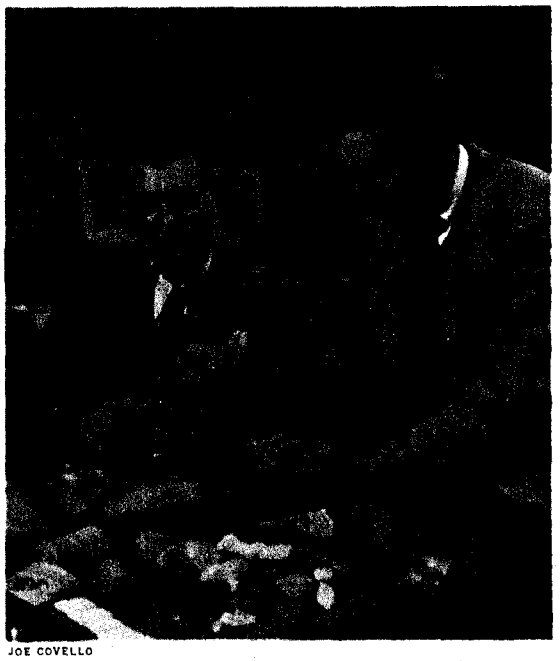
WALTER A. FAIRSERVIS, JR.-FRANK VAN STEEN

Jan Fairservis in the Lost Valley, unmapped, desolate site of a once-flourishing civilization destroyed by a freak of nature long before Christ. Note pottery fragments, left foreground, bared by "120-day wind"

Concluding Journey to 4000 B.C.

EXPLORING THE DESERT

By WALTER A. FAIRSERVIS, Jr., with BILL DAVIDSON



JOE COVELLO

Dr. Harry Shapiro (l.), of American Museum, looks over specimens with Walter Fairservis

When the Forbidden Kingdom of Afghanistan, a land of archaeological treasures, was suddenly opened to Westerners after years of isolation, youthful Walter A. Fairservis, Jr., determined to lead the first American scientific expedition there in hope of finding the lost trail of prehistoric man. The Fairservis party, sponsored by New York's American Museum of Natural History, entered Pakistan first and did extensive excavating, making significant finds despite constant danger from Pathan tribesmen. Then the expedition headed northward to Kabul (see map, page 46) for the long-awaited effort to unravel Afghanistan's ancient mysteries

III

BEFORE heading into the unexplored reaches of the Seistan Basin and the Desert of Death, I decided to try a side trip up to the Russian border—one of the most mysterious sections of the Iron Curtain—with two other members of our party of 11. The main purpose of our expedition was to solve the baffling riddle of man's wanderings in those dim, distant days before Biblical times; we had reason to believe that the key lay in southern Afghanistan, but we wanted to swing north briefly because scientific accuracy demanded that we plumb the other possibilities as well.

This delicate excursion to the very borders of Asiatic Russia required special permission from the Afghan government in Kabul; accordingly, I went to see Abdul Madjid Khan, the Minister of Education, who controlled our American Museum of Natural History expedition while we were in his country.

Madjid Khan was a plump, pleasant man who didn't seem to like the idea of letting us enter an area where the Russians might grab us and accuse Afghanistan of planting American spies across from the Soviet atomic plants. He spoke excellent English, and I asked him if he had been educated in the United States. "Yes," he said. "At the University of Chicago."

"That's a coincidence!" I said. "I went there myself."

A reminiscent gleam came into the minister's eyes. "Tell me," he said, "do you remember the cherry whipped-cream pies at a restaurant called the Hitching Post, near the campus?"

"*Do* I!" I replied—and we launched into a discussion about the dreamy texture of those pies.

When I left his office, I had his permission to go to the north. I resolved to stay away from the frontier itself, and avoid speaking to natives about anything going on across the border in the Soviet Union. The object of the expedition was purely scientific, and I didn't want anything political to intrude on our work.

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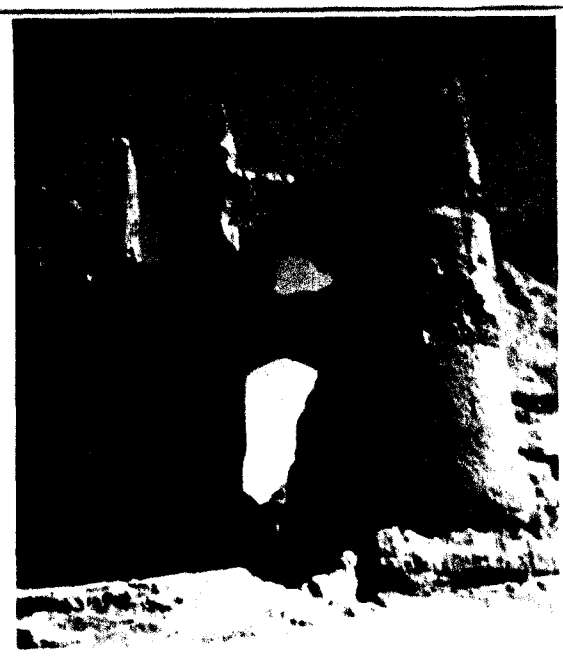
WALTER A. FAIRSERVIS, JR.

Uzbek tribesmen in mark[illegible]ace of Taliqan in northern Afghanistan[illegible] Soviet border

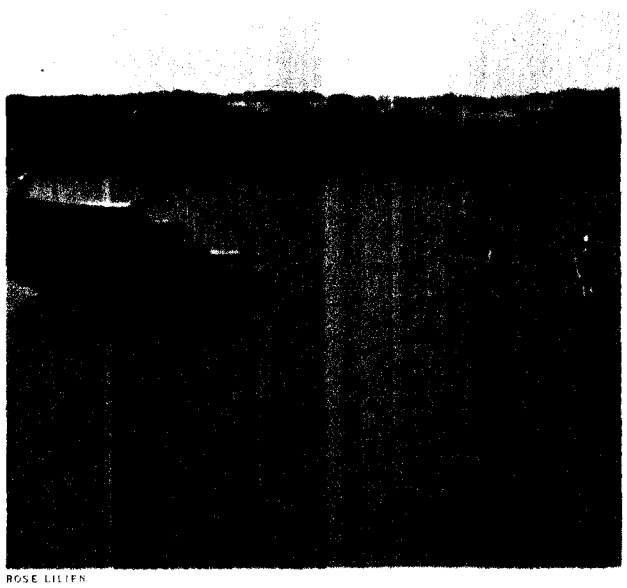


WALT[illegible] A. FAIRSERVIS, JR.

Striking ruins of 16th century fortress built by Moslems at border of the Desert of Death

WALTER A. FAIRSERVIS, JR.

A ferry over the Kunduz River, 20 miles from Russian frontier. Red atom plants are nearby



ROSE LILIEN

One of expedition's powerful trucks crosses Helmand River as guides mark depth of water

ROSE [illegible]IEN

Colorful natives of the Seistan Basin troop out to take a look at their first Westerners

ROSE LILIEN

The Castle of the Chief, 400-year-old desert citadel where expedition set up its base camp

OF DEATH

The discovery of a strange Lost Valley, whose people were wiped out centuries ago, climaxes the exciting journey to Afghanistan

It was late December when I took off with technician George McLellan and radioman Lawrence Kelsey, our former antarctic explorer, leaving the others behind to carry on the expedition's work elsewhere. (My artist-wife Jan stayed in Kabul to work at that city's fine museum; archaeologists Louis and Ann Dupree, Howard Stoudt and Rose Lilien went to Kandahar, about a day's journey away, with Hafizullah Khan and Ibrahim Khan, two Afghan students who joined us at about this time to interpret and help in the excavating. Anthropologist George Maranjian had work to do in Quetta, Pakistan; three earlier members of the expedition, Sadurdin Khan and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Alcock, had also remained in Pakistan. In addition, geologist John Zeigler had finished his work, and had started back to the United States.)

McLellan, Kelsey and I headed over the Shibar Pass for the north in one of our trucks. We crossed the Great Divide of Afghanistan over icy ruts—at times with our wheels just inches from precipitous thousand-foot drops.

Soon we noticed that the streams were beginning to flow north to the Oxus River; at the same time, the entire nature of the country began to change. The tall, European-looking Pathans became fewer and fewer, and we saw people with Mongoloid features—the Uzbeks and Turkomans, wearing long, padded felt robes with felt boots and fur-lined hats.

There were big two-humped Bactrian camels now, rather than the smaller one-humped dromedaries used farther south; and as we pushed toward the border, we encountered more and more horsemen—the most magnificent I have ever seen. In fact, we were treated to one equestrian exhibition that was absolutely breath-taking.

Our truck was crawling along a narrow muddy shelf, with a cliff rising on one side and only a low mud wall and a narrow ledge separating us from an 80-foot drop on the other; occasionally, the wheels would slip sideways, and McLellan would have to struggle fiercely to hold us in place. Suddenly we looked up and saw a group of Uzbek horsemen approaching along the shelf. I gasped, because there was simply no room to pass—just the mud wall on the precipice side of the trail, with the tiny two-foot ledge between the wall and the drop. The Uzbeks kept approaching on their beautiful, high-strung horses, until we met. At that moment, the Uzbek leader's horse became terrified—and lunged!

An Amazing Feat of Horsemanship

I still can't believe what happened next. The horse reared back on his haunches, then leaped over the wall, the rider still clinging to him. In some miraculous fashion, the rider then brought the horse up—teetering perilously on the two-foot ledge! Next, in an amazing display of equestrian dexterity, he got his mount to mince forward, then jump back over the wall to the trail, *behind* our truck!

Without a moment's hesitation, the other riders followed their leader; each of them in turn hurdled the wall to the tiny ledge and cut back over the wall behind us. *We* were completely unnerved, but the Uzbeks disappeared around a bend, as emotionless as if they had just had a canter in the park.

We spent the night at a place called Pul-i-Khumri, and the next morning we emerged onto the rich, green plain of the Oxus. It was a wondrous sight. As far as the eye could see, the plain was covered with vast complexes of mounds—each denoting a place where ancient villages had been built, one upon the refuse of another until, in cross section, they spanned centuries of early civilization.

This was the reason we had risked coming to the Russian border. For the Oxus was one of the great streams of ancient times, like the Nile and the Euphrates, and its fertile valley must have been one of the cradles of civilized mankind. Unfortunately, it is the least known of all the famous rivers of antiquity, since only the Russians have done extensive archaeological work—on their side of the river—and their reports are difficult to get.

The Oxus offers all kinds of fascinating possibilities. For one thing, it may be that one of the most mysterious peoples of early times, the so-called Aryans, came from here.

For years, archaeologists have found circumstantial evidence of a great spreading out of barbaric white conquerors from somewhere in this Central Asia area. Shortly after 2000 B.C., these barbarians appear to have swept into the Near East; around 1500 B.C., they invaded India; in 1100 B.C., Greece. They came on horses, which were unknown to the local populations, and cut their opposition down with weapons of equally unfamiliar iron. *(Continued on page 46)*

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The WAITING ROOM

By EDWARD HARRIS HETH

They were going to have a baby, here in this small, sunless apartment in a noisy city. They weren't ready and Sophie needed courage

SOPHIE pulled up the reed blinds, thinking more light would make the apartment look bigger. It didn't. The rain outside the window only pushed the walls nearer.

She was ready, even to her hat. She wanted the bathroom free for Don to wash up in after work, so that they could be at the Reicherts' on time at six thirty. She waited for his footsteps out in the hall—and for his singing, which always broke loose in the rain. She leaned back on the sofa, closing her eyes, hoping that in such a way she could blot out the smallness of the apartment that, until this afternoon, had seemed such a perfect place to live.

But behind her closed lids it was still there, just as real, no bigger, no grander. There were the three rooms opening into each other like coaches on a train, the living room into the kitchen into the bedroom, and off it the bath—the same small apartment over which she and Don had worked during the three years of their marriage, papering, repainting, furnishing it as best they could on Don's salary. Considering everything, it had seemed a pleasant place to live in, until now. They had been lucky to find it at all, in a crowded city. It was part of a remodeled house.

Still with her eyes shut, she let her mind wander through the rooms that had suddenly grown so cluttered and, somehow, dismal. She tried to visualize where a crib would go in the bedroom, a baby's tub and other necessities in the bathroom, where they could squeeze a play pen in the living room. She recalled seeing baby carriages kept outside in the public hall—that would solve that. At the same instant, she recalled her mother's big old house, in which she had grown up—the wide verandas to play on, the big attic for rainy days like today, the comfortable, shaded bedrooms, one of which became a nursery when a nursery was needed.

And even with all that big house, she could recall her mother's gentle alarm when a visitor came unexpectedly. "But we haven't finished repapering the spare bedroom! I was going to have it done over before Aunt Clara came to visit. But the draperies for the parlor—they haven't come back from the cleaner's! We can't have the Breadlows visiting us *now*."

Sophie was smiling, hearing her mother's voice again in the big house in the small, clean town. But now she understood how her mother had felt. The spare bedroom wasn't repapered. The draperies weren't back from the cleaner's. Nothing, nothing was ready. . . .

The feeling that she was, so to speak, having a baby without a pillow to lay its head on, nagged at her until Don came home. There was something she and Don had done wrong in their marriage. They weren't ready, when they should have been. They didn't have a big white house in some peaceful town, but a cramped, *(Continued on page 58)*

In an instant, Audie's voice had become as cold as the rain pounding against the high windows. "This is the only kind of cradle we need," she said to Don

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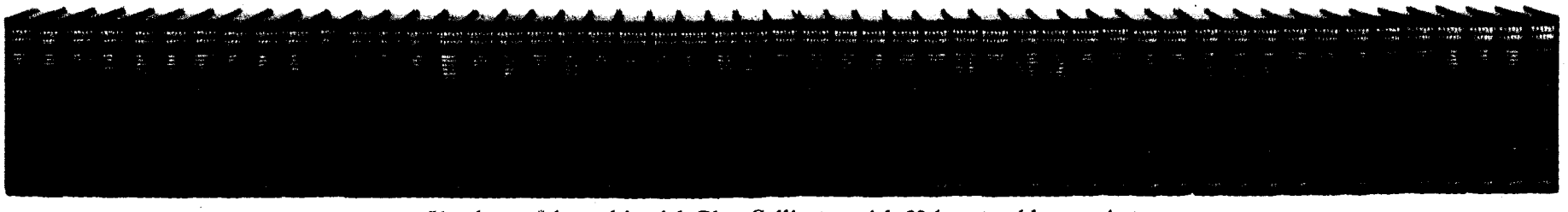

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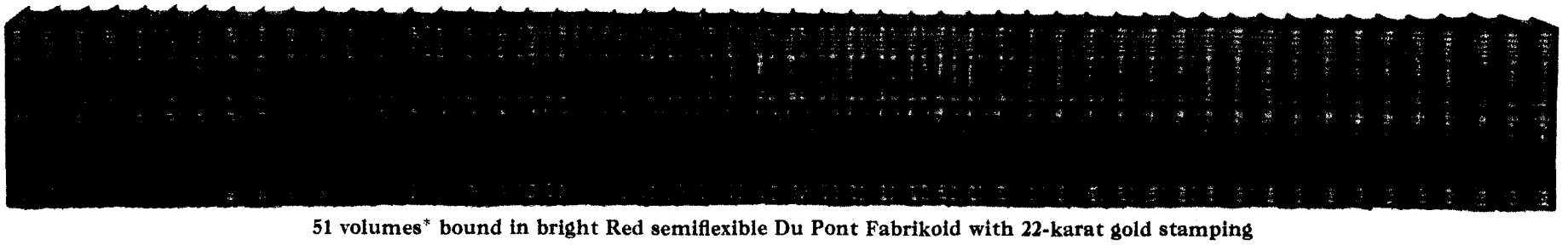

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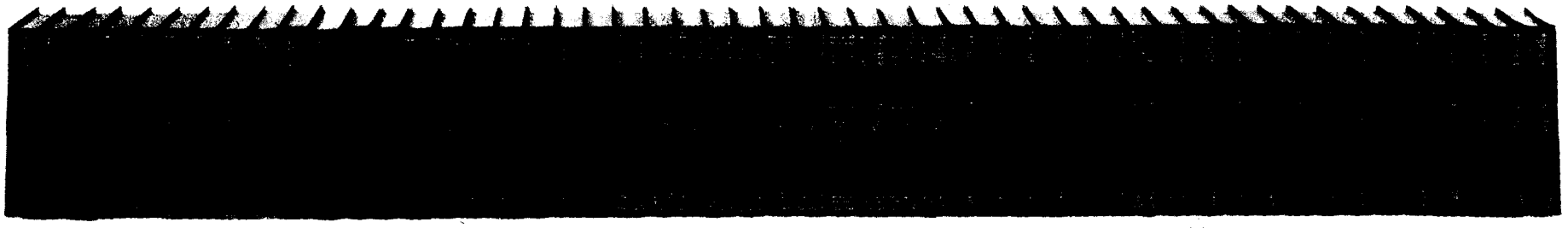

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The Winner

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

Ann curled up in a chair in front of the fire in the living room. When I told her Ned was coming for supper, she didn't dance for joy. Ann was on Turner's team.

So I said, "If Ned would only straighten up, I wouldn't give him for a thousand like Turner Llewellyn."

Ann's lovely brown eyes began to blaze. But I left the room before she had a chance to answer. In the hall I met my sister. Judith was radiant tonight. She had been for a walk, and the wind had rumpled her tawny hair and left her lips red and her cheeks high with color.

"Where's Turner?" she asked.

"Upstairs, cleaning up. By the way, Judith, Ned's coming for supper."

"Oh." That was all she said, but her brown eyes had a troubled look.

NED did not appear within the hour, as he had promised. He was forty minutes late, and the sociable swallow he had taken in the field was not all he had had to drink. He wasn't drunk, but he was a long way from being cold sober.

The trouble with Ned went back to the death of his twin brother, Ben. You usually find one twin more dominant, more aggressive than the other. With the Dunning boys, it was Ben. Those two were closer than most brothers, and I guess Ned depended on Ben more than any of us realized.

The Dunning brothers closed their law office early in '42. Both enlisted immediately. Ned and my sister Judith got engaged a week before the Dunning boys went to the Pacific. Ben was killed in the closing days of the war. Ned came home.

But he was a different man. Without Ben, he seemed lost. He had started drinking before he came back and he continued drinking after his return. Not even Judith could bring him out of it. Judith didn't quit on him, either. At least, she didn't quit right away. She stood by him when he refused to reopen his office and when, as his money ran low, he moved to a cabin on a tiny patch of land west of Cherry Hill that had belonged to his father. But finally even Judith gave up.

She went north to Richmond to visit some relatives of ours. In Richmond she met Turner Llewellyn. Ann said it was the best thing that could have happened to her.

A few of us in the county kept hoping Ned would straighten out. A few of us still found him attractive even with the whisky flush in his sunburned cheeks and the whisky brightness in his eyes. Suddenly at supper that night he said, "Let no one faint, but I'm going back to work next week." He looked at Turner and added, "I practiced law a couple of years and then the war came. When I got home I wasn't sure I wanted to keep on with the law. But I made up my mind today. So I'm going to hang up my shingle again first of the week."

I said nothing. Neither did Ann and Judith. We had heard the same story several times. Next week never came.

But Turner Llewellyn said something: "Mr. Dunning, I will give you five hundred dollars for Spider."

"Mr. Llewellyn," Ned said, "you evidently have a very short memory. I told you this afternoon my dog was not for sale."

Excitement sparkled in Turner's eyes. "I'll give you five hundred for him and I'll lay you a side bet that in the end he'll be for sale and I'll buy him."

"Oh, Turner, hush!" Judith said.

"For your information," Ned said, "I'd sell you my right arm quicker than I'd sell you Spider."

Secretly I applauded him. For a moment then he looked like the Ned Dunning of other days. So, when he was leaving that night, I followed him out and said, as I had said before, that whenever he hung up his shingle again I would foot the bills until he got on his feet.

But it was three hours since he had had a drink, and the false strength and the false buoyance were gone. He said, "Leave me alone, please, Jim."

Back in the house, I found Judith and Turner standing before the fireplace in the living room. They were a handsome couple. Looking at Judith, I knew that, in spite of the fact that Ned could still bring a troubled light to her eyes, she was deeply in love with Turner.

"My young man can shoot, can't he?" she said brightly.

Turner laughed. "Your young man more than met his match today. Just the same, Jim, I'll catch up with you next time. And I'm going to own that big, beautiful, bird-finding dog of Dunning's."

I got it then. He was going to beat me shooting and he was going to buy Spider. One was just as much a contest as the other. We were his adversaries, Ned and I. Probably he welcomed Ned as an adversary. He was certainly human enough to want to beat the man who had once been engaged to Judith.

"There are some things a man won't sell," I said.

It wasn't an original remark, and Turner laughed. "That's a noble sentiment, Jim, and sentiment is about all it is."

"I doubt very much if you'll ever beat me shooting," I told him, "and I'm damn' certain you never will own Spider."

"Break it up, you two," Judith said. "You're going to be brothers soon, or have you both forgotten?"

We both laughed a little self-consciously, and I, at least, was glad that Ann suggested a fast rubber of bridge before bedtime. Judith and I played Ann and Turner, and we were ahead until the final hand, when Turner bid a grand slam and made it by some inspired play. . . .

Next morning I had work to do on the farm. Coming back for lunch, I found that Turner had gone hunting with Ned. That afternoon I heard them shooting in the distance. At sundown Turner came back.

"Did you beat Ned shooting?" I asked him.

"Well, yes, I did." He waited a moment, then added generously, "But he gave me all the breaks. He's a swell guy to hunt with. In fact, he'd be a swell guy all around if he could straighten out."

"A lot of people think so. I suppose you bought Spider?"

"You know damn' well I didn't buy him. Buying Spider is the toughest proposition I ever tackled."

"That should make it all the more fun."

He gave me one of those level looks of his. "Are you trying to needle me, Jim?"

"Well, perhaps I am."

"Okay," he said, and he laughed. "Needle away. Shoot tomorrow?"

So we shot the next day, and that day is one I will never forget. For the first time in my life I deliberately tried to outshoot a hunting companion. And I failed. I was good that day, as good as I ever was in my life, and yet at the end of the hunt Turner was one bird ahead of me and had fired one less shot.

I expected him to remind me that he always won the next time out. But he only said, "I was pretty lucky," and never again referred to that hunt.

That night, he visited Ned and tried again to buy Spider. The next day, I was busy, and Turner and Ned went for an afternoon hunt. Turner came back to Cherry Hill raving about the black-and-white setter. Evidently Spider had pulled out all the stops that day.

THE following day it rained. About mid-morning Ann got a bridge game going and, with the exception of time out for lunch, we played all day. But for once Turner couldn't keep his mind on the business at hand; for once he seemed not to care whether he lost or won. Time and again his attention wandered. Whenever he was dummy he stalked to a window and stood scowling at the rain, and if he asked me once he asked me twenty times if I thought the weather would clear so that we could hunt the next day.

Tomorrow was his last chance, he groaned; he had to leave for Richmond early the day after tomorrow. I knew what he was seeing when his attention went astray and he sat staring at his cards. He was seeing Spider running wide against the horizon, quartering back, suddenly locking up a covey with a stanch and stylish point. And I knew what he meant by last chance. Tomorrow would be his last chance to win out over Ned Dunning.

Judith said finally, "Rain or shine, *I'll* be here tomorrow. Remember me?"

He didn't get it at first. He had to bring his mind back from that distant horizon. Then he did get it and he flushed. He gave Judith a hurt look and received the same kind of look in return. Ann, the diplomat, dropped the spare pack of cards on the floor and for a minute she and I were quite busy retrieving them.

This little business was wasted, however, for when we raised our heads, Judith was saying, "Spider's the only thing Ned has left that he cares about."

"I'm not responsible for that," Turner told her gently.

"That's one way of looking at it," Judith said. "There are—there are other dogs, Turner."

"There aren't any more like Spider."

"I wish you'd stop trying to buy Ned's dog."

"You needn't worry," I told Judith. "There's not one chance in a million that Ned will sell Spider."

"I'll still lay you a bet I buy him," Turner said.

"I bid two spades," said Ann.

NEXT morning at daylight, it was still raining, and it was still raining at ten o'clock, too. But at eleven the clouds lifted and the rain stopped. After an early lunch, we went out into a drowned world. This was Turner's hunt. He had made all the arrangements. Ned was to meet us at the line fence on the west side of Cherry Hill, and he was waiting when we got there. He was a little shaky, but he was completely sober.

In spite of the wet, Spider found two coveys in the first hour, held them beautifully, and then handled the singles in his usual superb style. Then for a couple of hours we had sorry luck, finding only one covey and that one so small that we held our fire when it zoomed out of the straw.

Not until we had paused for a smoke did Turner say, "I hope you're going to change your mind and sell me your dog, Ned."

When Ned didn't answer at once, I shot him a nervous look. He was hunkered down on his heels with his right arm around Spider's neck. He stared at the dog and then stared at Turner, and for a moment I was frightened. But finally Ned said, "Seven hundred was your last offer, wasn't it? That's a lot of money—but it isn't enough to buy one hair off Spider's head."

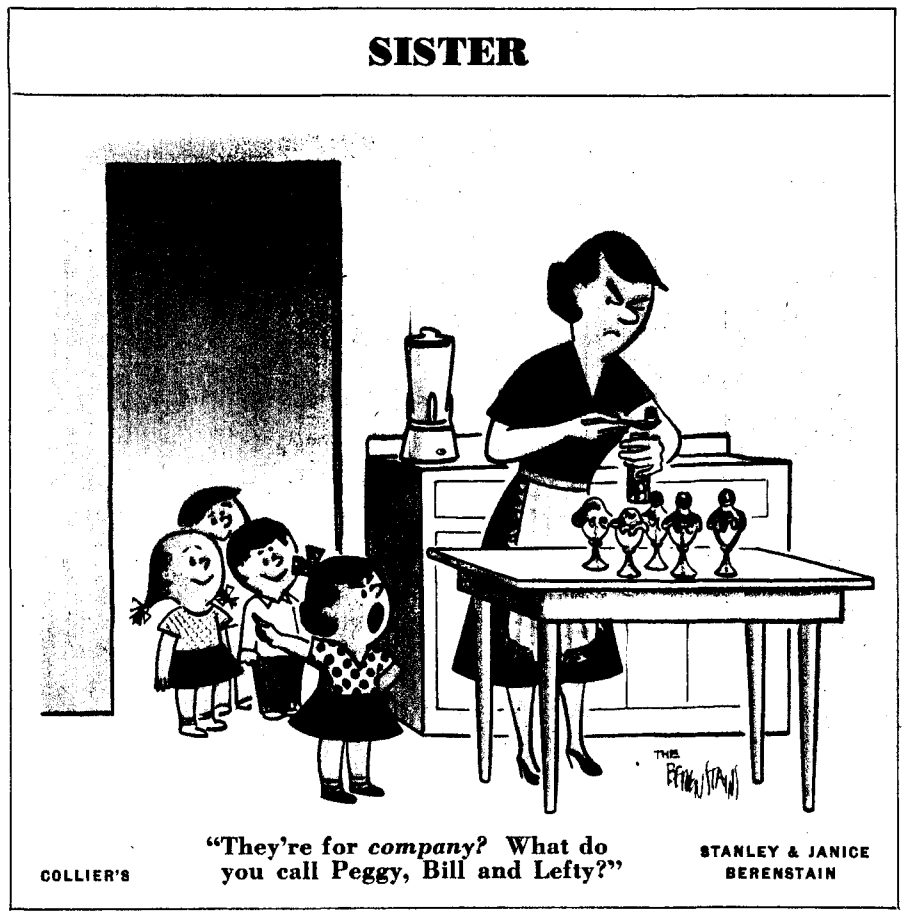
"Okay then," Turner said, and managed a weak grin.

We resumed the hunt. Spider found a covey and gazed bewilderedly when the three of us fired six shots without ruffling a feather. You couldn't expect him to know that he was the reason we missed.

"Those birds flew all the way to Georgia," Ned drawled. "We'd better try to find the big covey that uses down along the creek. Jim, you and Turner stay on this side. I'll cross the creek and see if old Spider can locate them over there. I'll call you if he points."

Wading the creek, he disappeared beyond the thick brush. I followed the back of the creek on our side, with Turner paralleling me fifty yards out in the flat. I had walked only a few steps when, through a slight opening in the brush on the far side, I saw Spider swing into view.

Then I saw Ned. He stopped in the opening and called the dog softly. Spider came to him at once. Ned laid down his gun and dropped to his knees, and Spider walked into his outstretched arms. When Ned put his head down on the dog's neck, I turned away. I had already seen enough—enough to know that Ned was tempted. I had



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thought so when he'd taken so long to answer Turner a short while ago. Now I knew it.

"See anything of Ned or the dog?" Turner called.

"No!" I snapped.

A quarter of a mile down the creek, Ned crossed back to our side and said that he hadn't been able to locate the big covey. I wondered how hard he had tried. I had the crazy suspicion that he had kept Spider at his side most of the way. I was nervous and jumpy, and an old rabbit charging from his bed in the straw startled me half out of my skin. And I wasn't the only jumpy one. Ned, too, was shaky. Of the three of us, only Turner Llewellyn was completely in command of himself.

"Let's call it a day," I suggested.

Ned looked relieved. "Might as well." He stood a second, looking at first one of us and then the other—a tall, still lovable boy who somewhere along the way had missed the track. "Well, it's been fun hunting with you guys. Maybe we'll do it again someday."

"Wait!" Turner said curtly. "I'll give you a thousand dollars for Spider."

I gasped. I'd had no idea the will to win would carry him that far. Oh, perhaps I do him an injustice. The will to win must by now have been forced to make room for the love that showed in his eyes every time he looked at Spider.

"Well?" Turner said, not curtly now but coaxingly. "A thousand dollars, Ned. What do you say, old boy?"

I was afraid to look at Ned but I had to. His eyes met mine blankly; his lips worked without sound. He bent and pulled absently at one of Spider's ears. Then suddenly he straightened up and his pale face was wildly angry. He took two swift steps forward so that Turner had to back up a step.

"I've told you and told you," he shouted, "that my dog is not for sale! If you ever try to buy him again, I'll beat your head off with my two hands!"

NED turned then and, with Spider trotting at his side, stamped rapidly away from us. Silently Turner and I watched him go until he disappeared in the thickening twilight. I looked at Turner then; and it is an odd thing, but suddenly I felt sorry for him.

"Don't feel too bad about it," I told him. "You might consider this: If you bought the dog, I'm afraid Ned would only drink up the thousand dollars."

"That's one way of looking at it," Turner admitted dully.

He was crestfallen on the way back to Cherry Hill and rather subdued at supper that night. But afterward he and Judith rode to town, and when they returned he had revived. As for Judith, she was happier than I'd ever seen her. . . .

Early the next morning, Turner and Judith got ready to leave. Judith would ride back to Richmond with him to visit our relatives there. We were saying good-by on the side lawn when Ned and Spider appeared. Ned greeted the girls and me briefly, then turned to Turner: "You still want Spider for a thousand dollars?"

"Oh, Ned, no!" Judith cried.

Both men looked at her, but it was Ned who said, "I wish you wouldn't interfere in this, please, Judith."

Turner took out his checkbook and fountain pen. Ned accepted the check, patted Spider once, then turned quickly and stalked away. The last I saw of him, he was taking the short cut that led to town across the fields. It would take him thirty minutes to reach town, and the liquor store would be open when he got there.

"Well!" Turner said. "Well, what do you know!" He had won the contest, and his triumph showed in his eyes for all the world to see. Dropping to his knees, he hugged Spider, who was trying to follow Ned. Over his shoulder Turner said, "If you're ready, Judith, we'll—"

"I'm not going," Judith said. "I'm not going anywhere with you again—ever!"

She fled to the house. Turner took two impulsive steps after her, then stopped, anger showing in his eyes. Spider whined to be set free. Turner picked him up, shoved him into the car, and slid in after him. The car went fast down the drive and faster still when it reached the highway.

That was a dreary morning. Shortly after midday someone knocked. I opened the front door. Ned walked past me into the living room. If he spoke to Ann or to Judith, I was not conscious of it. He walked to the mantel over the fireplace, leaned his forearm against it, and stared into the fire.

Suddenly he said, "If Ben were alive, he'd break my neck."

This was the first time I had heard Ned mention his brother since his return from overseas. In fact, he usually walked away if someone else made only the vaguest reference to Ben. I wanted to say something then and didn't know what to say. But Judith did.

"You've come here to tell us something, Ned. Don't keep us waiting."

"I started for town," Ned said, looking at us and yet looking beyond us, too, "and I got as far as the foot log over South Creek. I sat down on the log to rest a minute, because I had been walking very fast, in a terrible hurry. I stayed there four hours. And I realized what I had done to myself when I sold Spider. You wouldn't know what I felt. You never sold the last thing in the world that meant anything to you. You never woke up from a nightmare and found that you despised yourself."

He was silent a moment, breathing with difficulty, like a man who has run a great distance.

"I thought about Ben, and I thought about Spider, and I thought about everything that ever happened to me in all my life. I took a hell of a beating on that log, but when I got up again I headed back here and not for town. I'm going to reopen the office and take up where Ben and I left off. Will you drive me to town, Jim?"

On the way, I offered again to back him financially, but he refused my help. In town he cashed Turner Llewellyn's check. Then he arranged to rent the office he and Ben had shared, and paid for three months' rent in advance. After that he bought some furniture for the office and bought himself some new clothes. It was a busy afternoon and one of the happiest in my life.

LATE in the day, I drove Ned back to his cabin. He would spend the night there and move to town next day. On the way out, he said, "I think I'm all right, Jim. I'm scared, sure. I would even be scared if I had old Spider with me. If only I'd come to my senses before I sold him!"

"Ned," I said, "it's all over between Judith and Turner."

"Thanks," he told me, a sudden twinkle in his eyes. "But it's no go, Jim. I saw Judith look at Turner a couple of times the other night in a way she never looked at me. Anyway, that was a wartime thing, Jim. We'd known each other all our lives, but it was still a wartime love affair."

At the cabin, we went inside, and I helped Ned collect odds and ends. I didn't hear the car. First warning I got came when Spider trotted through the kitchen doorway and dived for Ned. Then Turner appeared, a haggard, shaken, disheveled Turner Llewellyn.

"Brought your dog home."

"I haven't got a dog," Ned told him.

"You've got one now. Don't argue with me, I'm in a hurry. I don't want him—see? I was a hundred and fifty miles up the road before I found it out. I just don't want him. He's too damn' expensive, and I don't mean the thousand dollars."

"Turner, I've—I've spent the thousand."

"Okay. Pay it back when you get it. Jim?"

I followed him out to his car, and I said, "Ned reopened his office today. Thought you might like to know."

"Then I'm more than ever glad I brought Spider back."

"So you turned soft," I said, "and brought the man's dog back to him."

"Don't hang any noble-motive tag on me, Jim. I rode a hundred and fifty miles with that wonder dog, and every time I looked at him I remembered that he had made a fool out of me, that he had made me take advantage of a man who was down, that he had lost me my girl. Wouldn't you turn soft, too?"

"You're stopping at the house, aren't you?" I said.

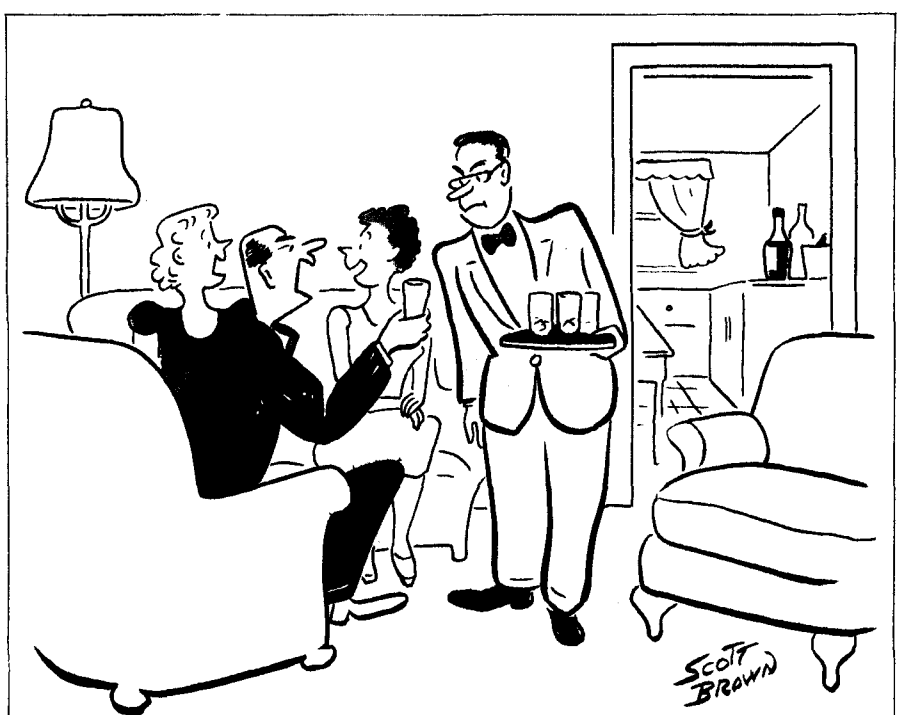
"What a question! Certainly I'm stopping at the house!" He hesitated. "Look, Jim, do you think I stand a chance?"

"You're a great competitor," I told him, sending the needle home. "But I guess you stand a chance."

"You feel like wishing me luck? I need it."

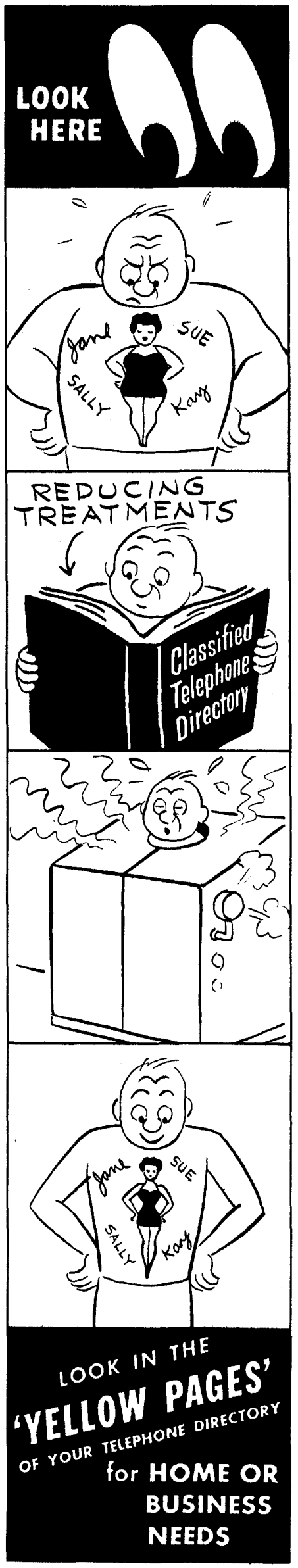
"Sure, I'll wish you luck," I said, and I meant it. . . .

That was five years ago. Since that day I have hunted time and again with my brother-in-law, Turner Llewellyn. He still likes to shoot and to shoot well, but when you rack up a better score than his, he just grins at you—which makes me believe that beating you no longer seems very important to him. THE END



"Mind making mine a bit stronger this time, Herb? Or at least take the cork clear out of the bottle"

COLLIER'S — SCOTT BROWN



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AL BRULÉ

"Of course you're pretty," Bill said, as though he were agreeing that the earth is round

Men Are Maddening

By E. C. KEIFFER

"WE WILL have lobster," Kate said, "and tureens of Vichyssoise."

"And tureens of old-fashioneds," Bill said.

She slipped her arm through his and hugged it. "And you'll pull out my chair and light all my cigarettes."

"But of course," Bill said. "I'll light you so many cigarettes your head will reel. This is an occasion."

They stopped at the corner and waited for the light to change, and Kate looked down with pleasure at her new high-heeled red sandals. "You've been pretty lax about that lately," she said. "You've been taking me for granted." And she gave him an elaborately long-suffering look.

"I guess that's the price wives pay. People are always taking wives for granted."

"People?" she said.

"Husbands. Come on, sweetie, we've got the light."

"I suppose so," Kate said. "But it never seems fair to wives."

They hurried across the street and walked arm in arm down the block, enjoying the chill in the air because in a moment they would be inside the restaurant, where it was warm and bright.

"Somehow, eating out always seems more festive in winter, don't you think, Bill?" Kate said, looking up at him.

"You're probably hungrier."

"Don't tease. You know what I mean. I hope you always get a raise in winter."

"I'll mention it in the office," Bill said, smiling indulgently down at her. "My wife only likes me to take her out to dinner in winter, so— Here we are, Katie." He opened the door for her with an elaborate flourish, and she inclined her head graciously as she stepped inside.

A headwaiter led them to the back of the long, narrow room and indicated a table against the wall. He started to pull out a chair for Kate, but Bill elbowed him gently aside and pulled it out himself.

"Is good?" he said, as Kate sat down.

"Oh, is very good."

"Would you rather face the front of the room, darling?"

"No thanks, this is fine."

Bill sat down. "A drink?"

"Oh, yes." With great care, she pulled off her white doeskin gloves and laid them on top of her purse on the extra chair. Then she looked around her with a little smile of satisfaction.

When their cocktails came, Kate lifted her glass and said, "To husbands. Who get raises."

"Remember what I told you before we were married," Bill said. " 'Stick with me, kid, and you'll be wearing zircons.' Right?"

"Right," Kate said happily. . . .

"That Vichyssoise was a poem, wasn't it?" Kate said as she scooped up the last mouthful. "I must have gained ten pounds in ten minutes."

"Uh-huh," Bill said. "Damn' good. I believe I'll have another old-fashioned. How about you?"

"I don't think so, darling," Kate said, "but you have one."

Bill looked beyond her for their waiter, and after he'd stared at the same spot for a few minutes, Kate said, "What's the matter? Don't you see him?"

"I was looking at that girl that just came in," Bill said.

"What's she like?" Kate asked in a noncommittal tone.

"Redhead," Bill reported, still staring across the room. "She's got terrific curly red hair, got it piled up on top of her head."

"What else?" Kate inquired, lighting her own cigarette.

"A honey of a figure. Compact. Good bones."

"Do go on," Kate said, taking a slow drag on her cigarette.

Bill looked at her and grinned guiltily. "I'm sorry, honey. The artist in me." He stretched out his arm and put his hand on the table, palm up. Kate put hers in it.

"I would have that old-fashioned I was offered, after all," she said, and smiled a truce.

Bill took his hand away and signaled the waiter.

AS SHE pried the last bit of lobster out of its shell, Kate said, "So then he called me into his office and began this long speech. He mumbled, anyway, and I was so scared I couldn't make out half of what he was saying. It was my first job."

"So?" Bill said.

"So I had to ask him to repeat it, and I still didn't hear it, and I asked him again, and— You aren't listening."

"Yes I am," Bill said, reluctantly bringing his gaze back from the other side of the room. "I hate to keep bringing it up, but that sure is one hell of a beautiful girl."

"Yeah?" Kate said coldly. "Where is she?"

"That table against the opposite wall, one down from us. See? She's facing me. Dopey-looking guy she's with, too."

"I'm not being nasty," Kate said, as she turned back from looking at the girl, "but I don't think she's much. Sort of a dollface. Dumb-looking."

"Not really. She's got magnificent eyes. I don't know what that stuffed shirt she's with has to keep staring over here for. You'd think I was a masher."

"Yeah," Kate said, and gestured at the waiter to take their plates.

"You're not mad at me, are you, honey," Bill said after they had been silent a few minutes, "just because I said that was a good-looking girl?"

"Of course I'm not mad at you. But there doesn't seem to be much point in trying to talk to you, since you can't keep your mind on anything else." She stirred her coffee, looking interestedly into the cup. "I'm pretty, too," she said after a moment.

"Of course you're pretty," Bill said, as though he were agreeing that the earth is round. "Tell me the rest of that story. What did it turn out your boss was trying to say?" He took a sip of his now-warm drink.

"Oh, that," Kate said. "He was trying to fire me. Let's get the check, shall we?"

"Okay," Bill said resignedly. "Women sure are strange beasts. If you can explain to me what you're in such a huff about—just because I said a girl was good-looking—"

"*Just* because," Kate said bitterly. "This was going to be *our* celebration. We haven't been here since before we were married. And you spend the whole time looking at *her*. Please, let's go."

"Oh, *Katie*," Bill said. "Listen— Never mind." He pulled out his wallet. "Check, please," he said to the waiter.

As soon as the change came, Kate stood up. "Since this is a special occasion, I'll walk by their table so you can get a good look at her."

"Thanks," Bill said irritably.

Kate walked slowly toward the table, carefully appraising the spectacular redhead, and Bill followed her. "I just don't see it," she murmured to herself. "She isn't that pretty." The girl at the table was appraising her too, with a critical, unfriendly glance, Kate saw as she got close, and the girl's escort had turned slightly so he could watch her approach. Kate threw her shoulders back a fraction as she passed the table, Bill close behind her, and deliberately slowed down.

She had barely got by the couple when she heard the redhead say petulantly, "For goodness' sakes, Harry, what's so terrific about *her?*"

"She's got *style*, Imogene," the man said. "I could see it from across the room. Real style."

Kate walked on a few steps, then stopped until Bill was beside her. She slipped her arm through his and looked up at his discomfited face with an innocent smile. "Did you notice what a sensitive face that man with her had?" she said.

Bill grinned foolishly then, and Kate hugged his arm. "You have a sensitive face too," she said. "You know real style too when you see it."

"Okay, okay," Bill said. "You got me. Drill away."

"I haven't the heart. Anyway, I'm not mad any more," Kate said. "So long as the failing's universal. By the way, that was a lovely dinner, darling. Thank you."

He opened the door with a flourish. "Any time," he said largely, and stepped out onto the sidewalk beside her. THE END

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Stopover at Reno

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

light from fluorescent tubes high overhead. The room flashed with chrome. Slot machines stood in an endless row curving around the walls of the room, and for a moment Ben stood staring, then he stepped into the casino, toward the gaming tables in the center of the room.

Only two were in operation, now in the late morning, and, strolling forward, Ben watched the half-dozen men and women seated around the roulette table. He smiled; they were so busy, their arms extending over the table from every angle to drop colored chips onto the numbered oilcloth surface.

But he did not understand roulette, and he turned toward the crap table, partly hidden from view by the backs of the players standing around it. Then, at a gap between two players, he stepped up to the table, and saw that it looked like a billiard table. But the dark wood sides were a foot tall, and the green-felt surface was ruled with painted white lines into a maze of squares and rectangles. Some of these areas bore printed words: *Field, Come, Line, Don't Come—bar aces, Big Eight, Big Six.* Others showed red or yellow numbers, and still others the pictured likenesses of dice in various combinations, labeled *30 to 1, 7 to 1, 15 to 1.* And all over the green surface, in these squares and rectangles, lay silver dollars, singly and in stacks, more than he had ever seen in his life before, and Ben eased his weight onto one leg, waiting to understand what was going on.

"Coming out!" cried a slim, black-haired man who stood behind the table in a white shirt, black tie, and a tiny green apron to protect his trousers from hour-after-hour rubbing against the table. Beside him, his identically dressed partner, a heavy-set, middle-aged man, said, "Coming out for a point!" and the younger man reached with a stick toward two red dice lying on the table, and Ben looked at the stick curiously.

It was a slender length of polished blond wood, curved at one end to a sharp right angle—the shape and size of a poker. The two dice nestled in this little elbow, and the dark young man drew them down the length of the table, maneuvering them around the stacks of silver dollars and chips. With a final flip of the stick, he rolled the dice toward the waiting hand of a lean-faced man several players to Ben's right.

INSTANTLY, expertly, the man snatched them up, then shot his arm forward to toss the dice back down the length of the table. They struck the backboard, then bounced down onto the table again. They stopped together, suddenly motionless on the felt, a four and a two face up.

"Caught a six! Six is the point, loser in the field, pay the come-bet!" the young stick man cried. Then he stood glancing idly around the room, while his middle-aged partner picked a stack of silver dollars from a wood rack at the back edge of the table, and, with the other hand, a stack of yellow chips. Leaning forward over the table, the gray-haired man collected several bets, lifting them onto the bottoms of the stacks in his hands. Then he paid off a few others, matching them stack for stack in height. He pushed a marker onto a square marked *six*, and the young stick man reached out for the dice once more.

Down the table, Ben saw a fat, bald young man in a Hawaiian shirt drop two silver dollars onto a space marked *Field;* and a pink-faced man wearing rimless bifocals set a stack of yellow chips onto a space picturing two dice, each with a three uppermost. Ben noticed that the chips were labeled in gold lettering, *$5.*

He looked at the lean-faced man whose cupped hand lay on the table, waiting for the dice. He didn't understand what bets had been won or lost, just now, but he knew this man was trying to roll a six again. Ben recalled—from the one time he had played craps, at an office party—that this game was a simple one, actually. If the man rolled a six again, the bet he had placed on the table before him would be doubled. If he rolled seven instead, he would lose his money. Any other number, just now, didn't count, for him.

Ben felt he would win. Watching, he liked the easy way the man caught up the dice as they were scooped toward his hand, casting them out in one lithe movement, the dice scampering the length of the table to bounce smartly off the backboard.

"Four, easy," the stick man announced, "pay the field," and the older man leaned forward, paying off all bets in the rectangles marked *Field.* Again the stick man herded the dice back to the waiting hand, and again they flew out over the table. In succession, the thin-faced man rolled an eight, a ten, a four. Then he shot a six, and the stick man cried, "Six, easy! Front-line winner!" And his partner collected the bet of the man in the sombrero and all the *Field* bets, rapidly paying off most of the others, including that of the man who had rolled the dice.

Ben saw that these winning bets lay in a narrow ruled-off strip running along the front edge of the table and curving around both sides. The strip was labeled *Line,* and Ben realized that all players whose bets lay in this band were betting along with the man with the dice; they won as he won, lost as he lost. "New point!" the stick man was calling, and his partner slid the marker off the six square. Ben took the two half dollars from his pocket and stood holding them in his hand, waiting to feel whether this was a good time to bet.

Watching the curved stick slide the dice toward the shooter's hand, Ben felt a sudden surge of confidence in this player's ability. Approvingly, he realized that the man never spoke, never pleaded in the stereotyped jargon of the amateur players Ben had seen. It seemed to Ben that this was a mark of an experienced crapshooter, and impulsively he laid his half dollars on the table before him in the strip marked *Line.*

The man rolled a three, and on the first roll in craps this number meant something, Ben recalled, but for an instant, confused, he could not remember what. Under his eyes, a hand was snatching up his half dollars and moving on, and the stick man's mechanical voice was crying, "Crap, a loser! Winner in the field!" and a tiny shock of protest burst in Ben's mind.

It didn't seem to him that he had even played yet. Not five seconds had passed since he'd put down his money, and it seemed that nothing could possibly have happened; there hadn't been *time.* But his dollar was gone. Standing there, he felt cheated. He simply hadn't yet had what he'd come for: to gamble a dollar in Reno; to stand and watch the dice roll, expecting to lose but with a run for his money in the meantime. Irritably, Ben reached for his wallet to do what he'd determined to do when he walked into this room; bet a dollar on a decent roll of the dice.

He said it carefully to himself, and knew that he meant it—he would make up this loss himself. Hunting a job, he would skip a few lunches if he had to, with Rose never the wiser. Since he knew he would actually fulfill this promise, the feeling of wrongdoing subsided, and he took out the smallest bill in his wallet, a five, and handed it to the gray-haired dealer to change.

His mouth open, about to ask for only one dollar in silver, he realized there was no paper money for change on the table; as he watched, the dealer pushed his five down out of sight into a chrome-rimmed slot on the tabletop. Then the man picked off a little stack of silver dollars from the rack before him, and set it in front of Ben, twisting his fingers so that it toppled sideways, leaving the big coins lying, edges neatly overlapping, easily countable at a glance as five.

Ben picked up the unfamiliar coins, carefully transferring four to his left hand. The fifth dollar he laid in the *Line* in the certain knowledge that if he lost he would walk from this room.

The pokerlike stick nudged the dice over the table to the waiting hand; they flashed out over the green surface, struck, rolled, and stopped. "Caught a nine!", and the gray-haired man shifted the marker.

The dice returned and were shot forward again; two deuces. Once more they came back and were sent scampering out again; an ace and a three. A bet was paid, but the long curving row of silver and chips in the *Line* remained undisturbed.

"I'm beat. We'll ring in the New Year, then *HOME!*"

COLLIER'S TED KEY

Again the lean hand scooped up and threw the red dice. "Front-line winner, and pay the field!" Already the older man was matching the winning bets, dropping a silver dollar beside Ben's, and there was a rush of sensation in Ben's stomach, physical and thrilling.

IT SIMPLY did not occur to him to stop. He was even, and to leave neither ahead nor behind never entered his mind. Automatically, he reached out and, leaving a dollar on the table, picked up the other and held it in his palm. He watched the motionless dice, and waited.

Now all bets were paid, and the new bets were down. The cupped hand snatched up the dice; they tumbled over the tabletop, hit, stopped; and "Eight is the point," called the never-tired voice, and the other man shifted the marker. Again the dice shot forward, bounced, then stopped, showing a six and an ace. "Seven, a loser!" And Ben's dollar disappeared, and again he stood, precisely as before: four dollars in his left hand, one in his right.

Without his actually having to think it through again, the same reasoning that had applied before seemed to apply now; he had been prepared to lose the fifth dollar then, and so he was prepared to now. He put the big coin on the *Line.*

The man at his left spoke; he was a sunburned farmer, chinking three silver dollars in his half-closed fist. "Haven't seen a good roll yet." His tone implied a conventionally amused disgust, yet, also, a cheerful assumption that a good roll was bound to come along.

"Should be one soon," Ben answered, nodding. He hoped it was an appropriate reply, and was aware of a feeling of companionship with this little circle of people.

"A new shooter, and a good one," the stick man was chanting. "New shooter coming out." His stout partner took a handful of red dice from the table ledge and spilled them on the felt before a middle-aged woman on the last shooter's left.

She hesitated, then selected two dice, and the gray-haired dealer scooped up the others. Bashfully, she slid a dollar onto the table, and Ben knew she had never gambled before. Should be lucky; beginner's luck, he thought, unaware of any contradiction between this feeling and his confidence in the last shooter's experience.

She tossed the dice awkwardly, with not nearly enough force to reach the backboard, and the stick man lifted his chin to ask her, Ben knew, to throw the dice harder. But instead he said nothing because the dice showed a four and a three, and Ben knew he did not wish to seem to be questioning a winning throw. "Seven, a winner," he chanted, and again Ben's dollar became two, and he picked one of them up.

"Coming out for a point, new point!" As the stick man guided the dice back, he leaned toward the woman and, lowering his voice kindly, said, "Throw them a little harder, ma'am; they're supposed to hit the end of the table."

She nodded, blushing slightly. Then she tossed the dice, still awkwardly, but hard. They struck and rolled; two fives. "Ten, the hard way, ten's the point, pay the field!" Then —over and over again, neither winning nor losing—she threw the dice out, glancing around the table apologetically for taking so long. Then she rolled six and four. "Ten, easy, front-line winner," and again Ben's dollar became two, and again he removed one.

The bets were down, the dice rolling; a four. Hard point, Ben thought, and his confidence in this woman vanished, and he knew she would roll seven and lose. The dice struck the end of the table, dropped without rolling, and the voice announced, "Seven, a loser." The moving hand picked up his dollar, and once more a dozen dice were scattered before the next shooter, a little man in a gray suit.

Once more Ben was even. There were two dollars in his right hand, and he put one on the *Line* as the little man selected his dice. His arm flashing over the table, the man threw a point, and presently made it. The moving hand added a dollar to Ben's dollar, and he took one of them off.

The little man shot twelve—"Crap, a loser!"—and Ben put a dollar back on the table. He wasn't getting anywhere, he thought, and when the little man rolled a point and repeated a few rolls later, it occurred to Ben that to continue removing a dollar when he won, replacing it when he lost, was almost a certain way to lose in the end; for surely the house must win more often than it lost. A possible chance to win, it seemed to him, was to gamble that a shooter would make—he remembered the phrase—two or three passes in a row, and allow his bet to stand, doubling each time.

He wasn't sure, but he felt it was not an unreasonable hope; three passes in succession. And it would turn his dollar bet into, first, two, then four, then eight dollars. He stood motionless, leaving the two silver dollars on the table untouched, and the gray

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Take Friday, for instance:

8:00 am World News Roundup **N**
8:30 Renfro Valley **V**
9:00 CBS News of America **N**
9:15 Barnyard Follies **V**
10:00 Arthur Godfrey Time **V**
11:30 Grand Slam **G**
11:45 Rosemary **DD**
12:00 Wendy Warren **DD**
12:15 pm Aunt Jenny **DD**
12:30 Romance of Helen Trent **DD**
12:45 Our Gal Sunday **DD**
1:00 Big Sister **DD**
1:15 Ma Perkins **DD**
1:30 Young Dr. Malone **DD**
1:45 Guiding Light **DD**
2:00 The Second Mrs. Burton **DD**
2:15 Perry Mason **DD**
2:30 This is Nora Drake **DD**
2:45 Brighter Day **DD**
3:00 Hilltop House **DD**
3:15 House Party—Cedric Adams **V-DI**
3:45 Winner Take All **G**
4:30 Treasury Bandstand **M**
4:55 News **N**
5:00 Music You Know **M**
5:30 Top Tune Time **M**
5:45 Curt Massey Time **M**
6:00 Allan Jackson & the News **N**
6:15 You and the World **DI**
6:45 Lowell Thomas **N**
7:00 Beulah **C**
7:15 Jack Smith—Dinah Shore **M**
7:30 Bob Crosby's Club 15 **M**
7:45 Ed Murrow with the News **N**
8:00 Musicland, U. S. A. **M**
8:30 The Big Time **M**
9:00 The Paul Weston Show **M**
9:30 Robert Q.'s Waxworks **M-V**
10:00 Capitol Cloakroom **DI**
10:30 Dance Orchestra **M**
11:00 World Tonight, Eric Sevareid **N**
11:10 News Analysis, Sevareid **N**
11:15 Dance Orchestras **M**
12:00 News **N**
12:05 am Dance Orchestras **M**
1:00 News **N**

V-variety **M**-music
C-comedy **D**-drama
N-news **DD**-daytime drama
G-games **DI**-discussion
S-sports **R**-religion

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sleeve flashed out, and the dice bounded back and rolled. Again the little man cast out the dice, then again, again, still again, then, "Seven, a loser"; the two dollars were gone, and the dice scattered before a young Air Force corporal in suntans and blue cap.

The dollar in Ben's right hand went down, the chevroned sleeve flew out—"Yeeoh, *eleven!*"—and almost instantly his dollar became two again. The tan sleeve flashed—"Yeeoh, *eleven,* a repeater!"—and the two dollars turned into four. His heart was pulsing strongly at the sight of the money before him. Then all belief that this easy miracle could happen again vanished; and as the corporal picked up the dice, Ben's hand reached out and took up his little stack of four dollars. The soldier lost, and—his fat reserve safe in his hand—Ben stood with a mingled feeling of surprise and accomplishment, as though he had exercised some sort of superior ability.

Someone was behind him, and he turned and saw two women in their thirties. He moved to the left, and one of them stepped to the table beside him, nodding her thanks. She was attractive, dressed in a simple, expensive-looking sun dress. The other wore a white blouse and a peasant skirt.

Ben put down a dollar, and the new shooter, a hard-looking, shirt-sleeved man in his thirties, glanced appraisingly at the two women. Then, in five rolls, he twice made his point, and again there were four dollars stacked before Ben, and he left them untouched. The man rolled nine, eleven, three, seven, and again Ben's little stack disappeared from the table.

But with his three-dollar reserve solid in his hand, he slid another dollar to the *Line,* starting over, and waited for the woman beside him to select her dice. Then she threw a point, tossing the dice skillfully, soon made it, and Ben's dollar became two. She rolled seven, and now there were four silver dollars before Ben. *Now,* he urged her silently, *do it again,* and the dice flew out, rolled and stopped; two aces. "Crap, a loser; pays double in the field."

Ben put another dollar down, annoyed now. This woman—all the players—seemed inept, able to make two straight passes, always failing on the important roll; and Ben suddenly wanted the dice himself.

The woman made a point, carefully ignoring the eyes of the man at her right, and Ben's dollar was doubled. But he had no belief, now, that this woman would repeat even once, and he watched as she rolled a point, then presently seven, a loser, and again his bet disappeared.

IT WAS Ben's turn now, and he put his dollar on the *Line,* his right hand empty, ready for the dice. If he built this dollar to eight, he would quit six dollars ahead, and he thought, with a rush of excitement, of telling Rose about that. If he lost—and he knew this was true—he would stop.

The dice were scattered before him, and he selected two at random, feeling them hard and angular in his fist. Then he threw. The dice bounced, tumbling onto the cloth, and one stopped immediately, showing a six. In an instant, the other stopped, another six up. "Crap, a loser! Pays triple in the field." The gray-haired man began gathering up the *Line* bets.

Ben shrugged and for a moment, to no purpose, stood staring down at the green cloth. *Well,* he thought, and started to smile, *I've had my fling.* Then a stab of fear shot through his stomach, for the moving stick was guiding the dice back toward him again. And now he remembered—a player kept the dice until he'd lost on a seven. Everyone, he realized—the stick man, his partner, every person at the table—fully expected him to shoot again; he'd seen no one who hadn't. And if, instead, he turned from the table, it seemed to Ben that everyone around it would smile in contempt, or even break into laughter.

In panic and confusion—the eyes of the stick man now regarding him questioningly, the two dice motionless on the cloth before him—Ben hesitated, then reached out helplessly and picked them up. For an instant, frantic for escape, he simply stood holding the dice. Then he slid one of the four dollars in his left hand onto the *Line,* and threw the dice down the length of the table.

Sick and angry at his predicament, he had no interest in the dice and didn't bother to watch them. "Crap, a loser; double up in the field and beat the come!" He swung his head and stared at the ace and deuce on the dice. It was *impossible*—he wanted to shout out in anger at the callous cruelty of what had happened.

Knowing that no one could stop him if he turned away, he stood unable to do so under the eyes of these silent people. Thinking wildly of Rose upstairs, he could only—hating every moment—put another dollar out and pick up the dice. Then he threw them out, desperate to lose and get away. "Five is the point," the stick man announced, and his partner shifted the marker.

Wanting only to get it over with, he was simply irritated when the dice showed an eight on the following roll. Then he shot six, a four, a nine, and finally a seven, and his bet was picked up, and he stood in weak, discouraged anger, bitterly regretting four dollars gone so suddenly, senselessly, and for nothing at all.

BUT he did not turn away; he needed a moment before he could make a move to return to Rose. For now his loss was more than he could make up himself; now it was a loss they would feel. He knew how impossible the words were going to sound to her: "I lost four dollars playing craps."

A smartly dressed woman with prematurely gray hair—the sunburned farmer had gone—came out with seven, a winner. Not touching her money, Ben observed dully, she rolled a point, made it, then removed all but a dollar from the table. *Now she'll lose,* he thought without interest, and presently she did, and it occurred to Ben that she had played more sensibly than he. For three passes in a row—this had been his amateurish mistake, he felt now—was too big a gamble for a man with only a few bets in reserve. Two passes, then take off your winnings, was the only sensible plan for a man with a small stake. Too late, now, he knew that if he had played that way he would be ahead, instead of four dollars behind.

Not quite able yet to make the movement from the table that would turn his loss into finality, he stood with his fingers idly sliding the two silver dollars in his hand one against the other. He glanced down at them. They seemed, now, to be only the remnant, in unfamiliar coins, of his creased and genuine five-dollar bill. He begrudged that bill, once so securely tucked in his wallet; and now as he stared at the shiny, unreal coins in his hand, a thought lay full-born in his mind. To bet one of them on just two passes, and win, would leave him exactly a dollar behind—just as he'd planned when he entered this room.

The strength of the temptation frightened him—already his mind was frantically reminding itself that again and again he had seen two passes made. For a moment of utter clarity, he was able to observe his own mind and emotions and, for just that moment, understand the terrible hold of gambling. It offered, as life seldom did in any other way, the lure of a tiny miracle. For it was a fact that in a matter of seconds he might be able to turn from this table smiling, able to tell Rose casually that he had lost a dollar at craps and that was all.

To accept his loss as final, instead, to turn and walk upstairs to Rose, seemed utterly empty and barren now. He shut his mind against consequences, and slid a dollar onto the *Line* as the fat young man in the Hawaiian shirt selected two dice.

He won; the man rolled a ten and repeated it a few rolls later, and Ben stood, his dollar in his sweating fist, his eyes on the two dollars now on the table, waiting to win just once more and leave. The fat young man rolled ten for a point again; then six, then five, a six, an eleven, and a seven, and Ben's two dollars were scooped up.

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Late last September, Mrs. Virginia Schanaker, who lives in Los Angeles, wrote to an Army chaplain in Korea suggesting that tired, lonesome soldiers write to her. Our latest word is that more than 2,000 of the lads did. Virginia Schanaker called in her neighbors to help her reply. That started it. The last letter answered, the women flexed their cramped fingers and got out pots, pans and skillets and marched to their kitchens. And that did it, too. Nearly 3,000 packages of Christmas candies and cookies followed those letters to Korea. We catch ourself about to say something maudlin. Guess we won't.

★ ★ ★

This one's strictly for the Florida and southern California trade. Any girl appearing on the beaches this winter without such swim suits as the Wing Ding, the Very Idea,

the Eyeful, Sunburst, Short Shrift, My Word, Uh-Uh, Heavenly Body or Well Well might just as well be wearing a Mother Hubbard so far as chic is concerned. Of course, reasonable facsimiles will be tolerated. Anyway, we're so advised by swim suit designers, who haven't been wrong yet. The colors are twilight blue, pumpkin, peacock, twilight, flamingo, delicate dawn and something else which wouldn't make much difference to these color-blind old eyes anyway. Pockets in practically all of them, too, although where they're going to find space for pockets we don't know. We've been looking at photographs of them. H'mmmmmmmm. By the way, that's the name of the most popular—H'mmmmmmmm.

★ ★ ★

Just heard from Charley Wilson, cultivated Ozark hillbilly of Fayetteville, Arkansas. Winter's really set in in the Ozarks, he says. Tourists gone but not forgotten. Furthermore, outsiders seeking the peace and calm of the simple life, buying Ozark farms as refuges from the hurly-burly of city life, have vanished for the season. They'll be back in the spring, Mr. Wilson hopes. "Not many strangers coming round the mountain these days," he says. "Down here in the Ozarks, you can get awfully hungry between wealthy furriners."

★ ★ ★

And this is merely to show you to what lengths politicians will go when they are well wound up. We scarcely believed the story when we heard of it from Mrs. Joan Portidge, of Austin, Texas, so we made a few telephone calls and found to our astonishment that it's true. The Honorable Tom Connally, who is already a senator, and Governor Allan Shivers who, we're told, covets Mr. Connally's job, recently and practically simultaneously addressed Texas farmers and (this is the astonishing part) came out in favor of better farm-to-market roads. This prompts us recklessly to believe that, before the 1952 campaign is over, both Senator Connally and Governor Shivers will also announce themselves as irrevocably opposed to crime.

★ ★ ★

Couple of valuable intelligences from Denver this week—and as you'll doubtless agree, none too soon. First of all, they're sending cops to speech training classes in the hope of improving their "diction, pronunciation and ease of presentation." It is hoped thereby that cops assigned to address school children on the subject of safety will be able to interest the kids and not merely amuse them. If this works, the program may be broadened to include traffic cops who, in pure, intelligible and courteous phrases, will make it a positive delight to accept a traffic ticket. The other item has to do with Colorado's speleologists. A speleologist is a citizen who finds caves and pokes around in them in quest of scientific lore. Colorado's speleologists have just received a grotto charter from the National Speleological Society in Washington, D.C. This sets them apart from the ordinary ignorant cave prowlers who go in only to make echoes, get lost and have their hats knocked off by stalactites. Otherwise, there is not much to report from Colorado.

★ ★ ★

A lot of letters about the recently developed small A-bomb. Supposed to kill the enemy half a mile away without harm to our own troops. At this point, we can think of one thing better and that's to invent a foe who will shoot himself.

★ ★ ★

Merely to ease your mind, that excitement at Mississippi State College recently wasn't too serious. A bull tossed Professor

LOWELL HESS

George Reed (Animal Husbandry) over a fence. But naturally we had to look into it. Got one of Professor Reed's students on the phone. "No, no," said he, "nothing serious. But you may say that this was the first time here that the bull threw a professor."

★ ★ ★

It's getting harder and harder to please some people. Mr. James T. DeMonck, of Manchester, New Hampshire, is one of them. Instead of applauding the Western European idea of abandoning plans for a 60-division Allied army and substituting therefor a crack 20-division force, Mr. DeMonck hisses. He hisses thus (and you'll have to agree that this takes a lot of hissing): "Yeah, yeah, a pocket army. Out of whose pocket, I'd like to know? That's what I wish they'd tell me. Out of whose pocket?"

★ ★ ★

Try as we will, we seem unable to keep up with science (gadget division). For example, Dee Hospital in Ogden, Utah, has set up a squawkbox installation between the maternity ward's delivery room and the

(Continued on page 45)

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There was nothing else to do; it required no thought; Ben put the last dollar down. Now a new player—a young man in a tweed jacket who laid down a ten-dollar bill as his bet—rolled a point and made it, and Ben stood staring at his doubled bet.

The tweed sleeve reached for the dice again, and Ben suddenly reached out and picked up his two dollars. For if this bet were lost, his loss would be final, and suddenly the risk was too much to bear. He watched as the young man threw eleven, a winner, and he very nearly moaned aloud. He would not bet, now, on a third pass, and stood watching as the young man rolled a point, then lost with a seven.

Two passes in a row and stick to it—*stick* to it, damn it!—Ben put down a dollar as the next shooter, a young Mexican, picked out two dice. Then the man rolled, crying, "Huh!" as the dice left his hand, and soon made a point. Ben let the bet stand. "Huh!"—the man rolled a point, then lost on a seven the very next roll, and Ben put down his last dollar. "Huh!"—a five. Then four more rolls of the dice, then a seven, and Ben's last dollar was gone.

Frantic images flared up in his mind—himself reaching out, snatching six dollars from the racks, then running from the room and down the street till he could not be found; himself, all shame ignored, pleading for the return of his money; or sidling around the table, and sneaking six— He made himself stop, forcing himself to think about what had happened to him. He simply could not afford to lose six dollars.

HE STOOD and saw the dice roll eleven, saw the young dealer reach out and count the dollars, ten of them, lying stacked on the eleven-square, marked *15 to 1*. Then, unbelievably—his attention focusing—he saw the dealer slide stack after stack of silver dollars across the green cloth to the cigar-smoking man who had bet on eleven—an incredible mass of silver, a hundred and fifty dollars, won on a single roll of the dice. It seemed to Ben bitterly unacceptable that so much money should be paid out unquestioningly by the very people to whom his six dollars had gone.

He put his hands on the table ledge and, hearing nothing of the sounds around him now, planned the phrases that would explain to Rose that now they were below the minimum, that there simply wasn't enough money left. There had never been quite enough, and now they faced the necessity of his finding a job almost instantly.

He knew that up there in the quiet room, away from this table, she would simply not understand how he could have done what he had. *He* knew how it had happened, he felt. Staring at the green cloth, he could feel it, but he could not find the words to make it real to Rose. It had something to do—he wondered if this would mean anything to Rose—with committing himself to only one more dollar each time he had lost. For a conviction lay in him that if, in the beginning, he had walked into this room committed in his mind to a six-dollar stake, he would have won. A solid reserve in your hand, without everything depending on any one bet, would see you through the losing bets and into the winning ones.

Knowing this, he knew how he could get his six dollars back; but he knew it without excitement or anything but hopelessness, for it was an impossible thing to do. He knew it would work. With a betting reserve of twenty dollars, he would be quite certain, at one point or another, of running into the winning throws that would suddenly restore all his lost money.

But, standing with his hands on the table ledge, he did not move. His heart was starting to pound, but he could not bring himself to take out his wallet. For those very bills had been saved over months, and they were real, and needed.

Then his mind swung to the alternative; in less than a minute to be speaking to Rose. The thing was—his hands clenched on the ledge—he *knew* how to get his money back; but to make even the little movements necessary to begin took all the strength he had. Unbuttoning his hip pocket, he slid out his wallet and removed one bill. Then he tossed it onto the table before the dealer, who picked off a two-inch stack of silver dollars and handed it over to Ben.

Instantly, Ben's body relaxed and he could actually feel the tenseness flow out of his muscles. Now, finally, he was off the thin ice. It no longer mattered what happened on the next or any one bet. Only the long run counted, and he was at last prepared to wait it out.

"Coming out for a point!" Again he was aware of the sights and sounds around him, and he saw that the shy, middle-aged woman had the dice. Ben put down a dollar, lost it, and then lost another, almost cheerfully. Casually, he slid his next bet onto the *Line*, the reassuring weight of seventeen silver dollars heavy on his palm.

The young Air Force corporal rolled a point and quickly made it. Then he came out with seven, a winner, and there were four dollars on the table before Ben, and he carefully took three of them off. There were twenty dollars back in his hand now and another on the table; already he was better off than he had been before he took out the twenty. He had taken the first step toward getting back his money, and the very moment he did get it back, Ben knew he would turn from the table. He allowed himself the pleasure of deciding to have his money changed, at the cashier's window across the room, into precisely the units—a twenty, a five, and two half dollars—that he had passed across this table.

The dice moved from player to player; the elderly man in the sombrero; the handsome sun-tanned woman; a salesman who stopped at the table for two minutes. Ben won and he lost. *Craps, a loser! Seven, a winner! Six, the hard way; front-line winner! Threw crap, front-line loser, pay the field! Made a nine, pay the line!* He held twenty-four silver dollars in his hand and had to think about quitting only two dollars behind, but it seemed important now to leave this room with no loss at all.

The young man in tweed threw craps three times, then failed to make his point on the following roll. But this run seemed freakish, and several players commented on it. Then, through four more players, no one made two passes, and he was down to sixteen dollars, then fourteen; then, when the dice changed hands again, up to eighteen. Through six players he neither won nor lost; the dice were dead, and the shirt-sleeved man remarked on it.

Ben was confident; lightly tense, but confident. It wasn't possible, betting only a dollar at a time, to lose the heavy mass of silver, that lay in his hand. He followed his plan; two passes in a row, then take off the winnings. He was confident, yet always, at the back of his mind, lay the terror that something would go wrong.

Too many people were monotonously making only one pass, and the stack lay lighter in his hand; he could close his fingers around it. Then the Hawaiian shirt made four straight passes; twice Ben took off three dollars' winnings, and the stack in his hand was heavy again. Then, around half the table, out of seven shooters, five made not even one pass, and no one made two; Ben counted his stack; he held eleven dollars. Then he lost two and had nine, and when he put down his bet, there were eight silver dollars in his fist.

In his turn with the dice, he made two passes, collecting three dollars, then rolled four for a point and lost. When the dice reached the Hawaiian shirt again, there were six dollars in his hand, and he knew in his stomach that he would lose them.

There was nothing to do about it, and he did not consider doing anything; the coins in his hand were nothing but bets. Each time he won or lost, he added the sum, hopeless now, that these remaining few coins must somehow bring back. Several times the dice made two successive passes, and he was back to eleven dollars. Then he lost almost steadily, occasionally taking off three dollars' winnings but, in between, paying out a dollar at a time, down to six, five, then four dollars in his hand.

He did not understand it. It seemed impossible that the dice could keep on winning once, losing again, winning once more, then losing again; so rarely winning twice in a row. But they did. He had three dollars, then two, then watched seven, a loser, come up, and he slid the last dollar onto the *Line*, his hands impossibly empty.

And then he lost it, and turned away, toward the elevators, to tell Rose simply and bleakly, no longer hunting for phrases, the impossible news that he had lost twenty-six dollars and there was simply not enough money to go on to San Francisco. . . .

She was asleep. Ben was astounded, standing in the open doorway, to see Rose motionless on the bed, breathing quietly. He glanced at his watch and saw that he had been gone only thirty-five minutes.

Crossing the room on tiptoes, he sat down in the big chair facing Rose, grateful for the reprieve, yet dreading the wait. After a moment, he dropped his head back, staring at the ceiling, and presently he had decided what they would do.

Rose must go home. The one bill in his wallet, plus the refund he could get from his bus ticket, would send her back to friends who would at least give her shelter and food. Meanwhile, he would stay here in Reno and work, at anything he could get, keeping not even money for his next meal till he found a way to earn it.

If Rose should want to stay here? Both of them to work, anywhere, at anything, until they could move on again? He would not allow it. Just over the mountains from San Francisco, they had to turn and go back. The loss of twenty-six dollars meant just that. Rose had to go home.

And now he gave himself up to hopelessness. From the moment Rose should wake up, there was nothing but hopelessness in the future. For even when, finally, he should be home and working again, where would they be? Only back where they'd been a month after he'd gotten out of the Army in 1945. Then to save up, once again . . . The road back was too long, and, slumping in his chair, watching Rose breathing quietly on the bed, Ben wondered if he were seeing her for the last time.

SITTING, waiting, he badly wanted a cigarette, but he was desperately afraid of any sound that might wake Rose up. For, his decision made, he dreaded the moment of facing her with it. And, like an animal in a pit, his mind began to leap against the walls of his predicament, scrabbling for escape; and the idea, apparently out of nowhere, to go downstairs again and bet their last twenty dollars, all at once, do or die, almost made him moan in despair.

But his heart began pounding, his breath suddenly short, and he could not stop his brain from playing frantically with the idea. To actually *do* it, to win—not three times now, or even twice, but only *once*—would turn the impossible back into the possible. In two minutes he might have doubled their money, turned despair into wild hope, and he knew what he would do then. He would eat only once a day. He would tell Rose what had happened, and no matter what she said—there was an exultant smile on his face—he would make up six dollars by eating once a day; the cheapest, heaviest food he could find. Then, once more, they could live for a week in San Francisco, and he would find a job in that time if he had to hunt twenty hours a day.

He wanted to *do* it; *now;* bet this last bill! He was sick with the violent urge to cross this room, step into the hall, then actually *run* down the corridor before the reaction of cold reason could kill this final reprieve. But he made himself think. What if he lost? At the same time, deliberately building the frightened excitement, he had taken out his wallet, and was staring down at the single twenty-dollar bill, and suddenly there were pricklings of sweat on his forehead. If he lost? There was no answer; it was an unthinkable situation to consider.

Then the pendulum of his mind swung to the alternative, and nothing could beat down the raging, heedless impulse to bet this bill *just once and win*. Closing his mind off from everything but the minutes ahead—in a frenzy of fear and exultation—he stood up. Then he crossed the room and soundlessly opened the door. . . .

The big room and its sounds were unchanged. Most of the players were still at the table. There were two new players: a pale, plain girl smiling brightly at the novelty of gambling, and a man in a pink sport shirt. He had slick black hair, and a lined, deeply tanned face. After a moment, Ben recognized him as a minor movie actor whom he no longer saw in pictures. The man was betting five-dollar chips.

The twenty-dollar bill in his hand, Ben stepped up to his old place, then stood wondering dully how to know when to bet. Through half a dozen players' turns he waited, unable to commit himself. Then—"A new shooter, and a good one!"—the dice

CLANCY

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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passed to the lean-faced man who had been shooting the first time Ben came to the table, and this seemed to mean something. Ben put his bill on the *Line,* and stood waiting, shriveled within himself.

The dice shot over the green felt, struck, and rolled. "Five is the point, caught a five." Utterly committed now, Ben felt his thoughts leap the barrier, and wondered in sick fear what would happen if he lost.

The lean-faced man rolled four, four again, a six, an eleven, and then Ben knew he would win, that the time for a seven was past, and the fear gave way to a gathering excitement. The man rolled an eight. The stick raked the dice back, the lean hand snatched them up, and Ben leaned forward to watch the dice scamper.

"Caught five, front-line winner!" Ben's hands began trembling so much he had to grip the table ledge to quiet them.

The gray-haired man was matching the winning bets, and four yellow chips dropped onto Ben's twenty-dollar bill. He tasted the moment, the gloriousness of it, slowly pulling air back into his lungs, looking his fill at the slim, green bill, held to the cloth now by a neat little stack of yellow chips.

The figure long since wearily familiar, he automatically and mechanically said it again; now he was six dollars out. Then the sudden impact of a thought stiffened his body and held the breath in his lungs. To win once more—*it was so astoundingly easy in the instant it happened*—to win twenty *more* dollars in the next few seconds, would put him actually ahead, *far* ahead, *fourteen dollars* ahead. For a moment, the delirious thought was a reward for all the agony he had experienced. With every nerve and cell in his body he wanted it; to walk from this room, wake Rose up and tell her this time that he had, not lost, but *won.*

BUT to go under again, down into the fear, was more than he could do. Watching the gliding dice move toward the waiting hand, he could not have made the slightest movement to put down a bet. But he did not have to; he had not touched his money or chips. He had only to freeze and do nothing, barely breathing, holding his mind in check, telling himself frantically that always, at the last instant, he could reach out and take off his stake. Then the lean hand had the dice, they were flashing over the table, and he was committed again.

The dice struck and bounced, rolling fast. Abruptly, they were motionless on the table, and he could not add up the sum of the spots. He saw them, yet avoided looking directly. The two uppermost faces were clustered with dots. It was twelve or eleven, he knew; a difference of one white pip between disaster and wild success.

"Yeeoh, *eleven!*" It burst on his ears, and he wanted to cry out in sudden hilarious thanks for this deliverance. Then he was suffused with a blinding affection for these people—the stick man, the sun-tanned woman, the lean-faced man who had rolled the dice.

Then his eyes dropped to his bet to feast on the pay-off. The moving hand swung to his stake, and Ben was astounded. For the yellow chips were not matched, but doubled. The hand moved on, leaving, not one more, but *two* more little stacks, and in a rush of comprehension, he saw his error and his hands began to shake. He had not bet twenty dollars, but forty. He'd left his money plus four five-dollar chips, and now he was thirty-four dollars ahead.

He reached for his money. The yellow chips and the twenty-dollar bill squeezed in his fists, he could not ever quite get enough air into his lungs, and his back began to ache with the effort, but he did not think of it. He simply stood, and though the dice rolled, and the sounds of the room went on, he saw and heard nothing, wrapped in a motionless ecstasy of relief greater than any he had known in all his life before.

Then, presently, he became aware of his surroundings once more, and he did one thing immediately; he took the green bill and wedged it deep in his watch pocket with five yellow chips, and now his relief was complete. Nothing he had ever done, no liquor he had ever tasted, had given him anything that even approached the glorious well-being he now felt; he was close to tears. There in his pocket were forty-five of his forty-six dollars, and he knew no power on earth could make him remove them.

He looked at the chips in his hand. There were seven—thirty-five dollars—and he could lose them all and still be out only a dollar. He wasn't going to, he knew; he was going to return to Rose ahead, but now he most certainly deserved the deep pleasure and relief of gambling at this table in the certain knowledge that, whatever happened, he could not lose.

Waiting till a new shooter, the Air Force corporal, came out for a point, he bet a chip—and won. On a hunch, he picked up both chips, skipping the next roll, and the soldier lost. Then he bet with the man in shirt sleeves, won, let the bet ride, and lost.

He didn't care. To be playing without fear was pleasure in itself, and he was enjoying himself, winning with one shooter, losing with another, and it did not matter which. His turn was next, and he had chips to play with—eight or ten now; he didn't count. Then, win or lose, he would leave with whatever winnings he had, and wake Rose up, smiling at what he had to tell her.

Dreamily, he waited while the man beside him repeatedly rolled the dice, making neither his point nor seven. Again the dice flashed out, neither winning nor losing. "Ten, hard; pay the field"—and Ben stared absently at the table, waiting. With no warning, conviction rose up in him that when his turn came he would make four or five passes. It was more than conviction; it was absolute knowledge. He didn't believe, think, or feel—he knew.

The experience dazed him; it was unique and he was awed, and he wanted to tell the man at his left about it. It never occurred to Ben that anyone before him had ever experienced this same feeling, that this sudden preknowledge, far more than a hunch, was as old as the human race.

He simply knew, with no flicker of doubt, that he was going to make four or five successive passes, and that, when the time came, he had only to consult this mysterious source of knowledge to know which. And now he wanted the dice in his hand. Impatiently he waited; and presently the man beside him threw seven and lost, and Ben put down his chips, eight of them.

The dice were scattered before him. He selected two, waited a moment till they picked up warmth from his hand, then threw, flicking his wrist, watching in quiet confidence for whatever would happen.

"Six. Six, easy, loser in the field." The dice moved over the table to his hand again. Four more times he rolled, in the sure knowledge that no seven would appear, and on the fourth roll repeated his six, and his chips on the *Line* were doubled. *One pass down,* he said to himself, knowing it was important to count without error; that he had four or five passes in his system, not six.

He threw a ten, and made it on the very next roll. Hardly thinking about it, anxious for the dice, he impatiently watched the gray-haired man turn his two stacks of chips into four. *Two passes down.*

Again the dice returned, and he threw them out, just hard enough—he could feel the throw was right as the dice left his hand, and knew it would not be craps. It was four. *Hard point,* his mind told itself, and for an instant the flame dropped, and doubt entered his mind. But instantly it rose again, pure and steady, and he knew he had only to keep rolling the dice to repeat his four.

It took twelve rolls, the players commenting on it, the dice returning again and again to his hand. Then they bounced and stopped, two deuces up. "Four, hard! Front-line winner!" *Three passes down.* The dealer matched his bet—carefully now, for there were a lot of chips to stack up. Ben would not allow himself to watch, or even calculate how many chips there were; to do so now would kill his run.

The pay-off was finished, and Ben realized that the next roll would be easy; a seven or eleven. Then he knew it would be eleven. Accepting this knowledge, he reached to the heap of chips before him and lifted off what he felt to be approximately ten. These he set on the eleven square, marked *15 to 1,* then cast the dice quickly, watching them fly out, strike, and drop tumbling to the table. He watched, waiting for the six and five in tense confidence, then saw them, as the dice went motionless. "Yeeoh, *eleven!*" The excitement in the stick man's voice was genuine, and there was a murmur from the players, and Ben knew they were all watching him, and he turned to the dealer who was carefully counting the chips on the eleven-square.

"Twelve?" The gray-haired man was asking Ben to confirm his count, and Ben nodded hastily. The man began lifting tall yellow stacks of twenty chips each from the rack before him, setting them two at a time before Ben. Four times he did this, then added one more stack of twenty. Then he began matching the chips on the *Line.*

The arithmetic of it was beyond Ben at the moment. He saw only that the dealer's heavy hands were pushing stack after stack of yellow chips toward him. When finally the man gathered all Ben's chips into a mass on the *Line,* they were piled twenty chips high and solidly covered an area a foot long and half a foot wide. And each chip in that incredible mound was good for a five-dollar bill at the cashier's window.

PERHAPS a minute had passed, and Ben was suddenly aware that the young stick man had been quietly murmuring to a hard-looking man in a beautifully tailored gray suit. As the two men talked, Ben saw the lowered eyes of the big man lift momentarily, and with a shock he knew they were talking about him.

For an instant, he thought guiltily that they must somehow be questioning his honesty, must be about to dispute his winning throw. Then he understood. A part of his mind had finished a calculation, and he suddenly knew he had some two hundred and ninety-odd chips, nearly fifteen hundred dollars, on the table before him.

He had passed the limit. There was a limit, he realized, of perhaps a thousand dollars a bet, and he was beyond it, and the stick man was simply asking the boss if Ben's bet was to be allowed.

With a quick little nod, the big man in gray turned abruptly, walking casually away, and the stick man reached for the dice. "Coming out!"—the table came to life again—"Coming out for a point!" and Ben knew his bet had been allowed to stand.

Then he remembered—was he to make five passes, or four? He had not, as he should have the instant the fourth pass was made, consulted whatever the source of his knowledge was, and he hurriedly did so now, eyes narrowed, concentrating, waiting for the familiar rush of knowledge. It did not come; the flame was out.

The dice stopped before him. There was nothing to do but pick them up, Ben knew. Foolishly basking in the admiration he had felt to be around him, he had allowed the consultation to begin, continue, and conclude; the time to quit had been moments ago and now it was lost. It was too late to do anything but throw.

He did so, quickly, before he could torture himself with lost alternatives; he had absolutely no feeling of what was going to happen. "Caught eight; eight's the point!" the stick man called, and Ben was sick with regret and longing for the mound of money that was no one's now; neither his nor theirs to pick up. Then he remembered; he could lose, but he could also win—not only regain, but *double* this incredible mass of chips. In split fractions of seconds he saw himself, Rose still asleep, kneeling on the floor and paving their rug with twenty-dollar bills; saw himself showering handfuls of money on her sleeping head. . . .

The dice were back, waiting, and the fear rushed through him again. If he pretended to faint, falling to the floor— He threw out the dice; a nine, only one point away! The gloriousness of it, to win! They could buy a *house!* They could live a month till he found exactly the right job, and still have the first payment left over! They could do *anything!* It was actually true that he, Ben Bennell, stood here at a crap table in Reno, Nevada, within seconds of winning nearly three thousand dollars. He couldn't wait to have it final and confirmed, and he threw out the dice. "Twelve," the stick man announced quietly, no longer bothering to describe the other possible bets; only one thing mattered here now, and the dice moved back toward Ben's hand.

He threw, and there it was. There the dice lay, motionless on the felt, and showing what he had known all along they would finally show. Hesitating a moment, the stick man murmured, "Seven, a loser," the tone subdued. With what seemed to be genuine regret, the gray-haired man slowly reached forward with both hands for the great heap of chips.

Ben realized that he felt no strong emotion. For it seemed to him in this moment as though it had always been true, that while he had hoped, he had never actually believed he might win. As he watched the yellow mound of chips join the anonymity of the racks again, the very sound of it—winning three thousand dollars—seemed ridiculous. Smiling pleasantly, he nodded to the stick man and his partner and turned from the table; and they responded, as did several players, with rueful better-luck-next-time smiles. Already the gray-haired man was scattering the dice before the next player.

Waiting at the elevators, Ben tried to make himself feel that he could have won —*had* won—nearly fifteen hundred dollars; that he could have quit and cashed in. But he could not make himself believe it. Nothing could have happened, it seemed to him now, except precisely what had happened, and he could feel no more regret than for money won or lost in a daydream. He shifted his weight to one leg and something pressed into his flesh and he frowned. Then he smiled, dug five yellow chips and the twenty-dollar bill from his watch pocket, walked back to the brass-barred cashier's window and turned in his chips for cash.

UPSTAIRS—shoes, coat and tie off—he lay beside Rose, facing her, one arm around her, waiting for sleep. Then she picked up his wrist to look at his watch. "You were gone a long time."

"Yeah." He did not open his eyes.

"What was the matter?" She yawned. "Didn't they have a paper downstairs?"

"Yeah." He hesitated. "But I was in the casino." He grinned then, opening his eyes to watch her. "Gambling."

Her yawn broke off, her eyes widening, staring at his face, her voice alarmed. "What happened?"

Ben winked, as though he were amused that she could be concerned; someday, he knew, but not now, he would tell her. "Nothing much," he answered, and he pressed his head into the pillow. "I lost a dollar." THE END

Hail to Leap Year!

I was too young
In '32.
In '36,
An ingenue.
In '40,
That old draft was on;
In '44,
The boys still gone.
Things all upset
In '48,
But now the time
Is growing late . . .
So Hail and Welcome '52—
I've waited 20 years for you!

—LOUISE RANDALL LUTZ

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Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

In my opinion, A Thin Whisper of Smoke (Nov. 24th) is really distinguished for its poignant treatment of the individual soul. This is certainly the kind of thinking we need in these and all times.

MRS. JOHN BLANK, Cambridge, Mass.

Constant Reader

EDITOR: I am enclosing on old photograph (taken 35 years ago) of myself reading Collier's, and another taken with a recent issue of the magazine.

I hope that I will continue to read your very interesting and informative magazine for many years to come. My husband, my children and even my grandchildren enjoy it.

MRS. JOSEPHINE MOSS, Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Clarifying the New Language

EDITOR: Re your article Pentagonese (Nov. 24th), by Lieutenant Colonel Pendleton Hogan: He wonders how the word "flap" got in Pentagonese. You Yankees borrowed it from the Royal Air Force. It's an old Air Force term for "excitement." Ask any Royal Air Force "type."

MRS. ROBERT WILLIAMSON, Midway, Pa.

. . . Your story on Pentagonese was very interesting, needless to say. Some of the things, of course, were no news to some of us. We are quite familiar with the officer who wears different "hats." We also know something about "snow jobs." But, and I think most men in the Army will agree, the fact that G-3 is now in charge of personnel is quite big news. How does G-1 feel about this?

ANTON K. DEKOM, JR., Camp Gordon, Ga.

We're afraid that neither G-1 (Personnel) nor G-3 (Plans and Operations) was overly impressed.

Best Crimson Team

EDITOR: The November 24th article about the Harvard Band, Harvard Fields Its Best Team (Between Halves), was superbly done, every bit as interesting and inspiring as the band itself. My thanks to you and author Wind for presenting it.

J. J. WEISHAAR, JR., Nyack, N.Y.

. . . The article on the Harvard Band brought back memories. Coming from a Midwest university where bandsmen were warmly clothed in gray wool uniforms and received military science credit for playing, I was in for a shock when joining the Harvard Band as a graduate student in 1930.

Besides buying our own sweaters, white ducks and sailor caps, we put up $10 each, subject to weekly assessments as fines for absences from, or tardinesses at, rehearsal. But it was worth it, and perhaps we had a part in developing a tradition at Harvard on a par with that of the Boston Pops concerts.

At any rate, we developed quite a vocabulary spelling to the stands in band formation, thanks to the hard work and patience of Guy Slade and LeRoy Anderson. Your author didn't mention Slade's 50-foot tossing of the baton, or the trumpeter who could play a duet with two trumpets to his lips at the same time.

EDWARD J. LESSER, Newberg, Ore.

. . . We here at the University of Pittsburgh also have a band. Our reputation as a football great may be challenged, but I dare you to watch our band perform, anywhere or any time, and not to feel that it is the greatest in the land, bar none.

MOSES J. FINDER, Pittsburgh, Pa.

McCarthy: Two views

EDITOR: The American public should appreciate your article Is This the Man to Beat McCarthy? (Nov. 24th). Without doubt, Senator McCarthy has done more to cause the American people to lose confidence in democracy than any other human being. He follows the technique of a Hitler. He is a millstone for the Republicans to overcome and should be denounced if there is any hope of cleaning house in Washington. Real statesmen cannot condone his methods. We hope Governor Kohler will do his duty and replace McCarthy.

F. E. FULLER, Bloomington, Ill.

. . . Through your article against Senator Joseph R. McCarthy you will lose a great deal of circulation. Our club has decided to ban your magazine.

I believe it is a shame as Senator Joseph McCarthy is a true 100 per cent American.

MRS. SARAH ABBY ROSSTON, Plainfield, N.J.

Liked the Young M.D.

EDITOR: Congratulations and thanks for the splendid Adventures of a Young Doctor, by A. J. Cronin. They were unusually good and interesting reading. I hope you publish more of them.

MRS. JAMES CLARK, Louisville, Ky.

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

pacing parlor where expectant fathers fidget while awaiting the news. The term "squawkbox," as any of you sailors know, was originally a reference to the intercommunication system whereby an entire ship is informed about what's going on or about to go on. And now the pacing parlor occupants at Dee will not have to wait for the nurse to appear with the news. Father will be informed by squawkbox whether it's a boy or a girl, and how many.

★ ★ ★

More about squawkboxes—somewhat less harrowing. There's a guy in Chicago who has fitted up every room in his house with them. We lack the space to go into great detail, but he's arranged it so that merely by pushing buttons anybody in the house can talk to anybody else in the house without bawling down the stair well or rushing back and forth. He's even hung a squawkbox outside the house so that Mom, while making the beds or something upstairs, can ask the kids what they're doing and tell them not to.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Temp Mordecai, of Salem, Oregon, has had no reply from the White House yet, and we're going to be amongst the first to be surprised if he does. Anyway, he has urged Mr. Truman to take up whittling—especially shingle whittling. Mr. Mordecai says that shingle whittling is not only one of the most relaxing pastimes but a symbol representing a great truth and political axiom. Mr. Mordecai's father, Mendel, supported a large family—14 children—by shingle whittling. Mendel Mordecai occupied a small tent in the side show of a one-ring circus and rafts of people paid 10 cents apiece to see and hear him expound what the barker said was "the great secret of success successfully practiced by all history's foremost men." All Mendel Mordecai did inside that tent was sit on a chair paring slivers off a shingle with a jackknife, saying over and over: "Always cut away from yourself and you'll never cut yourself." Mr. Truman's trouble, says Temp Mordecai, a Democrat and philosopher, is that he cuts toward himself too often, doing himself no good whatsoever.

★ ★ ★

Quite a number of sprightly contributions from the customers this week. Here's a fellow who wants a law under which all racketeers would have their heads shaved. Thus they'd be identified for what they are, and mortified too . . . A lady in North Dakota also wants a law. She demands that everybody convicted of speeding automatically be deprived of use of his car for two years . . . Gentleman named Rip Van Winkle applied to county clerk in Muncie, Indiana, for a notary public commission. Got it. Left in a hurry. Didn't say whether he was going hunting or home to take a nice long nap . . . Right after the first of the year, look for a rash of high-school contests for Sweater Boy of 1952. We've already heard of seven. All out West so far, where men are men . . . And Miss Kiau Mai Flynn, of Bellingham, Washington, who apparently ought to know, informs us that an Eskimo cannot insult an Eskimo in the Eskimo tongue because there are no insults in Eskimo . . . C. C. Styron, chief of the Atlanta, Georgia, fire department, has six fireplaces in his house. Makes him feel at home . . . Don't want to embarrass him, so we'll not name the Midwest mayor who was holding a press conference to tell reporters how he had stopped car thefts in that city. Interview broke up in an uproar. Word came that two guys had swiped the mayor's car.

★ ★ ★

Captain Mortimer Chauncey, of Essex Junction, Vermont, writes us a letter in rapturous praise of cider. He says: "It's the perfect way to enjoy a good apple. You get everything the apple's got without all the hard work of chewing."

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Reinforced
CHAINS
that bite the ice!

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Exploring the Desert of Death

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

And wherever they went, they implanted variants of their own Indo-European language. Where the Cretan language had existed, they substituted one we know as Greek. In India, the language became Sanskrit, which has a common root with Greek. Today, nearly all languages spoken by white peoples—English, Russian, Italian, Irish, Swedish and many more—have the same Indo-European derivation.

Clues to the Aryan Mystery

Stories of the white conquerors from the north occur in ancient Persian writings, and in the old Sanskrit hymns of India called the Vedas. But we have only the barest material proof of the Aryans' existence. Just a few weeks before our trip north, our own expedition had stumbled on some clues—horse figurines and horsemen's arrows, in an area of Pakistan where the horse probably didn't exist until the Aryans arrived. But the evidence found thus far is so fragmentary that the Aryans remain one of the great mysteries of archaeological science.

Who were they? Where did they come from? This part of northern Afghanistan was referred to in ancient Persian writings as "Aryana"; had these baffling horsemen originated here?

These were some of the tantalizing questions that ran through our minds as we gazed at the hundreds of mounds in the Oxus Valley—tantalizing, because the Aryans were not our main concern (they traveled hundreds of years after the prehistoric migration we were trying to trace), and we dared not linger so close to the Russian border.

So we hastily gathered ancient pottery from the surface of the mounds for future study, then sped along parallel to the border, to Khanabad, Kunduz, Tashkurgan and Mazar-i-Sharif—all names that denoted splendor in the ancient world until their populations were wiped out by Genghis Khan in the thirteenth century. At Kunduz, still standing exactly as it was after the Mongolian armies had reduced it 700 years ago, was a great fort of the Shah of Khorassan.

We perched on the 80-foot-high battlements and we could see the plain over which the cloud of horsemen had galloped. The walls still showed holes smashed by the battering rams and catapults of Genghis Khan's skilled Chinese engineers. His remarkably modern squads, platoons and companies had crossed the moat that lay before us, bearing huge leather shields to protect them from burning oil dropped by the defenders. Eventually, they had broken through, and, near the spot where we stood, had raped the women and massacred all the men (except the artisans, who were added to the army).

Crushed under a fallen archway we saw the skull of a defender who apparently had been hit by a Mongolian arrow and still lay where a catapult had knocked the archway down onto his body—in 1222 A.D.

From Kunduz, we crossed the plain to Tashkurgan, and continued our excursion into the past. Bitter cold and exhausted, we stopped off at a Chai Khana, a roadside teahouse, to get warmed up for the next leg of our journey, to Mazar-i-Sharif.

Inside, Uzbeks, Turkomans, Pathans and Persians clustered around an open fire pit in the center of the room, much as men do in a neighborhood bar in the United States. They paid little attention to the new arrivals, and we sank down onto thick rugs on the floor and drank hot tea which had been brewed in a samovar over the open fire. The sudden warmth and comfort made us drowsy, and we had almost forgotten our bizarre surroundings, when a man began to sing.

He was a handsome young Persian with mascaraed eyes, and he strummed a four-stringed lute as he sang (in Persian, some words of which I understood) about the love of an ancient king and princess. The music was very beautiful and melodic, with a strange barbaric quality. Next he sang a song about a battle between two Uzbek chieftains of Tamerlane's day. We lost all sense of reality; we could have been back in the fourteenth century.

The topper to the whole weird experience came when we broke the spell of this backward flight in time—and offered the Persian singer a cigarette. Still singing, he set aside his lute, reached into the fire with his bare hands and picked up a fistful of red-hot coals. He lighted the cigarette from the live coals in his hand, and then threw them back into the flames—without once breaking the rhythm of the music. Fascinated by this demonstration of apparent invulnerability to fire, we left the teahouse in a daze. We didn't actually come out of it until we reached Mazar-i-Sharif, when we began to wonder if any of the Uzbeks in the bustling horse bazaar there were agents from the Uzbek Soviet Socialist Republic, just across the border.

There were other things to jar us back to the realities of the present. In the desert between Kunduz and Tashkurgan we spotted a herd of hundreds of beautiful Asiatic gazelles, and we left the road to chase them in our truck. The animals could open up to 55 miles per hour, and we sped after them on the flat desert for about 20 minutes. We realized just in time that we had almost run into the Russian border—which might have meant shots first and questions afterward from guards on both sides of the frontier.

Thereafter, we stayed as far from the frontier as possible—far enough so that we never actually set eyes on it.

This is a very sensitive area, and not only because of the proximity of Soviet atomic installations. The Russians are said to have built a barbed-wire fence along the entire 600-mile length of the Afghan border, set back about 100 yards from the actual frontier. Also, they reportedly have gone to the trouble of creating a 600-mile-long plowed field in front of the fence—to show up the footsteps of anyone attempting to cross in the night.

Despite these precautions, I have since learned, Soviet Uzbeks occasionally have sneaked across, and they tell of much discontent on the Soviet side. The horses are gone, they say, and the old carefree wandering with the herds is no more. Everyone is pinned to the soil on collective farms and a man doesn't know what goes on among his own relatives. There is intense nationalism, according to these reports, and the Soviet Uzbeks yearn to rejoin their Uzbek brothers on the Afghan side to lead the old tribal life they always enjoyed.

Our trip to northern Afghanistan turned up no signs of the prehistoric trail we were looking for, although we gathered thousands of samples of pottery and implements for closer checking later. Finding the specimens was easy; they were fairly bursting from the plain. But in almost all other respects, our northern trip gave us constant trouble. Some of our mishaps—like flat tires, truck breakdowns and frozen fingers—were real problems; others were merely embarrassing.

On one occasion, for example, we found a 16-foot irrigation ditch blocking our path to a mound near Kunduz. As a former track man at Columbia and Michigan, I figured I could broad-jump it easily; while an audience of some 20 Uzbeks watched closely, I leaped—and slipped. I belly-flopped in the water of the ditch, and struck my face against the far bank, to the applause and merriment of the Uzbeks.

Then, to add a final crusher, short-legged George McLellan, who stands about five feet eight, blithely proceeded to leap the ditch with no trouble at all; as the tribesmen cheered, he turned, placed his hand over his heart, and bowed deeply.

It just wasn't my day. Coming back later, I fell into the bitter cold water again. Then, as I cut across a field on a short cut to the truck, I sank up to my waist in the ooze of a horse and camel latrine. Reeking, bloody-nosed and almost paralyzed with cold, I was a strange example indeed of the glamor of modern-day exploration.

After all this, it was a pleasure to get back to Kabul—especially in view of the word we soon got from Rose Lilien and Howard Stoudt, who were on an extended survey trip to Kandahar. They had found prehistoric implements and pottery in mounds along the Argandab River. Not only that, but the pottery was similar to material we had dug up far to the south in the Pakistani province of Baluchistan. The trail was getting warm again!

I decided, therefore, to leave as soon as possible for the unexplored southern Seistan Basin in Afghanistan's remote southwest corner near Iran—to try to pick up the trail there. This was the real challenge of the trip, because it was here that 100-mile-per-hour winds, the trackless terrain and the 130-degree heat had blocked my efforts to penetrate the Dasht-i-Margo, or Desert of Death, the year before—when I made the survey trip which resulted in this major expedition.

This time I didn't take any chances. We used both trucks on the operation—so that one vehicle always could pull the other out of trouble with its power winch—and we left as soon as possible, early in January, 1951, to hit the Seistan at the coldest time of the year, when the murderous "120-day wind" was not blowing. Also, we had hoarded most of our American canned food for this specific adventure, because we knew there was a chance we could be trapped in the Seistan for a long time. How fortunate we were for this bit of foresight!

Starting for the Seistan

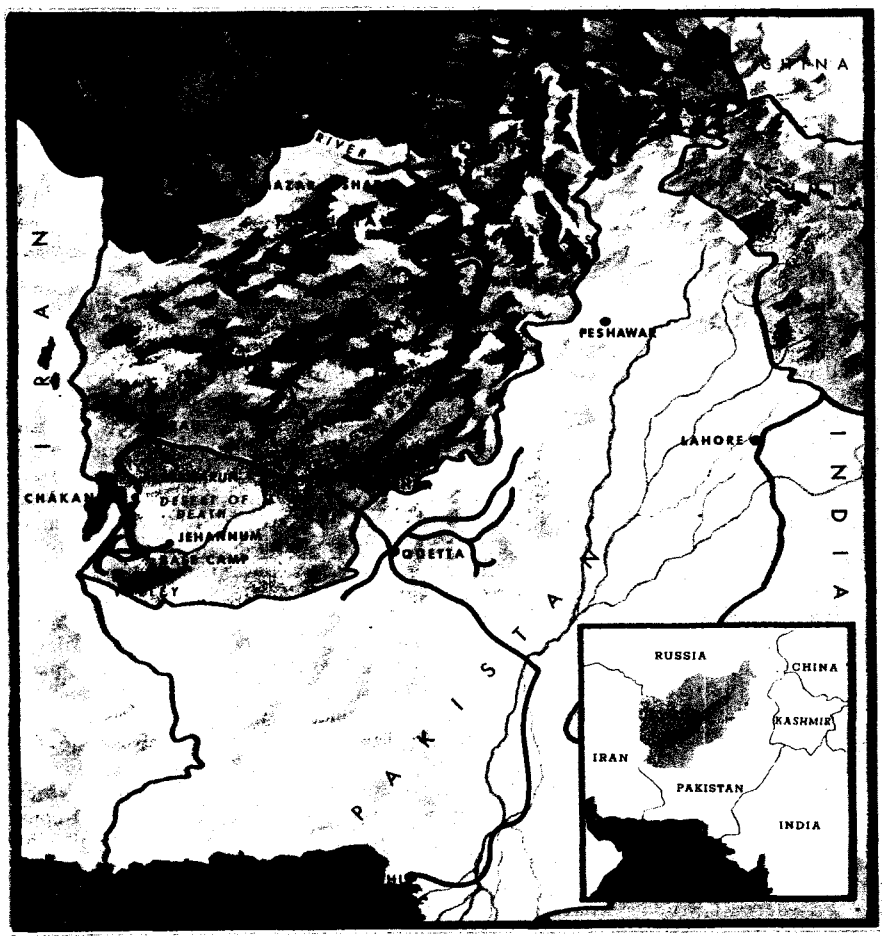
Our party split up at this point. Louis and Ann Dupree decided to remain around Kandahar; student Ibrahim Khan stayed with them, and George Maranjian came back to Kabul to carry on his anthropological work among the natives there. The rest of us piled into the two trucks and started off for the Seistan, traveling in convoy: Kelsey, McLellan, Rose Lilien and Stoudt (both of whom we picked up in Kandahar) in the lead truck; my wife Jan and Hafizullah Khan in the second vehicle with me.

From the very beginning, we ran into trouble. A few miles outside of Kandahar we ran into a cloudburst, and my truck slithered into a ditch, almost turning over with its heavy six-ton load. By some miracle, I brought the truck to a stop upright, and the others pulled us out of the ditch—but the narrow escape weighed on us like a premonition.

The jinx held when we got to the town of Farah and I discovered that a can of kerosene had become punctured in the jouncing around. Although the kerosene had soaked my sleeping bag, it was biting cold that night, so I had to get into the bag nevertheless. The smell nearly asphyxiated me and the fumes burned my skin so that I could hardly move the next day.

The following night we slept in the ruins of Peshawarun, the sixteenth-century ghost city where I had taken refuge from the "120-day wind" the year before. Ahead lay the strip of desert that had blocked my progress then; a little farther on was a narrow area that was thinly populated—and then the major part of the fearsome Desert of Death. By the time we had safely crossed the first ribbon of desert the following day, the road had become nothing but a faint camel track, and we took a fearful pounding as the trucks lurched over the rocky terrain. Finally, we passed through Chakansur, the last sizable town this side of the unknown. Then I really crossed my fingers, because we actually were well into the Seistan.

The reason the Seistan Basin was so important to our expedition is that it once



AL TARTER

Expedition landed at Karachi and made way to Afghanistan in two stages, stopping to excavate in Quetta area before continuing to Kabul (black line). Events described this week occurred along route marked in red

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was one of the world's most populated areas. It was the province of Drangiana in the ancient Persian Empire; and Rustam, a legendary Persian hero, was born there. Another mighty river, the Helmand, had its extremely fertile delta in this region; there is little doubt that the Seistan, like the Oxus Basin, had been one of the important river-valley cradles of mankind. But a series of natural and man-made catastrophes had wiped out the flourishing population.

First, for some unknown reason, the Helmand River switched its course to the north, instead of continuing to flow due west as it had for untold thousands of years, and the old delta in the southern Seistan dried up and became lifeless desert.

Then, around 1400 A.D., according to local legend, the people of the northern Seistan incurred the wrath of the mighty conqueror Tamerlane, who claimed to be Genghis Khan's great-great-grandson. To punish them for alleged revolt, the legend continues, Tamerlane went through the usual procedure of massacring the population, but he added an extra touch of his own. He destroyed the hundreds of canals in the northern Seistan's irrigation system, and in a few years this part of the area, too, reverted to burning desert.

Today, the Helmand runs shallowly through the arid wastes on a bed of gravel, like the Rio Grande. But I was convinced that the history of thousands of years of mankind could be found in the unexplored *old* delta of the river, called the Rud-i-Biyaban, which now consists of dry sand and boulders. If we could uncover the villages of the people who lived here 6,000 years ago, we might have the key to the history of prehistoric man in a large part of Asia.

So we pushed deeper and deeper into the Seistan, marveling at the luck that had taken us, in two days, well beyond the point where I had been forced to stop after four days the preceding year. We were beginning to congratulate ourselves on having licked the jinx—but in a few hours we were forced to eat our words.

We came out on the flood plain of the new delta of the Helmand River (the only area of the Seistan that is still habitable); and from that moment on, we went through a wet hell. The plain was crisscrossed with irrigation ditch after irrigation ditch, and our progress became a constant struggle. It took us from noon until midnight to make eight miles. The horse and camel bridges over the ditches were not wide enough for our trucks, and sometimes there were no bridges at all. Fortunately for us, the government in Kabul had sent word, along the village-to-village grapevine, that the natives were to give us all possible assistance; without their help we might still be sitting there, straddling irrigation ditches.

Helped by the natives, we filled in the ditches, or made temporary bridges out of logs and scrub grass. But getting our vehicles across still was not easy. Time after time, the first truck would tear up the crossing, and the whole process would have to start all over again. Twice that day, we teetered on the verge of 15-foot drops into the water, and no fewer than 11 times we got bogged down in the mud along the banks. When we finally made camp for the night on a little bluff, we felt like the weariest group of young explorers in the history of archaeology.

The next day was exactly the same—with the men digging and the ladies of the expedition unglamorously working in the mud on their hands and knees, chopping brush. We struggled through 15 more miles of irrigation ditches that day, and finally we emerged on a hill overlooking the Helmand River.

Although we were exhausted again, we looked around for a place to set up a base camp, and we found one that was made to order for us. It was the ruin of a 400-year-old citadel called Kala-i-Amir—the Castle of the Chief. It gave us a good view of all approaches from the Desert of Death, and its four walls furnished adequate protection from possible marauders.

The only entrance was up a steep inclined plane, and by hooking our trucks' power-winch cables to the thick walls, we could even pull them up into the enclosure for the night. This was an important measure, because if anyone had stolen our vehicles or tampered with them there in the wilderness, we'd have been in a bad way.

We pitched our tents inside the castle walls, and in one of the old rooms of the citadel we set up our generators to provide electricity. Another room became the archaeological laboratory, with books, tables and preservative liquids; and Kelsey arranged his radio equipment in what must have been the prince's bedroom. He kept one receiver tuned constantly to a weak BBC signal, for we were always uneasy over the fighting in Korea; if, by some chance, a general war should break out, we wanted to be able to get out of the country as quickly as possible.

The next day, three of us—McLellan, Hafizullah and myself—began the major project of getting one truck across the river to continue on into the unexplored south. We inched our way across another two miles of irrigation ditches before we got to the river. Then we forded the Helmand, holding our breath as the water came up to the level of the spark plugs. We crossed safely, then resumed the battle against still another two miles of irrigation ditches and swamps, in which we got bogged down 14 times in three hours.

By nightfall, we were sagging with weariness—and we could still see the lights of our base camp in the castle across the river. They were so close that we decided to paddle back across the Helmand in a small collapsible rubber boat, to spend the night in the comfort of the camp. Little did we know.

I have never seen so many misfortunes accrue in one eight-hour period. For one thing, though McLellan and I wore rough khaki field outfits and carried compact equipment, Hafizullah, the Afghan student, was attired—why, I'll never know—as if he were going to class. He wore a gray felt fedora, double-breasted dress overcoat, business suit, shirt, tie and low-cut dress shoes. Also, he carried a huge sleeping bag fitted with pillow and mattress and covered with embroidered roses. All this caused him to lag far behind us.

Then we discovered that the folding rubber boat was complete with everything but the carbon dioxide cartridge necessary to inflate it; so we blew it up by mouth, turning purple with the effort.

After that, we tried to signal the fort across the river with flares labeled, "True-blue. Tried-and-tested American equipment. Can be seen for miles." The true-blue-tried-and-tested American equipment emitted feeble half-inch flames about as potent as birthday-cake candles—and died. Whereupon McLellan threw lighted matches into the brush and set an entire ravine on fire. But *still* our colleagues in the fort didn't see us.

At this point, we were attacked by several dogs. While we were chasing them off, their native owners appeared out of nowhere and guided us to what they said was a safe crossing place in the river. Then I noticed that one of them had swiped my revolver from the boat. When I retrieved it, they abandoned us. Next the boat developed a leak and sank, drenching McLellan, Hafizullah, his embroidered sleeping bag and me.

Stalked by River Leopards

We finally dragged ourselves up the far bank—and noticed that we were being followed by two sets of eyes that gleamed wickedly in the darkness. These, it turned out, belonged to a pair of river leopards; after they had stalked us for half an hour, McLellan succeeded in driving them off with shots from his rifle. By this time, our compass had quit, and we spent the rest of the night stumbling in and out of irrigation ditches, finding our way by the stars.

Finally, blue with cold, we reached the bluff. We didn't know the direction of the camp, however, so we left the half-dead Hafizullah where he had fallen down, and McLellan and I split up to search in opposite directions. In a few minutes, I spotted the silhouette of the fort several hundred yards away, but I could see McLellan's bobbing light in the distance, as he headed due north, directly into the Desert of Death! Mustering my last ounce of strength, I ran after George. I caught him just as he was disappearing toward the badlands, and then we both returned and carried Hafizullah to the camp.

When we recovered from this ordeal late the next day, I learned that we had acquired a benefactor. A powerful local chieftain named Mohammad Omar had learned of our plight and he came over to offer his assistance. He was a proud, intelligent man who had hooked up a wind generator to power a radio receiver in his hut in the wilderness, and he knew a lot about America from the Persian-language broadcasts of the BBC. He provided horses and a boat to ferry supplies to our truck across the river, and he gave us a guide to show us the best routes across the irrigation ditches.

We moved swiftly after that. In a short time the truck was loaded, and we were ready to head into the unexplored, arid reaches of what used to be the fertile delta of the Helmand. McLellan and Rose Lilien remained behind in our fortress camp; Kelsey, Stoudt, Hafizullah, Jan and I started out across the remaining ditches, with Mohammad Omar's guide showing the way. With his help, we made good time, and soon we were approaching the ridge on the far side of the valley.

At the top of the ridge, we suddenly found ourselves looking into a strange new world. As far as the eye could see, the plain was dotted with eerie, reddish-colored, round rock formations. The guide jumped off the truck. "I go no farther," he said, heading back toward the river. "Beyond are ghosts."

It was indeed a ghost-world of lifeless rocks and gravel that we headed into, but as we sped down the dry river bed where the mighty Helmand once had flowed, we all felt a sense of exhilaration at knowing we were among the first Westerners ever to set foot here. Aside from ourselves, the guide was the last human being we were to see for three weeks. Soon we were out of sight of the mountains, and we had to navigate by compass, as if we were at sea. We followed the dry river bed for some 40 miles and then turned north into the old delta, battling all the way against furious winds that pelted us with sand.

By now we *really* were in a world filled

Early Bird Gets Worm;

Better Wait for Bacon and Eggs

A country week end's very fine;
I'll take it any time for mine—
But first, I learn (of this I boast)
The breakfast hour of my host.

—BARBARA REA RENWICK

Next Week's Fiction

COME BACK TO SORRENTO

JOSEPH PETRACCA relates how Mama and Papa first got together—a hilarious story, by one of Collier's most popular writers

Maxwell's Island

The story of a beautiful and ambitious woman, and the two men in her life—who loved honor more. By CHARLES MERCER

A FOOTNOTE TO SABOTAGE

An exciting story of courage, real and false, as two men follow a slender thread of clues to track a mysterious *saboteur*. By JOHN SAVAGE

The Ruptured Duck

High comedy at low altitude. WALT GROVE writes about a Texas bush pilot's mad dash to rescue a damsel in distress

THE VICTORY

The story of a father's uneasy love for his daughter, who seemed to be growing away from him—and in a wrong direction. Collier's short short story. By JAMES ROBBINS MILLER

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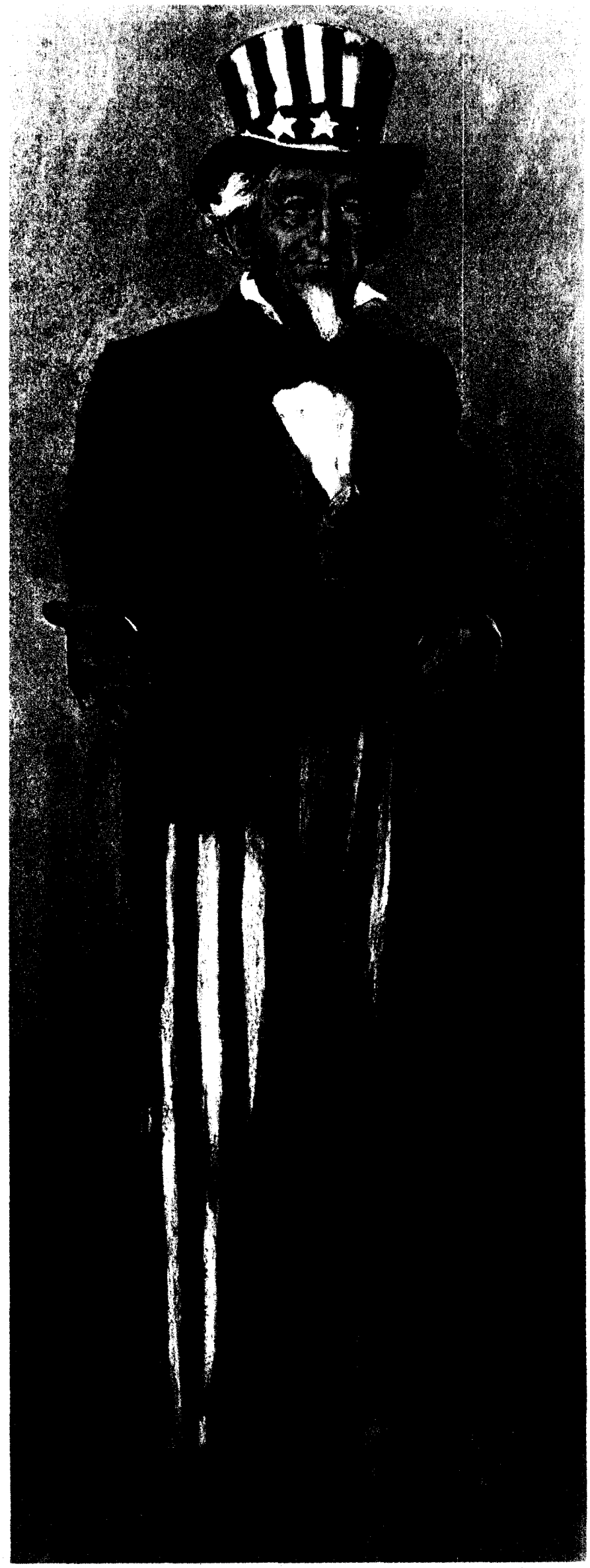

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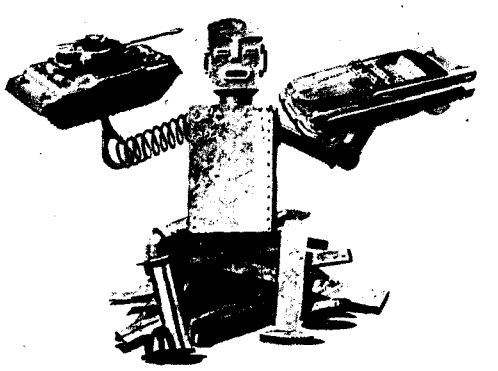

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. . . and what it does

As it starts on its second decade, The Advertising Council is a fine example of the conscience of America in action. It is a voluntary organization—independent, non-profit, nonpartisan—dedicated to the welfare and progress of all our people. The Council donates its services to the causes it aids.

It is composed largely of advertisers, advertising agencies and media, including magazines, newspapers, radio and television, the outdoor and transportation advertising groups.

The Council's budget is contributed by business generally. Space and time for Council programs are donated by advertisers and media. Advertising agencies provide free creative talent for the preparation of campaign materials.

As the first organized, systematic method of getting important messages to the public quickly, the Council annually reviews hundreds of requests for help from government agencies and leading non-profit organizations which have learned that advertising—through simplification, dramatization and repetition—gets things done.

Closely associated with the Council is an Industries Advisory Committee consisting of 38 business leaders and a Public Policy Committee which evaluates requests for campaigns. The latter includes 20 leading representatives of management, labor, education, agriculture, religion, medicine and journalism.

All these good Americans have accomplished much by working together. But so much *more* still remains to be done! This publication is confident that The Advertising Council will continue to do its part by giving you the facts about national problems as they arise, so that in the future as in the past, they will be met in the traditional voluntary American way.

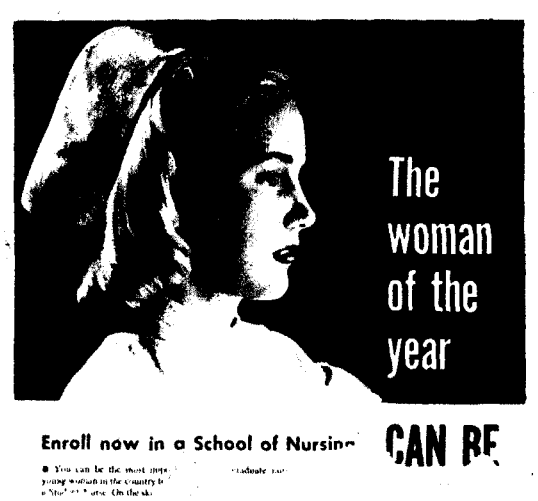
The messages you hear and see over radio and television on behalf of national causes such as CARE, Fight Inflation, Government Reorganization, Racial and Religious Prejudice, March of Dimes and United Nations, are scheduled by the Council. Advertisers, networks and local stations give the time.

Take your time - not your life!
• CROSS AT THE CORNER
• LOOK BOTH WAYS
• WALK WITH THE LIGHT
Don't Jaywalk - the life you save may be your own!

The posters along the thoroughfares and in your transportation vehicles often carry messages in the public interest. The space is given by the Outdoor and Transportation advertising industries.

The Council also serves American Cancer Society, American Heritage, Boy Scouts, Brotherhood Week, Christmas Seals, 4-H Clubs, Flag Day, Girl Scouts, Heart Fund, Religion in American Life, Salvation Army, United Negro Colleges, and many other projects in the public interest.

A PUBLIC SERVICE PROJECT
THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL



You learned of the nurse shortage from ads like this, many contributed by daily, weekly and labor newspapers. In five years, 418,000 young women have responded.

We must increase productivity all along the line if we are to meet our defense needs and maintain a strong civilian economy. House magazines of leading companies carry ads like this regularly.

This advertisement is contributed by COLLIER'S *as a public service.*

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with the ghostly shapes of the past. The old banks of the stream were covered with the trunks of trees and thorn bushes that had died hundreds of years ago. There was little decay because of the lack of moisture and the resultant absence of bacterial action; the dry air had preserved the trees exactly where they fell, perhaps during the Crusades.

Also, as we looked up at the bank from what used to be the main channel of the river, we passed the ruins of houses, villages, palaces, forts, gardens, ingenious dams, even the vast wreckage of what used to be the cities of Old Gina and New Gina, vaguely mentioned in ancient Persian literature. We made camp that day in a domed tomb in which a holy man had been buried more than 500 years ago. The roof of the tomb was gone, but the floor was covered with fine sand on which we pitched our tents, safe from the murderous winds.

For several days, we worked out of this tomb-camp, charting the ruins of the ancient delta and reconstructing the life of the area. In a sense, it was disappointing labor, because we found no signs of what we had come for—prehistoric man. But it was fascinating country.

Many of the ruins were of the medieval Moslem period, but most of them date back to what is called the Partho-Sassanian civilization. These people lived here in the period from 200 B.C. to 800 A.D. and we know very little about them. Our findings, however, show that they developed great engineering skill with their dams and basins to conserve their disappearing water resources, and they had elaborate palaces and forts with interesting round towers. We scoured the basin for their pottery and implements, and when these are analyzed, we will have made a substantial contribution toward finding out about the people who inhabited this part of the world around the time of Christ.

Still, we were getting nowhere in our main search, and I sent Kelsey, Stoudt and Hafizullah back to the Helmand River in the truck to replenish our supplies. When they returned the next day, we made immediate plans to carry forward our work.

Between Two Ancient Deserts

We already had covered the areas to the north, east and west. This left only the south, which was desert even in ancient days and hardly likely to have supported life. But on an old map I had spotted what looked like a faint depression far to the south—running east to west, where the Dasht-i-Zirreh (a gravel desert) and the Gardan Reg (a sand desert) come together. I decided to play a hunch and have a look at this depression, if, in fact, it existed.

So I pushed off in the truck with Stoudt and Hafizullah. As we drove through the desert, we were surprised to see ruins pop up here and there. Apparently, a canal system had been built down from the river into this supposedly uninhabited area.

Then, as we rode along, we suddenly came on another striking phenomenon—a range of immense sand dunes, 60 to 100 feet high. This apparently was the point where the punishing "120-day wind" turns due east after blowing southeast over a thousand miles of blistering Central Asia deserts; as it veers, it piles up the sand particles.

But the dunes didn't hold our attention for more than an instant. For at our feet, between the desert bluff and the dunes, was a three-mile-wide valley where no valley was known to exist. Its floor was covered with eroded rock-and-earth formations, like America's Western badlands; as I looked closer, I recognized this lost valley as the flood plain of a dried-up ancient river!

We found a slope and clambered down to the bottom of the valley. It was teeming with pottery and implements, all strewn about helter-skelter. We could scarcely believe our eyes as we wandered from mound to mound where populous villages once had stood. Then we came on a huge complex of mounds on a bluff in the center of the valley. The pottery was so thick on these mounds that the pieces overlapped one another. I have never seen anything like it. There not only was pottery, but alabaster bowls, arrowheads, copper belt buckles, clay spindles, grinding stones—everything.

Stoudt and I separated to attack a mound from both sides, and when we met, we both wore huge grins. We each had picked up a dozen pieces of pottery similar to Arabian seacoast pottery and the specimens we had found in Baluchistan at the 3500 B.C. level. The winds had driven sand through the valley with such terrific force that most of the paint literally had been sand-blasted from many of the fragments; we blanched at the thought of what the winds could do to us if they came up suddenly and trapped us here.

Lost Prehistoric Link Found

But we had found our missing link in the lost trail of prehistoric man; we had learned the answer to something scientists have sought for years—the route taken by civilization as it spread slowly out of Mesopotamia and Egypt, perhaps 50 or 60 centuries ago. Stoudt and I, standing there in the middle of a dismal, eroded, moonlike valley, knew that those prehistoric people must have migrated to India from the Near East along the Arabian sea coast, and then up here to Central Asia!

We ran to the truck, jumped in and followed our own tire tracks back across the desert to summon Kelsey and Jan from the tomb-camp. We took our remaining supplies and spent the next hectic days working on our big find at a camp pitched in the shelter of a bluff in the Lost Valley.

We soon found that there was little excavating to do. The "120-day wind" had blown out nearly all the soil, so that the mounds were little more than almost-solid piles of ancient pottery and implements. Nature had done our excavating for us.

As we gathered bag after bag of specimens, it was like being on another planet. The wind had eroded the rocks into demon shapes, and the swirling air currents on the desert floor above us filled the valley with a constant ghostly wail. Except for the wail, an awful silence hung over everything, until it got so that we expected a thunderous voice to speak at any moment. There was virtually no life—no insects, no birds, no animals, no living vegetation except a few sparse thornbushes.

It was midwinter, but the temperature hovered at 90 degrees and we grew steadily weaker in the oppressive, stagnant atmosphere. The sun never rose or set in the valley. At night it just disappeared in the dust-haze whipped up by the winds above us, and for an hour and a half before it got dark, we walked about in a spectral, grayish light in which we all looked like phantoms, and even our lips turned gray.

The men had 10-inch beards, which was all that distinguished us in appearance from Jan, with her dirty face and matted hair. Our water, by this time, was precious, and we couldn't spare any for luxuries like washing. It was also the foulest-tasting stuff I have ever drunk. Our only source of supply was a big rain puddle at the tomb-camp, and the liquid thus obtained was coffee-brown from the suspended mud in it. We carried it in a big can, belonging to Mohammad Omar, which once contained rancid sheep oil. After filtration and other routine methods had failed to remove the extremely fine mud, we tried to settle it by transferring the water into empty pork-and-bean cans, so that the fat would emulsify the particles. This worked, and we got a fairly clear fluid, which we poured off into our canteens, and chlorinated. So we drank a concoction that tasted of rancid oil, beans and chlorine, plus the lingering over-all flavor of mud.

The atmosphere of the valley was oppressive, archaeological find or not, and each night it was a real relief to shut out the horror by crawling into my nylon mountain tent. The most terrifying thought

CHARLES HAWES

Hysteria at Circleville

Dear Editar:

We haven't got any Communists or Fascists down here in Circleville. Did have cattle ticks years ago but even the dippin vats have been filled in now. Just mostly Democrats and a few Republicans all tryin to pay their taxes and hopin for peace, but it's not hard for us to understand the wave of hysteria which sweeps the country every time somebody in Washington calls somebody else a traitor, a fellow traveler, Judas Iscariot, or whatever comes to mind.

I guess we understand human nature.

Reminds me of that expert in human nature, the late Jack Robinson, who edited the Jewett Messenger for fifty years. Editar Robinson enjoyed demonstratin that the human mind has a lot of imagination and all it takes to get it goin is somebody to set the spark off.

Not havin much to write about one week years ago, I remember, he printed a short paragraph sayin huge animal tracks, lookin somewhat like those of maybe a gorilla, had been reported seen in the Navasot River bottoms in Leon County, and whatever it was, he said, might account for a few cases of chickens reported bein stolen. "Maybe wasn't anything but dog tracks," he wrote. "Did seem a little large for dogs, though, as we know them."

Next week he reported there was a rumor a gorilla had escaped from a circus train passin through the area, but information on it was hard to get, matter apparently bein hushed up. Said it was just a rumor, probably nothin to it.

After that Editar Robinson didn't have to rely on his imagination any more. His readers was comin to his aid. One man saw gorilla tracks clearly defined in the mud on the Navasot banks. Another came into the Messenger office to report 15 hens missin, the feathers being scattered along the river in the woods. Dutifully Editar Robinson gave light to these reports in print, movin the story up to the top of the front page with a two-column headline.

The followin week a farmer reported he was missin a calf, the carcass apparently havin been dragged out of the lot at night.

Next week the gorilla itself started showin up. One farmer had seen a dark-colored figure "bigger than a man" movin through the woods, his hairy arms swingin.

Another farmer swore he had come face to face with the beast, saw clearly it was a gorilla and had fled when the animal bared its fangs.

Editar Robinson stood behind his type cases and set these reports with considerable steadfastness.

Dozens of people began gettin glimpses of the animal, and farmin was about at a standstill in that area, when Editar Robinson decided the thing had gone far enough. "Was about to believe there was one there myself," he said later, his eyes crinklin with pleasure, and he killed the rumors about like he'd started em, sayin an overgrown dog had been reported killed in the Navasot bottoms and that must have been what people were mistakin for a gorilla. Said all circuses he'd contacted had denied losin a gorilla. But to this day there are people who will swear they saw a gorilla in the Navasot bottoms.

Another time, durin an election year, Editar Robinson printed an item one week sayin there was some talk of runnin Jim Watson for the legislature. Now the last thing Jim Watson was considerin was runnin for the legislature or anything else outside of runnin his grocery store, and as far as that's concerned hadn't anybody else thought of runnin him.

But the day after the paper was out one or two folks dropped in and said, "Jim, what's this I hear about you runnin for the legislature?" and Jim said it was news to him. But you could tell it wasn't no unpleasant sound.

Next week Editar Robinson reported the move for draftin Jim Watson for the legislature was gainin ground, everybody was sayin it was a good idea. The follwin week he carried more reports, and the fourth week Jim had thrown his hat in the ring, bought an ad in the Messenger, and was runnin for all he was worth.

When we hear these wild statements from Washington, we folks out here at Circleville try to steer a steady course, and while we can be swept off our feet the same as New Yorkers or Dallasites, all the hayseeds don't live in cities and we ain't gonna let them have all the fun. We generally try to stick to a more frivolous form of hysteria.

Anything to the report this country has a new-type fantastic rocket which can be aimed downward, will penetrate the earth and come up through the enemy's basement?

Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox

THE CIRCLEVILLE PHILOSOPHER

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was our complete isolation. We knew that we were more than 100 miles from help, which would have to come over almost insurmountable barriers to reach us, if anything went wrong.

But we kept working for four days, and we made other dramatic finds. We located black, slag-covered mounds which turned out to be the sites where these ancient people smelted their copper; and then Kelsey came up with the most exciting discovery of all.

He stumbled on a prehistoric cemetery—except that it wasn't a cemetery any more. The skeletons lay about on the surface in the exact knees-under-chin position in which they had been buried on mud-brick platforms. The wind had blown away all the soil of their graves, and they were remarkably well preserved in the dry air. It was a priceless find, rare in archaeology, because it gave us dozens of specimens of the actual people who had used the implements we had found.

We now were able to reconstruct in detail the life that went on in this Lost Valley, as far back as 5,500 to 6,000 years ago. The people lived in one-room, thatch-roofed, mud-brick houses with single doors, and they raised wheat in the valley (we found threshing floors and farming implements). They had domesticated dogs barking around the houses (we found canine bones) and they tended cows, goats and sheep. We found no indication of the horse.

The men hunted desert gazelle for a table delicacy (gazelle bones were in the refuse)—stalking them on foot behind hunting dogs, and making the kill with light throwing spears. They used the bow and arrow (we found telltale extra-small arrowheads) to hunt wild waterfowl, which, even as today, migrated down from the Caspian Sea marshes of Russia every year. The women stayed home and cooked over a fire pit in the center of the hut, and they spun and sewed coarse wool and linen garments with clay spindles and bone needles.

Language Akin to Abraham's

The people were long-headed, with slender builds, and they were moderately tall, standing about five feet eight inches. They were Mediterranean stock; apparently they had no alphabet, but they probably spoke a Semitic language similar to what Abraham used in addressing his people in Palestine many centuries later.

When our valley was a flourishing metropolis, the Hebrews still hadn't emerged as a people and the Pyramids still were many hundreds of years from being built in Egypt. Here in the Lost Valley, however, a trading caravan occasionally had come through on foot or on donkeys (the camel still was unknown in this region) and their arrivals must have been the big social events of the year. The traders came from Baluchistan and from the Arabian seacoast (we found trade items from those areas) and they exchanged cloth and seashell beads for the copper smelted in the valley. The coppersmiths and the pottery makers were probably the highest-ranking citizens in each village. They were clever artisans, using vegetable dyes for their sophisticated geometric designs on the pots.

The living must have been easy in the abundant riches of this land. The teeth in the skulls were in excellent shape and the bones all were strong, so the people appear to have been extremely healthy. They probably had a religion and believed in the hereafter, as evidenced by the knees-drawn-up burial rite and the pottery placed in the graves for use in heaven (a definite tie-up to Near East custom of the era).

All in all, it apparently had been a good life for those people, and as we listened to present-day war reports on Kelsey's radio, we almost envied them the pleasant existence they must have enjoyed, perhaps 6,000 years ago, before their valley fell victim to a freak of nature and dried up.

It was now late in January, and with our story thus complete, we packed up as hurriedly as we could and left the dead world to rejoin McLellan and the others, who were still at our base camp in the fort on the other side of the Helmand River. As we climbed out of the valley, the wind increased and ominous black clouds swirled in the sky around us.

Then, almost as a symbol, a swarm of grasshoppers—the first live creatures we had seen—mysteriously appeared from nowhere and descended on every inch of the phantom landscape, killing off the few miserable thornbushes that constituted the last other living things that remained in the valley.

We sped across the desert directly toward the Helmand, and we thought the hard times were behind us. But we learned, in the next few weeks, that Central Asia does not give up its secrets so easily.

We ran out of gas some 15 miles from the river. We had just one canteen of water left, and we had to drag our parched, weary, filthy bodies all that way, through ravines and across irrigation ditches, to our base camp in the fort. McLellan rescued the truck by riding out to it on a camel bearing cans of gasoline, and we managed to get the vehicle across the river just in time—the rains had started in the mountains far away, and the Helmand was rising.

But then, when we were most anxious to get away, our chieftain friend, Mohammad Omar, asked me to have a look at the sick son of a neighboring chief. "But I am not a doctor," I protested.

"See what you can do," he said. And an hour later, I was in the tent of the sick boy.

He had an ugly black lump about the size of a baseball on his arm, where he had sustained a knife wound several months before, and he was burning up with fever. I was extremely reluctant to treat the youngster, since I knew nothing about medicine except what I had read in preparation for the expedition. I tried to explain this, but the boy's father was insistent—and his men were armed and tense. Nervously, I opened my operating kit and prepared to do what I could.

Perspiring freely, I cleaned the area with antiseptic, shot novocain into the arm and sprayed it with ethyl chloride to freeze it. I put on a face mask, sterilized my instruments, washed my hands with germicidal soap, and began to cut.

My biggest fear was that the boy would go into a state of shock and faint; his relatives, thinking I had killed him, might shoot me on the spot. So I kept a hypodermic of coramine alongside, to revive him the moment he passed out. Fortunately he retained consciousness, and soon I was down to firm pink flesh. Still following the medical book, I cleansed and bandaged the wound so it would drain, and I gave the boy a shot of penicillin.

The tribesmen put their guns down, but they did not let me leave the village until five hours later, when the boy's temperature dropped. Two days after that, the wound was healing, his temperature was normal, and he was eating again. I heaved a sigh of relief, and Mohammad Omar gave me eight gallons of gasoline (purchased from a smuggler from Iran) for doing this favor for a fellow chieftain. We then took off for the north—and civilization—as fast as we could go.

But we didn't get very far. On the morning of the third day, outside the village of Nad-i-Ali, we got stuck in the mud for the hundredth time, and McLellan, trying to pull out my truck, smashed its radiator.

The next day, the ingenious McLellan repaired the radiator by stuffing it with kapok and raisins, which swelled up on contact with the water and sealed the holes. We took off and made another two miles. But then both trucks got stuck in a sandy ditch—after which the roof fell in on us.

All day there had been a tawny haze in the air, plus the big black clouds that had followed us all the way from the Lost Valley; just then they let loose. The wind rose, the sand began to fly, and soon we were in a devastating Central Asia sandstorm. We worked like madmen to pitch our tent in the wind. Meanwhile, we had run out of oil, and the trucks wouldn't start.

In what we began to call the Revenge of the Seistan, we were trapped in that godforsaken spot for 15 days. Kelsey and Hafizullah walked 14 miles up the camel track to the town of Chakansur, from which a message went forward to Farah, asking for motor oil to be sent to us. But it took the oil two weeks to reach us by camel and donkey.

In the meantime, we all lived in the one tent, which we named Camp Despair. The air in the tent became foul from the stench of our bodies. Then it became fouler when our stoves ceased to function (because we had used Mohammad Omar's smuggled gasoline in them, and it turned out to be poor-grade Russian stuff) and McLellan built smoky fires of kerosene-soaked packing case wood inside the tent, to keep us from freezing. We had no food left but two cases of canned peaches and pineapples, and when it rained, the ditch became a torrent and we sloshed around inside the tent in a foot of filthy water.

"Dear Aunt Sarah: Thanks for the drum and bugle. We are all fine but I guess you are not well as I heard Daddy say you must have a hole in your head"

COLLIER'S — LARRY HARRIS

Oil Arrives on Donkeyback

Finally, after dealing us all this punishment, the Seistan relented. The oil arrived on donkeyback, and we limped away to the north, one truck towing the other—with the swirling black clouds following us all the way to the borders of Seistan.

The expedition, in all major respects, was over.

We spent a little time excavating in Kandahar, and then we headed home, back through the armed tension of the Khojak Pass, where the Afghans and Pakistanis are engaged in desultory border skirmishing. On the way, I had plenty of time to think of what we had accomplished in the 11 back-breaking months. Our tons of material still must be analyzed at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, but we already know a little of what was happening at the Crossroads of the World some 4,000 years before Christ.

For one thing, we now are reasonably sure that the Main Line of migration in prehistoric times ran south from the Near East into India, along the now-impassable Arabian seacoast, which then was fertile and watered by the monsoons, the rain-bringing winds of southern Asia. Baluchistan was on the Main Line then, but not Afghanistan, because while the cultures we found there were similar to the Near East and Baluchistan cultures, they lagged behind slightly in time, as if they were carried in later by people moving up from the south.

This would appear to knock out the old theory that mankind moved from north Persia into Afghanistan and then into China, with India getting the backwash, through the Khyber Pass and the Bolan Pass. Our whole concept of the flow of peoples in prehistoric times thus changes direction from northward to southward.

Further study may show that this southward thrust pushed the original inhabitants toward the east—ultimately, perhaps, to the East Indies. Beyond that, it is only possible to speculate, but it may be that this movement carried as far as Polynesia in the South Pacific; one step farther would bring it to Peru—in other words, the opposite of the Kon-Tiki theory that man moved east-to-west, from Peru to Polynesia, on rafts carried by the Humboldt Current.

There are several other factors that tend to bear out the west-to-east (or non-Kon-Tiki) speculation. For one thing, the Humboldt isn't the only current in that ocean area; there are others that flow in the opposite direction. Moreover, a voyage from the Near East to Polynesia would have kept primitive man within sight of land for a great part of the way—an important consideration, in view of the crude navigational methods (and superstitions) of those times.

Besides throwing new light on the migrations of prehistoric mankind, our expedition brought back information involving the mysterious so-called Aryans, who conquered India some 2,500 years later than these movements of primitives—or around 1500 B.C. Our evidence would seem to indicate that, instead of the great sweep of conquering horsemen mentioned in the legends, the Aryans may have made a slow, comparatively peaceful advance, interbreeding and combining with the ancient Afghans, and then moving slowly into India in small groups, over periods of hundreds of years.

There are great questions which still remain to be answered by further work in mysterious Central Asia. But in the meantime, we have filled in part of a story 6,000 years old.

THE END

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The 12 Who'll Rule Our '52 Conventions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Harry F. Byrd of Virginia or Russell himself. He suggests, moreover, that voters below the Mason and Dixon's line forget party solidarity, that they "look beyond the label and open the package before making a choice for President." And Byrd, warning that "the South is not impotent," heavily embroiders a leaf from the oratorical notebook of William Jennings Bryan, to wit: ". . . the Democrats of the South will not permit the Trumanites to press down upon the brow of America the un-Democratic crown of waste, of Socialism, and of dictation from Washington."

Proadministration Democrats minimize these prospects of a serious revolt, pointing to setbacks suffered by the States' Rights people since 1948, particularly in Alabama, where the State Democratic Committee is once more in the hands of party "regulars." But a Truman renomination is at least a gamble on this score. And it is precisely here that Senator Russell is expected to play a crucial role.

Far from denying his power to help or hinder, Northern Democrats look hopefully to the shrewd Georgian to stem the rebellious tide. Byrd, they point out, has long been so sweeping in his censure of the administration that he has little or no influence left in party circles, some top Democrats consigning him outright to the enemy camp. As for Byrnes, the President's good friend and biographer Jonathan Daniels, who edits the Raleigh (North Carolina) News & Observer, pointedly recalls that for some years the governor "found the Democratic party good enough to accept its highest positions in government."

Fair or not, the implication is that in Byrnes's present mood there is as much of pique as of principle.

A Man to Be Reckoned With

But Russell is in a different category. For all his determined opposition to the President's civil rights program, he is a first-class power in the party as well as in the Senate, regardless of who sits in the White House. His sober and evenhanded conduct of the MacArthur hearings further enhanced an already solid reputation, and even in Fair Deal circles he is described as the "most responsible" member of the Southern bloc.

What makes the Truman forces hope that they can count on Russell next July is that even though he was the first choice of the Southerners for President in 1948, he refused to walk out when Truman won. He declined even to attend the rump convention, at Birmingham, which put up Thurmond on an independent ticket. And what is more, he succeeded in holding so natural a Dixiecrat as Governor Herman Talmadge in line, thereby keeping Georgia in the regular Democratic column.

It is easy to accept the reasoning, then, that if Russell goes along with the rebels next summer, the plight of the Democrats will be grave indeed, and the nomination, so far as Truman is concerned, perhaps not worth the taking. If Russell does not go along, the uprising should prove a dud, for all that Byrd and Byrnes might do to give it an impressive front.

Even less likely than Russell to be in evidence at Chicago, but sure to be highly influential, is Fred M. Vinson, the genial, lantern-jawed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Normally, members of that majestic body are considered remote from the political stew, but there have been exceptions. Vinson, who comes and goes freely at Blair House, and not only for the poker sessions, is one of them. His political importance in 1952 stems from two circumstances.

First, he is known to be one of the President's most intimate advisers, on strategy as well as policy, and probably the most trusted of the lot. Second, he is, rightly or wrongly, regarded in many quarters as the heir apparent. Either circumstance would give him great weight in party councils, however indirectly he might choose to throw that weight around.

Being a Kentuckian and a middle-of-the-roader politically, the sixty-one-year-old chief justice would in all likelihood be acceptable to the moderate Southerners and, like Russell, he might prove highly useful in damping down a rebellion. Extremists among the Dixiecrats hold against him his court opinions directed against various segregation practices, but in 30 years of national politics, in posts ranging from Representative to Secretary of the Treasury, Vinson made, and has kept, friends in all camps. Some see him as a natural bridge between the Fair Deal militants and the party's conservatives, North and South.

In spite of Truman's veto of this bill, the two men are close. The President has particular reason to feel obligated to Kerr for being among the first to come to his support in the MacArthur crisis. Having had a taste of political office as governor and senator, Kerr, at fifty-five, is widely believed to have an eye on the Vice-Presidency and beyond. He would and could do nothing to upset the Truman applecart, but if the President steps out of the picture, Bob Kerr's voice will be heard at Chicago without undue strain on the part of his listeners.

On the eve of the 1948 convention the "New Deal" elements of the Democratic party—the independent liberals and trade-union leaders—were resigned to playing a muted and unenthusiastic role in the proceedings. The man who galvanized them into action, gave them an objective and led them to a victory of sorts was the boyish, ebullient Hubert H. Humphrey, then thirty-seven and mayor of Minneapolis. The objective was a strong civil rights plank in the platform, which so incensed the Southerners that the entire Mississippi delegation and half the Alabamans picked up their banners and walked out in a rage.

Mr. Humphrey, now a senator from Minnesota, is certain that Truman is in no mood to accept a watered-down civil rights plank and that the battle will have to be fought all over again. Further, he is by no means averse to leading the fight.

This time Humphrey will speak with something very like the official voice of the party's Northern liberals. A year ago that role would perhaps have gone to Illinois's highly respected Senator Paul H. Douglas, who even gave promise of rallying these same forces to his side as a Presidential candidate himself. But the high-strung Douglas has since declared himself temperamentally unsuited to the Presidency, and he is pretty much taken at his word. What is more, he has sacrificed some of his support to a political independence that has alienated admirers both in the liberal camp and among party regulars.

Humphrey, on the other hand, has supported the administration with zeal enough to make the President forget his preconvention coolness in 1948. At the same time he has made himself more than ever the spokesman of the party's liberal-labor segment. He sees his own mission as one of saving the party from being drowned by professional politicians. It can be said that if Truman does step down, Humphrey looks with favor on the Presidential candidacy of someone like Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois or Senator Kefauver, who has said he is neither running nor "running from the opportunity of running."

While Humphrey's presence will no doubt be impressed on the most casual observer, few are likely to know more about Oscar L. Chapman than the fact that he is Secretary of the Interior. Yet this soft-spoken, affable, friendly man, now in his mid-fifties, did more to bring off the Political Miracle of 1948 than any single individual except Harry Truman himself. It was Chapman who organized the whistle-stop tour and acted as front-runner; it was Chapman who sensed the powerful appeal of the administration's public power and reclamation programs to the voters of the West; and it is Chapman who will have a big say in the campaign strategy to be followed in 1952. Washington correspondents rate him as one of the ablest political tacticians in the country.

Without the Ickes War Club

With this shrewd approach to the mechanics of politics Chapman combines a fervor for the land and its improvement which has made him an influential figure in the West. Where his old boss, Harold Ickes, laid about him with a war club, Chapman is a master of the deft and gentle touch. He is a major figure in the Democratic party today, and whether or not his views make headlines, they will be carefully heeded in the inner councils of the party.

Not least among the top figures at the Democratic convention will be Alben W. Barkley, who is determined, according to the most trustworthy sources, to seek renomination as Vice-President. Party leaders may have misgivings on the ground of his age—he will be seventy-five by the time the election is held—but to deny him the nomination is considered out of the question.

This is not merely a matter of sentiment, but of very realistic strategy, for the good-humored, witty "Veep" is one of the most affectionately regarded individuals in American public life. To force him out would be an act of political recklessness that hardly seems to be in the cards. He will have to drop out, of course, if Vinson is the choice for President, since, for political expediency, persons from the same state would not be considered for the two top posts.

For all his years, Barkley is an effective and unbelievably energetic campaigner, with particular appeal in the Border States and the South. Those who sat in on the Philadelphia convention four years ago will not forget how he roused that lethargic gathering to the point where previously prepared signs reading "Barkley for Vice-President" sprang up all over the hall with the word "Vice" crudely crossed out. But his role next summer should be primarily that of the peacemaker, the spreader of good will. And of this commodity there may be considerable need.

If the Democrats have two unknowns—Truman and the Southerners—the Republicans' one unknown is a match for both of them. When a President keeps his party guessing, it may be hard on potential rivals, but his own supporters can afford to idle right up to the balloting and still be sure of putting him across if he gives the word. General Eisenhower's supporters have no such advantage. They face a battle royal on the convention floor, and every week that passes in uncertainty gives their opponents that much more of an advantage. Unless the general unequivocally withdraws, it is this clash that will fix the pattern of the Republican convention and dictate the individuals who will dominate its course.

In this connection, the man to watch will be Pennsylvania's crisp, plain-spoken Senator James H. Duff. The Eisenhower camp is expected to have a galaxy of high brass

KENNESAW

COLLIER'S **"I got a bottle of store liquor from Cousin Rufe and gave it to Bessie fer perfume"** REAMER KELLER

A fast-rising power in the Democratic party, though little known nationally, is Oklahoma's Senator Robert S. Kerr. A man of tremendous physical drive, an old-time orator of the Biblical school of eloquence, and a millionaire many times over, Bob Kerr has achieved something of a miracle in the Senate. After a mere two years in that chamber, hardly time enough to overcome the traditional prejudice against freshmen, Kerr directed the choice of the majority leader and the party whip. It was he who picked Senators Ernest McFarland of Arizona and Lyndon Johnson of Texas for those exalted posts early in 1951 and put them across by virtue of his energy, his persuasiveness and, not least, his connections.

Kerr's power, apart from his personal attributes, comes from the fact that, more than anyone else in the party, he now speaks for the Southwest—and oil, hardly a negligible factor in party finances. Ingenious and generally well liked, Kerr is something of a paradox. A Sunday-school teacher for 20 years (including the four years he was governor of Oklahoma) and an ardent prohibitionist, he is also a rough-and-tumble scrapper and a hardheaded politician. Idealism is all very well but "the best idea," he is said to have told a colleague, "is one that can be carried out."

Voting with the Fair Dealers some of the time—especially on rural electrification, farm prices and foreign policy—Kerr has also bucked the administration. It was he who led the unsuccessful fight to free independent producers of natural gas, in which he has his fortune, from the rate-fixing supervision of the Federal Power Commission. Senate Fair Dealers like Paul Douglas charged that the measure would have cost consumers more than $100,000,000 a year.

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at Chicago, but in all likelihood it will be the sixty-eight-year-old senator with the crew cut and soldierly bearing who will serve as field commander.

Harry Darby, Republican national committeeman and a wealthy Kansas cattleman, will be much in evidence to stress the vital Midwestern aspect of the Eisenhower campaign. So will prominent Easterners like New York's Governor Dewey, Representative Hugh D. Scott, Jr., of Pennsylvania and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., of Massachusetts, who has been picked by the general's top supporters to manage the drive for delegates. But it is Duff who has the forcefulness, the color and the magnetism to spark the campaign—and certain other advantages besides.

Unlike Dewey, Duff is free of the record of defeat and the inevitable resentments that follow in its wake. Recently elected to the Senate, he is politically satisfied and known to harbor no further ambitions for himself. And, like Dewey, he expects to command a significant number of delegates. Whether Duff will in fact be able to control the 70 votes of the Pennsylvania delegation is a question, in view of the fierce feud that has been raging between him and the state's Old Guard faction, headed by Joseph R. Grundy. But there is reason to believe that in spite of recent bitter exchanges, a peace may be in the making on the basis of Eisenhower's candidacy.

Duff is personally close to Governor Earl Warren of California, who, though a candidate in his own right, is not expected to oppose Eisenhower when the chips are down. The 140 votes of the two states combined would be a formidable bloc. With New York's 96 votes added, and 38 from Lodge's Massachusetts, these four states alone would come within hailing distance of the strength piled up painfully by Taft over the past year. And this is where Governor Dewey comes in. As one high official in the Republican party put it to this reporter, "Anyone who starts out at a convention with 96 votes in his vest pocket is a power to be reckoned with." On top of these, Dewey is expected to have some 50 "hidden votes" scattered around in other state delegations.

In spite of privately voiced suspicions to the contrary, Dewey appears to be entertaining no thoughts of running in his own right in 1952. He came out for Eisenhower as long ago as October, 1950, and has unequivocally backed him ever since, notably at the recent Governors' Conference in Gatlinburg, Tennessee, where he predicted that the general "will be nominated and elected." Senator Duff, who bitterly opposed Dewey's nomination four years ago, is satisfied after talking with the New York governor that he is for Eisenhower all the way and with no substitute in mind.

Warren Strategy Analyzed

Along with Senator Taft's conservative fedora, Governor Warren's is the other important hat already in the ring. The widespread belief in political circles is that for two reasons the Californian tossed it in earlier than he had originally intended. First, he can attract delegates who might otherwise drift to Taft and hold them for ultimate delivery to Eisenhower—if and when the general declares his candidacy. Second, if Eisenhower should be out of the picture next July, Warren himself will have been in the national spotlight long enough to be the logical beneficiary of the general's strength at the convention.

When the governor formally entered the race, Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon reflected this general attitude, remarking that while Eisenhower remained his first choice, he would "not be disappointed with the nomination of Warren."

Serving his third successive term at Sacramento, Warren is the top Republican not only in his home state but throughout the thirsty reaches of the Far West, where he has established himself as a champion of reclamation. One of the shrewdest members of the Democratic high command privately opines that with Warren at the top of the ticket the Republicans would probably have won in 1948.

Under California's freewheeling election laws, which permit Republicans to run in Democratic primaries and vice versa, Warren was nominated for governor on both tickets in 1946. While this may be a fair index of his popular appeal, it has been used against him by party "regulars," who take an unenthusiastic view of bipartisanship carried to that extent. On this score he was not helped by President Truman's dubious tribute in 1948: "He is really a Democrat and doesn't know it."

Winning and genial in manner, and with six highly photogenic children to help his campaign, Warren offers his party a strong personal appeal. More important, he offers a prospect of cutting into the vital independent vote to a degree improbable for Senator Taft.

Another candidate whose chances depend on attracting the pro-Eisenhower vote is Harold E. Stassen, the six-foot-three Minnesotan who swore when he was a schoolboy that he would be governor before he was thirty-five. He made it with four years to spare and has been eying the White House ever since. Now forty-four and president of the University of Pennsylvania, Stassen is counted in the Eisenhower camp, although not irrevocably committed. He could be extremely useful in advancing the general's cause.

One high Republican official estimates that he will have, to begin with, around 100 scattered delegates more or less responsive to his leadership. And, being both a pro-Grundy man in his adopted state and an Eisenhower supporter, he may be of considerable help in closing the breach between Duff and the Old Guard, with the aim of giving Eisenhower the solid Pennsylvania delegation.

But where Warren's best chance would occur with an Eisenhower withdrawal, Stassen's would come in the event of a deadlock between the general and Taft. Far from cultivating the liberal wing of the party, as a would-be alternative to Eisenhower might be expected to do, Stassen has been wooing the conservatives. Long identified with the so-called internationalists of his party, he needs acceptance among the conservatives and isolationists to be a logical compromise candidate, should Taft and Eisenhower fight each other to a standstill.

It is this, say some Washington observers, that explains why Stassen made special efforts to denounce Dr. Philip C. Jessup last October before a Senate committee considering his nomination to be U.S. delegate to the United Nations.

If Stassen's role as the ideal compromise candidate fails to get him the Presidential nomination, those who have watched him closely think he would happily settle for less. His internationalist views on foreign policy would make him a perfect running mate for Taft, convention politicians being traditionally less concerned with consistency than with the catchall possibilities of a "balanced ticket." And if Eisenhower wins, a supporter of Stassen's stature might well rate a spot in the Cabinet. A shrewd bargainer, he has a good deal to bargain with.

Even if Robert Alphonso Taft were not the first avowed candidate in the field, he would be among the biggest of the big wheels at Chicago. With the head start he has, his will be a star role, dimmed only perhaps by the shadow of Eisenhower. To many thousands Taft has become a symbol. He is "Mr. Republican," representing the classic virtues of a moderate conservatism, and appealing to those Republicans who, in the words of his backers, are "determined to fight the administration all the way down the line." That means foreign policy as well as domestic.

Taft realizes, no doubt, that at sixty-two, and after three tries for the nomination, he has only this one more chance to win the day and put his stamp for years to come on the Republican party. To further this end, his lieutenants have been beating the bushes ever since his emphatic victory in Ohio in 1950 and they are reliably thought to have a little more than 300 delegates lined up, mostly from the South and Middle West. State committee chairmen and other professionals are reported to lean toward Taft for the simple reason that he is a known quantity, which Eisenhower is not. They are also naturally sensitive to that inner voice which whispers, "Get aboard the band wagon now, when it counts."

Taft in a Kingmaker Role?

It is true, of course, that 300 votes is only half of what Taft needs to win and that he had nearly as many in his column at the start of the 1948 convention. He failed then and he could go down again, perhaps locked in an indecisive struggle with Eisenhower. But even so he would be highly influential. An unsuccessful candidate is very rarely able to deliver his entire vote to a rival, but he can deliver enough of it to be a kingmaker if not a king.

Some think Taft would try to throw his strength to Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen of Illinois, who enjoys a reputation on Capitol Hill as an eloquent spokesman of old-fashioned Republicanism and who has long feared that "the State Department is becoming a branch of Downing Street." But it seems unlikely that if Taft himself cannot be nominated, the convention would turn to a man even further to the right. It is in circumstances like this that a "dark horse" is trotted out, and if that is what is to happen, no one doubts that Bob Taft will have a persuasive voice in the selection.

When General Douglas MacArthur was asked in June whether he would run for President, his answer was "emphatically, no," and there are few who still see him as a candidate. Yet, no shrewd politician on either side of the MacArthur controversy minimizes his potential influence at Chicago.

If he addresses the delegates—and he is likely to be extended that courtesy—the Taft forces will reap the benefit of his extraordinary eloquence and prestige. Committed supporters of Eisenhower will hardly be swerved at the last minute by oratory. But subject the undecided delegates, the waverers, to the MacArthur magic and there is no telling what might happen. In a tight race these delegates-on-the-fence may well be crucial, and MacArthur's lone speech the difference between a clean hit for Eisenhower and a near miss.

Besides these 12 men, a great many others will no doubt be influential at Chicago. Seasoned convention officers, like Sam Rayburn of Texas, the Democrats' powerful Speaker of the House, and Joseph W. Martin of Massachusetts, the Republican minority leader in the House, have become almost institutions at these affairs. Shrewd floor lieutenants, like Wisconsin's Republican State Chairman Thomas E. Coleman, in Taft's corner, and Representative Hugh D. Scott, Jr., in Eisenhower's, are expected to do a major job of chipping away at the mass of delegates who are uninstructed to begin with or released from their pledges after the first few ballots.

Leaders of the Northern machines—Edward J. Flynn of New York, Jacob Arvey of Chicago, David Lawrence of Pittsburgh—will serve, as always, to keep their delegates in line. But these are, after all, the field officers, not the generals. There is reason to believe, moreover, that with corruption in public office sure to be a major campaign issue, distinctly back seats will be assigned to locally powerful political bosses, many of whose machines are vulnerable to attack.

Apart, then, from Truman and Eisenhower themselves, the two absent giants, the field is clear for the dozen men who have been named here. Barring the unexpected—and actually the unexpected can't be barred at conventions any more than at horse races—these 12 men will largely determine the choice for the rest of us. THE END

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Painless Parker

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

ethical practitioner. Any infraction of the code would mean instant and irrevocable exile from his profession. Mindful of all this, Edgar crouched behind his curtains from June to September. During that time, he took in 75 cents.

"It was monstrous!" Dr. Parker recalls. "Here I was bitten by the look-at-me bug. I had a temperature of 104; I was a desperate case. Yet I sat there sniveling behind those portieres. My family was broke at the time and my father, upright man that he was, was giving me the dog eye. Still I sat there, daring the public to starve us all to death. Monstrous!"

The day Edgar brought the 75 cents home, Parker, Sr., lost his head and threatened to turn him away from the family table. It was this scene that set Edgar's mind working in ways that were eventually to harass ethical dentistry. People stayed away from dentists, he reasoned, for four reasons: fear of pain, ignorance, procrastination or lack of money.

Fear was the big problem, of course, and for good reason. In 1892, it took raw courage to step into a dentist's chair. Some of the advanced practitioners used gas, but the majority of dentists just gave their patients a hearty slap on the back and fell to with drill and forceps, unmindful of the roars and flailings that ensued. Resolving to banish pain and fear in one blow, Dr. Parker went down to see what the local druggist had in the way of pain killers. The druggist made up a brew which Dr. Parker named hydrocain and tried out on his own gums, using a kind of horse syringe. It worked.

Inspiration From a Preacher

Procrastination was not so easily overcome, however. In pondering this problem, Dr. Parker's eye happened to light on the local minister.

"I noticed the reverend gentleman never had an empty church," the doctor says, "and the reason was that he painted such a picture of hell-fire every Sunday that nobody dared stay away. Nobody thought *he* was unethical. So I wrote me a sermon about the horrifying bonfire awaiting laggards who neglected their teeth. When I had it written I went to a neighboring town to try it out."

Though the point is disputed, that is probably the day dentistry advertising got its start. Compared with later Parker demonstrations, of course, this first effort was piddling. The doctor parked an express wagon on Main Street, hung a kerosene torch from a clothes pole tied to the wagon wheel, climbed up on the tail gate and began to blow a cornet.

"We found each other right there—those wonderful rubes and I," the doctor recalls, fondly. "They needed dentistry worse than I needed money, if such a thing was possible. Without hesitation, I let them have the sermon. I offered to pay $5, which I didn't have, to anybody who felt the slightest pain having a tooth removed, and pretty soon they were snapping at the bait like wildcats in a chophouse. Well, friend, I took in $8 that night, with no refunds. Also, I took 33 teeth out of 12 patients and nobody screamed. Why, I'll never know. I ran out of hydrocain on the seventh patient."

The news of this event got back to Tynemouth Creek before Dr. Parker. On his return, a committee of doctors and dentists called on him and said they had decided to overlook this one digression because of his youth. What Dr. Parker said in reply sent the committee away muttering darkly. That afternoon, he rigged a chair on a soapbox on a downtown street corner, hired a retired British bugler and a man in buckskin to beat a tom-tom and swung into his sermon under a banner advertising free extractions and cut-rate plates and fillings. A couple of weeks later, when business had boomed and he had added a banjo player and a contortionist, he looked up from an open mouth to meet the stony eyes of his father. "Pack up this freak show and get on home!" commanded Parker, Sr.

Edgar took a long, deep breath. Then, "I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but I can't let you interfere with the health and safety of all these good people. Please stand aside."

There was a moment of frozen silence. Then Parker, Sr., thrust a pamphlet at his son.

"Since you won't be guided, be warned!" he said. "Good day!"

The pamphlet, signed by members of the provincial dental association, cautioned one and all that E. R. Parker, D.D.S., was a faker and a quack whose patients risked injury, infection and even death. At the moment two men were circulating pamphlets in the crowd. A general muttering was beginning to arise when a policeman arrived with a warrant for Parker's arrest. It seems that several days before, the association had had passed a law requiring every dentist in the province to pay a $2 yearly fee. Since the law had been designed to trip Parker, he quite naturally had not been informed about it.

His arrest made a deep impression on Dr. Parker, and the next day the respectable man and the pitchman in him had a standup talk. The dental code had not been written solely to plague him. He knew better than that. Nor was it a device to maintain minimum price standards, or hamstring more aggressive dentists, or to keep the public in ignorance of trade secrets.

The code was designed principally to keep unscrupulous dentists from removing teeth and making plates simply because that was where the quick money was to be made. It was designed to promote research dentistry, and orthodontia, the long-term, poorly paid care of children's teeth, and the general level of skill and integrity in the profession. Without it, the plight of the patient might be grim indeed.

On the other hand, Dr. Parker reasoned, there was a good chance he would starve waiting for the public to find him out. Unless they had toothaches, people naturally put dental care last. They had to be educated, and since, so far as Parker could see, the dental association was doing nothing to educate them, someone had to. Beyond that, Dr. Parker refused to admit that dentistry was a legitimate branch of medicine, and insisted it was essentially "a mechanic's trade." In addition, he felt that too many dentists catered to people with money. Worst of all, from Parker's view, the association stifled competition, or at least slowed the pace of the aggressive practitioner to that of the most retiring and least competent one.

With all this revolving in his mind, Dr. Parker took a train across the border into Maine. But Maine dentists had heard about him and suggested he keep moving. He wandered back to Montreal where he tried to start an office. But dentists were not permitted to practice in Montreal unless they had degrees from the dental college of Quebec.

"For four days I didn't have a bite to eat," Parker complained, recently. "Then the inner man went wild. I took four teeth out of a woman in Quebec and headed for Ontario. There, it was starve, steal or take a chance. I took the chance and had to beat it again, this time to Michigan where I earned enough to buy a horse and wagon and some dental supplies. Then I started up into the Canadian wilderness. Wilderness is exactly what I mean, friend."

Dr. Parker made a fascinating backwoods sight as he started on his journey in the spring of 1892. Short, broad-shouldered and darkly handsome, he wore the inevitable top hat and frock coat and striped trousers stuffed into high boots. His brown hair hung halfway down to his collar. Below his heavy-browed glance, described by fellow dentists as malevolent and by ladies as intimate, or smoldering, he wore the same kind of mustache and beard that distinguish him to this day. His red wagon stood out like a fire among the trees and, lest anyone should fail to know who was passing, was equipped with two large signs, proclaiming "E. R. Parker, Doctor of Dental Surgery."

Adventuring into the singing forests was a pleasure at first. But when a week, two weeks, three weeks went by with no customers, he began to weaken. Standing in his wagon in front of the livery stable in a small town one day, he blew his cornet until a good-sized crowd had gathered. Then, as he recalls it, he launched into the first of hundreds of frontal assaults on what he was later to label the "dental trust."

"Gents," he bellowed, angrily, "you see before you a poor, plain, honest, itinerant tooth-hoister, hounded like a criminal by the ethicals to this godless wilderness. And what for? Because I dared to cut prices and advertise. For this, they drove me into this abandoned, godforsaken . . ."

At this moment, a pistol shot from the back row lifted Dr. Parker's top hat from his head.

"I'm Parson J. B. Towers," shouted the marksman, waving a huge shooting iron, "and I don't aim to hear this fair territory called godless by little runts in the pay of Satan!" With that, the reverend gentleman let go again.

"Naturally, sir!" Dr. Parker exclaimed loudly, scrambling into the wagon seat and whipping up his horse. "An inexcusable blunder on my part."

A Patient in the Pinelands

Two days later, Dr. Parker drove slowly down a back road in beautiful pine-forest country. The freshness of the morning only increased the gnawing in his stomach and the war between the ethical and unethical sides of his personality. It seemed to him that he had wandered into a part of Canada where tooth ailments must be unknown. His thoughts were so gloomy that for a while he failed to hear a farmer hailing him from a nearby field. "You a dentist?" the farmer inquired thickly as he pulled up beside the wagon. When Dr. Parker admitted, rather angrily, that he was, the farmer told a sad tale of a filling that had dropped out the week before, causing him indescribable anguish.

Mention of fillings aroused Dr. Parker from torpor and he sprang from the wagon and rushed up to the farmer. Turning his open mouth to the sunlight, he gazed eagerly within. A number of gaping cavities met his eye.

"Climb right up on this seat, sir, and brace yourself," Dr. Parker remembers saying. "This is an ugly and complicated situation—one of the worst I ever saw. In fact, it's just luck I got here when I did. Nevertheless, I think I can save you."

In a moment the doctor loaded a hypodermic needle with hydrocain and thrust it into the membrane of the lower jaw. Then he dropped the instrument to wrestle the shrieking farmer.

"Courage, man!" Dr. Parker yelled, ramming a knee into the farmer's chest. "That hydrocain is an absolute pain killer!"

For a few whirlwind seconds, it seemed as though Dr. Parker was going to lose the fall, but then the farmer slumped back and the doctor attacked the throbbing tooth with a scaler. By this time, the hydrocain, always a fickle anesthetic, should have deadened the nerve. But from the way the farmer resumed thrashing and arching his back, Dr. Parker could only conclude that it had not. Nevertheless, he continued scraping.

When the tooth was ready, the doctor dived into the back of the wagon in search of mercury and other ingredients for the filling. But the mercury was nowhere to be found. Dr. Parker was thunderstruck. The farmer sat whimpering in the seat, the need for hurry written into every line of his body. If cold air touched the tooth, the farmer would certainly fly off the wagon and into the woods, carrying the fee with him.

But here Dr. Parker exhibited the native resourcefulness under fire that has distinguished his 59-year running fight with the ethicals. Pulling a weather thermometer from the wagon side, he broke it in two and began mixing the mercury with other in-

COLLIER'S

"Trouble with Sam is he's his own best customer"

ROBERT DAY

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gredients in his palm. Within minutes, he had the tooth filled and 10 silver dollars, a staggering windfall, slapping his thigh.

"It was a crisis for both of us," Dr. Parker said, recently. "If I hadn't found that farmer right then, it is possible the respectable man in me would have triumphed and dentistry for the common man would have been set back 500 years."

Dr. Parker stroked his silvery Vandyke as he announced this figure and then his eyes grew thoughtful.

"Make that 50 years," he said.

There is not much doubt that this farmer exercised a profound, though unintentional, influence on the future of dentistry, simply by paying Edgar Parker the fee that enabled him to continue in his profession. The next morning, fed, rested and spiritually renewed, he set out for the open country of Canada's west.

Western Canada was a wild and dangerous country in those days but Dr. Parker was not particularly aware of this as he plodded toward the mountains beyond Calgary, in Alberta Province. In the autumn of 1893, he was jouncing along in a half doze when he found himself suddenly surrounded by a dozen or so mounted Indians. ("Blackfeet, probably. Mean-looking devils!") Gesturing graphically, Dr. Parker explained to one of them who seemed to understand English that he was the greatest tooth fixer among the palefaces. The Indian showed great surprise at this news and turned to make palaver with his fellows, who were inspecting Dr. Parker and his wagon with grunts of disbelief. Then the Indian poked the doctor with a stick and motioned for him to turn off the road.

Chief Had Heap Big Toothache

The next few hours are still etched on Dr. Parker's memory.

"They ran me over a hill and down to their village, which was in a meadow," he recalls grandiloquently. "It was a barbarous sight. I saw some braves sizing up my hair when they took me into a big hogan where a wizened-up old guy was sitting on a rug, holding his jaw and moaning. I realized right away that this little old guy was the chief, and that he had one of the world's great toothaches.

"Well," said Dr. Parker, "it seemed as though a vengeful Providence was against me. The whole village was worked up about the chief's tooth and feeling ornery. If he yelled once while I was using the needle or the forceps, it would be Parker's last extraction—a disaster for dentistry. If he didn't yell, my fee would be my hair.

"Well," said the doctor, running his fingers through his hair, "you see I still have it. And by a remarkable ruse. I asked one of the braves to run out to my wagon and get my cornet because I couldn't make medicine on a chief without calling in the spirit of the Great Dentist. Then, with the cornet in my left hand and the forceps in my right, I blew and yanked with all my might. I hadn't bothered with the hydrocain and when the old guy fainted I told the braves the Great Dentist had merely put the chief to sleep, and that when he woke up he'd be cured. It was touch and go, I tell you, until I showed them a bagful of old horse teeth I carried around with me.

" 'These specimens belonged to a powerful chief in the East,' I said, passing the horse teeth around. 'A giant of a man.'

"Well," Dr. Parker recalls, ruminatively, "they kept the teeth and turned me loose. I always meant to write that extraction up for the dental journals, but I never did. But think of it, man—performed with one hand. And while I was blowing a cavalry charge!"

In November, 1893, when Dr. Parker finally arrived in Victoria, British Columbia, the urge to settle down and be respectable seized him with great force. With the best intentions in the world, he called on the board of dental examiners and explained that, although his diploma was in a trunk being held for back rent by a landlady in the East, he would like to begin practice. Also, Parker said, he could not pay the $25 registration fee until he had earned it. He asked for credit and to his surprise the examiners did not object.

Dr. Parker remembers his first Victoria patient as a large, flat-footed man who came in to have his teeth cleaned. The doctor finished the job in no time, but instead of producing the fee the man produced a badge and informed Dr. Parker he was under arrest for not registering to practice in British Columbia. For a moment, the doctor seemed about to protest. Then he walked over to a newly painted sign, about two feet long and bearing his name, that rested against a wall. Calmly, almost wearily, he broke the sign over the man's head and then walked down to the police station to give himself up. Later, distant relatives bailed him out, paid the fee and set him going, over the protests of most of the local dentists, as an ethical, or semiethical practitioner.

"Unfortunately," says the doctor, "the ethicals couldn't resist pointing me out as a mustang that had been gentled. Since I wasn't making any money, I said the hell with it and lit out for Sitka, Alaska."

Sitka was beginning to run with gold in the winter of 1893, but somehow, deft as he was, Dr. Parker couldn't seem to get his hands on any of it. It was maddening to walk into saloons and see little sacks of the lovely metal being tossed around like beanbags, he recalls. But since most extractions were being performed by fists in Sitka that winter, Dr. Parker spent much of his time snowed in in an evil-smelling cabin and dreaming of spring when he could catch a ship out.

The only unmarried women in Sitka, as it happened, were in the entertainment business and their time was in clamorous demand. Because female company could only be had by beating all challengers into insensibility, the doctor resigned himself to a bachelor winter. The time might have gone peacefully enough had not the heart of one of the members of the Flora Dora chorus melted one night at sight of the doctor, magnificently clothed, as always, leaning against the bar. "Her name was Agnes," Dr. Parker recalls, with a sigh. "A former carnival wrestler, several inches taller than myself, powerfully muscled, handsome and fast on her feet. Our acquaintance began when I happened to remark what splendid occlusion she had as she bared her teeth in a smile at me one evening. I never intended to pursue the acquaintance further because her steady escort was the bartender of the place, a man of terrifying size and ferocity, named Sam."

Just what it was about the doctor that hit Agnes so hard is not clear. She said it was his refinement. Whatever it was, Dr. Parker did not wish to enrage Sam about it, so one night, when Agnes attempted to sit on his lap while he was playing poker, the doctor told her flatly that he was a married man and, in fact, the father of six.

Agnes, who was dressed in tights, leaped up at this information and strode to the bar where she stood brooding. Then as Dr. Parker recalls the scene, she strode back with Sam at her side.

"Stand up!" she thundered at the doctor.

"Certainly, madam," said Dr. Parker, rising.

"Defend yourself!" yelled Agnes, beginning to circle the doctor in a half crouch.

"Now, madam, this is ridiculous," said Dr. Parker, backing off. "I cannot manhandle a lady."

"I know damn' well you can't!" shouted Agnes.

When Dr. Parker continued to edge away, Sam could bear it no longer.

"Why'n't you stand still and rassle the lady like she wants, little whiskers?" he boomed, disgustedly.

Before Dr. Parker could answer, Agnes darted in, grabbed a headlock and, throwing her shapely hip into the action, flung him over her shoulder and out into the sawdust in the center of the room. When he did not rise for the second fall, Agnes burst into stormy tears and, burying her head in Sam's chest, was led off sobbing.

"The most expressive woman I ever met," the doctor mused, recently. "Heart on her sleeve but dangerous as a water buffalo when aroused." He sighed heavily. "I might have learned to care for her if she'd had a little less reach on me, I suppose. But as it was . . ."

With the coming of spring the sap began to rise in the trees and Dr. Parker. He was a very young man, usually full of health and optimism, and beyond all that, a man with a mission, which was to bring tooth salvation to the millions.

The problem was how to get the mission under way. Whenever he began to ponder this problem, the respectable man in Dr. Parker always rose like a temperance worker and began to rant at the showman side of his personality for time lost, sins committed and money flung to the winds.

". . . and to top it all off, he gave me a convertible on which I can get only seven miles to the gallon!"

COLLIER'S — JANE SPEAR KING

These sessions inevitably left the doctor shaken and miserable and full of resolve to start over. Nevertheless, the day he appeared on the Sitka docks to catch the first spring ship south, all he had to show for the winter were two more bullet holes in his top hat, put there late one night by a drunken miner who had mistaken him for a person of quality in the dim moonlight.

Back in Victoria, Dr. Parker made up his mind once and for all to set up an ethical practice and stick to it. But a few days later he had the misfortune to run into a light-foot gentleman named William True, who took an immediate fancy to him and began to play upon his weaknesses. True was street-peddling "Ponce de León, Fountain of Youth Water" at a dollar a bottle at the time, and such was the quality of his spiel that even the doctor bought some of it. After that, it was an easy matter for True to lead Dr. Parker down the path of wickedness.

True and Parker were an instant success. "We had a complete service," the doctor recalls, rather proudly. "I fixed their teeth and True toned up the rest of the body." Adding a few items such as Tiger Bone (for waning virility), itch soother, toothache medicine and worm killer to their line, they headed south for San Francisco where they did a rushing business on Market Street in front of the Palace Hotel, opposite the flat-iron building that is GHQ for the Parker chain today. When business began to slacken, Dr. Parker put his earnings in a money belt, said good-by to True and headed for the Northwest Territory. Then he started east across Canada for home.

About the only diversion Dr. Parker found on the return trip took place in the town of Medicine Hat. The doctor had mounted a barrel, he recalls, and was midway in an elevating sermon when an intoxicated and uncouth rider arrived to stare at him in amazement and then begin riding around the fringe of the crowd, firing his six gun and yelling: "Shoot the faker!" It was here Dr. Parker received the fourth and last bullet through his top hat, which some kind person retrieved and the doctor restored to his head without stopping talking. The marksman turned out to be an old friend, young Tom Bradshaw, son of "Crooked Neck" Tom Bradshaw, of Tynemouth Creek. With him, the doctor eventually rode on East.

The Showman Takes Command

In his years of travel, Dr. Parker had built up a rather extravagant picture of Tynemouth Creek in his mind, but when he got there in the summer of 1894, it seemed mysteriously shrunken and lifeless. After a few restless days, he moved on to nearby Saint Martin's and let the showman, which was rising fast in him again, have a go at livening things up. What he needed, he reasoned, was a really big-time dental-medicine show—something to jar eastern Canada out of the dreadful lethargy into which he felt it had fallen. Immediately, Dr. Parker began advertising for performers and in no time he had a large and strange company ready to go on the road.

Entertainment of the kind Dr. Parker offered was rare, and town- and countryfolk flocked to stare at the war-whooping braves, the sword swallowers, bearded ladies, Irish tenors and particularly at the veiled young women with bare midriffs who ground through the sinuous dances of the inscrutable East while Dr. Parker preached tooth redemption from a gas-lighted podium.

The Parker troupe played eastern Canada for a year. In territory where he had once hungered, the doctor began to take in $350 a day—an income that quieted protests from the respectable man. Teeth flew like shucked corn, and when he had more or less covered the back country, the doctor chartered a schooner and sailed with his troupe for Grand Manan Island, in the Bay of Fundy, and worked Whitehead, Grand Harbour and other ports before moving down to the coastal towns of Maine. There, the Parker cast attained such professional polish that the doctor himself joined it, abandoning dentistry temporarily, and playing opera houses and town halls with enormous gusto in a dramatic vehicle called The Lunatic Asylum.

Dr. Parker's banking procedure at this time was to put all his earnings for a day into his right coat pocket and transfer what remained, after expenses were paid, to his left pocket each night. But his left pocket seemed to be full of holes, and despite a successful tour, he was flat broke at its conclusion.

Pondering this sad fact one night, the respectable man began to come out of retirement in Dr. Parker once more and to berate the rest of him foully. At twenty-three, he reminded himself, he was no farther along than he had been sitting behind the curtain in the barbershop. Sinking into gloom, the doctor suddenly decided he was tired of country tooth pulling, tired of medicine shows and above all tired of rubes. What he needed was a bigger horizon, the subtle movements and refinements of a great city. New York popped into his head at this critical moment and he immediately resolved to go there.

For some reason, the doctor didn't think there would be any rubes in New York. Fortunately for him, he was badly mistaken.

The second of three articles on the fabulous Parker will appear in next week's Collier's. Order your copy now

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Our Friendliest Diplomat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

welcomes waited at every stop. Ravndal, adept at idiomatic Spanish, had a word for everyone and shook every available hand. Between freight trains, he fretted audibly that his enforced immobility wouldn't allow him to acknowledge the lighthearted greetings of farm children who ran down to the road crossings to cry, *"Viva los Estados Unidos de Norte America!"*

At the end of seven hours in the autocar, Ravndal could hardly move. But a small brass band was playing The Star-Spangled Banner outside, so he stood up as straight as he could and snapped his hat over his heart. The railroad station in Artigas (population 14,000) was bursting with citizens, who walked him through the streets to the statue of their hero, from there to City Hall, and thence to the hotel, where a dozen to 20 of them crowded into Ravndal's room to watch him wash and shave.

It was a truly triumphal entry. It was also bitter cold. Before he went to dinner that night, the ambassador wore his pajamas, with a sweater under them, beneath his shirt and trousers. On top of the shirt was another sweater, two vests, a jacket and a topcoat. Back at the hotel after his "thank you" speech, he went to bed without taking off his hat. The bathroom was outside the building, across a long icy stretch of bare stone floor.

Ravndal did not get back to the Uruguayan capital for a full week. On the way, he stopped for two more visits: at Salto (population 42,000) and at Paysandú (population 35,000). There, in a far-flung settlement of Slavic immigrants the Communists are cultivating so they can cause trouble at the right moment, he was taken by the arm in a public schoolroom and led in front of the class. The principal who escorted him held up a hand to quiet the children.

"Here in front of you is the ambassador of the United States of North America," his voice trembled. "But he is much more than an ambassador. He is the personification of that spirit which led the American people to go to war to defend the tiny republic of Korea. And you children must always remember that his people are fighting and dying far away, as much to protect your life and liberty here in little Uruguay, as for their own sakes."

Out of the silence that fell, then, a little girl stepped with a small bouquet. As she reached for his hand, the ambassador wept.

Newspapers enthused about the friendly visitor. The ambassadors of Great Britain and Italy received urgent instructions from their home offices to bestir themselves to a similar end. Uruguay's Foreign Minister telephoned his congratulations—"It's the very best kind of diplomacy." And Ravndal, traveling on momentum, asked what objection the Uruguayan political "ins" would have if he extended his friend-making to the political "outs." "None whatever," was the reply, on the strength of which the ambassador boldly walked into the den of tough old Yankee-hating Herrera.

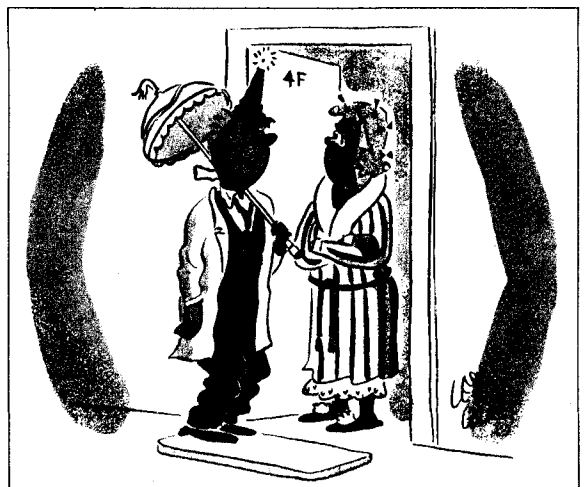
"Ignominious!" screamed Justicia, the Communist propaganda weekly, over a "news" story about that interview. "Vile affront to the national sovereignty. Yankee ambassador proposes to declare the Communist party illegal and send Uruguayan troops to Korea. The agent of war visited Herrera for that purpose." That was on July 28, 1950.

By August 11th, this "plot" had grown (in Justicia's columns only) to include delay of Uruguay's scheduled November elections and seizure of dictatorial power by the incumbent President. Fantastically, the rich, velvet voice of Marian Anderson became involved when she arrived by plane for a concert and denied the Communists' claim that she had signed their Stockholm Peace Appeal.

Noting that Ravndal met Miss Anderson at the airport and whisked her away, Justicia openly insinuated that he had extorted the retraction from her by threatening a lynching.

With that hysterical outburst, Soviet influence in Uruguay began to fail. For the event disclosed publicly a shift which the Communist party had made behind the scenes long before. The authentic interest in domestic problems which originally gave the Reds control of the labor unions when no other party cared enough to discuss the issues of the workingman was now supplanted by interest in projects useful only to the Soviet—the "peace" campaign being foremost.

It was a highly unpopular substitution. Big landholders had learned nothing from the squeezing their Argentine neighbors had taken from Perón. And political reaction to their archaic social thinking had allowed privileged labor and state-run enterprise to become so widespread in Uruguay simultaneously that a momentous question would have to be answered soon: When did government cease being an employer subject to bargaining with labor and when did it begin being the sovereign will of the people demanding obedience? But this hard reality was brushed aside. Blind fear that Ravndal would destroy the shibboleth of "Yankee imperialism" drove the Communists onto alien ground.



"How dull and boring was the office party *this* time?"

COLLIER'S — LESTER COLIN

Eighty professional agitators, trained in Moscow, were quickly assigned to break up receptions wherever the ambassador appeared and then ridicule him afterward for his "unpopularity."

Agitators Missed One Detail

Being concerned with humanity only in the mechanical sense of attempting to manipulate it, this strategy overlooked one small unmechanical detail: the Uruguayans practice a degree of independence that is almost unique, and they are deeply proud of the generous hospitality of their home countryside. When the agitators tried to pervert and distort this truth, they met unexpected violence.

The first explosion occurred on the envoy's second trip into the interior. His host was the town of Treinta y Tres, named for the indomitable band of 33 men who launched Uruguay's revolt against Spanish imperial rule in 1825.

A week before he was due there, the town council issued a decree declaring Ravndal an official guest.

Next day, the local Communist leader, Saturnino A. Acosta, asked police permission to post this handbill at prominent points in the streets:

"Get out of Korea, Yankee Invaders,
Get out of Uruguay, Mr. Ravndal,
recruiter of cannon fodder,
fomenter of *coups d'état*.
Giant meeting—at Plaza 19th of April—
on Sunday the 20th."

The permit was refused; the Uruguayan penal code sets prison terms for insults to diplomats. Nevertheless, under cover of midnight, the Communists went abroad with stepladders, gluepots and brushes—into the arms of waiting cops.

To pry these offenders out of jail, the Russian-trained agents hustled back from Montevideo. They, too, landed behind bars. Close behind them stormed Enrique Rodríguez, Communist member of the national Chamber of Deputies, the Sunday-night speaker.

"I protest these arrests," Rodríguez thundered. "I accuse you of violating the Constitution. I demand protection."

Forty of the party faithful surrounded the platform to hear Rodríguez orate. A line of police surrounded them. Fifty yards away, 1,500 citizens surrounded the police. Everyone stood in respectful silence while the Commies played the national anthem. As the last notes died, a loud thumping of tin cans rose from the outermost circle of spectators, interspersed with whistling and disrespectful hoots. Rodríguez got to his feet and faced his handful of listeners. "Comrades," he bellowed, "Com—"

A long wooden pole swung a swift arc over the fringe of the throng and silenced the speaker by knocking out the wire that carried power to his amplifier. As though the interruption were a signal, stones began falling on the heads of the Reds, who jumped into waiting police cars and raced for home. Into the space they abandoned swarmed the infuriated mob; beneath its weight, the speakers' platform crashed in splinters.

And when Ravndal got there four days later?

"Only 23 motorcars were in the procession that welcomed him at the edge of town," Justicia reported. "Not more than 1,000 people heard him speak. The banquet tickets were sold at five pesos ($2) each, a ridiculous price considering the fact that this was supposed to be a homage to an ambassador."

Knowing that Treinta y Tres is a rural town, where no public event ever had rounded up that many automobiles in one line before, where there were only 20,000 people altogether, and where five pesos buys a truly sumptuous meal, Justicia's readers read this report and realized they had to stop Ravndal.

The grassy mesa town of Tacuarembó (population 16,000) was the ambassador's host on his third trip, and there the Communists thought they had him. Their local strength was sufficient to justify the opening of their own college for schoolteachers. Confidently, they distributed palm-size handbills accusing the awaited guest of "hate and aggression against the Soviet Union" and then summoned an anti-Ravndal demonstration in the town's main square, on this keynote: "Down with foreign intervention."

A huge crowd assembled for the character assassination. Before it stopped erupting, the speakers' rostrum was ablaze in a gay bonfire along with poster portraits of Stalin, and the windows of the local Communist headquarters were shattered by stones. Order was restored only after a street battle in which high-school art teacher Anhelo Fernández was thoroughly mauled.

Fernández swore publicly, with appropriate gestures, that *his* classroom would be *one* place where the "Yankee meddler" would *not* be tolerated.

Ravndal knew nothing of this the day he went to Tacuarembó. But the door of Fernández' room was rudely slammed as he approached it through the hall of the school. Embarrassed and ashamed, Fernández' fellow teachers explained as best they could. Ravndal went the rounds of the classes as though nothing untoward had happened. When he came to Fernández' room, he strode in smiling, took his self-proclaimed foe flat-footed, and shook him by the hand. The pupils jumped up from their desks and cheered. Utterly humiliated, useless to the Communist cause, Fernández left town for another school.

Jitters in State Department

There is no Communist college for schoolteachers in Tacuarembó today. But the timid traditionalists who are still to be found here and there in the State Department read Uruguayan newspaper accounts of the Tacuarembó excitement and were stricken with jitters.

"Let's not offend anybody," they quavered, transmitting their nervousness to their superiors and thence to Montevideo. "You might get hit with a tomato, and that would be most embarrassing."

Ravndal read the note to one of his aids.

"My son Frank's a paratrooper (then in the Korean war area) getting shot at with bullets," he boiled. "What would he think if I were afraid of a tomato? They can have this job if that's how they feel!"

Only incredible despair could have driven those last words from Ravndal's lips. He belonged to the Foreign Service heart and soul. He was born into it, fifty-two years ago, at Beirut, Syria, where his Norwegian-born father, Gabriel, was U.S. consul. He had taken the oath the moment he was eligible, and had worked his way up in less than four years from a code clerkship in Vienna to be a full-fledged consul at the age of twenty-five.

His memory raced over the years: 1931, and the gang of visa forgers he smashed in Shanghai; 1932, the immigration crooks he caught in Italy, Germany and Poland; 1935-'40, the Axis plans he exposed, single-handed—plans to cripple our raw material supply from South America; 1941, as Assistant Chief of the Division of American Republics, helping hold open the back door to drive the German dictator out of Africa. And now he must retreat from a Russian dictator's stooges in that same doorway?

Liaison Officer to the Geographic Division of the Board of Economic Warfare. Member of the Secretariat of the Board of Economic Operations. Chief of the American Hemisphere Exports Office. Member of the Board of Economic Operations. Member of the Requirements Commission of the War Production Board. Those were the jobs he had held in World War II. Through them all, in the days when it was popular to look at the Reds through rose-colored glasses and so miss the extreme choler of their complexion, he had consistently opposed unlimited supplies to Russia. And now that everyone acknowledged the Russian danger, and he was in a position to block it at a vital spot, he had to stand aside?

In December, 1943, he had gone to Sweden, as Counselor of Legation in Stockholm, to help cut off Swedish iron ore and ball bearings from the Nazis. And now that he could prevent another aggressor from interfering with iron ore sources far closer to home, merely by making friends, he must sit on his hands?

With each militant memory, the passive present deepened in bitter conflict. Hardest of all to take was the absolute negation of what he himself had preached as Director

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General of the Foreign Service between 1947 and 1949. It was his task then to reorganize the whole elite corps of the State Department, broaden it into a force that would be a true cross section of the American people, and bring it into gear with the swiftly moving times. In the very middle of this Herculean labor, he had taken time out to elucidate his philosophy for the 1948 graduating class at Luther College in Iowa, where, in his youth, he had studied for the clergy.

"The calendar has been replaced by the clock," he had told the students. "Days and weeks have been transformed into hours and minutes. The once remote is now just down the street. We cannot afford to be the rich man on the street of poverty."

How had he thought to escape this predicament? By taking an honest interest in other peoples. Meeting them face to face. Letting them see us as we really are.

And now, an ambassador himself, he was being told, in effect, to ignore his own fundamental beliefs.

Too loyal to be insubordinate, too alive to be silent, Ravndal chafed in the confines of Montevideo while a long exchange of letters took place with Washington. In the end, the "sit back and wait" contingent in the State Department defeated itself. Pressed to explain its opposition to Ravndal's activity, it sent to the Uruguayan Embassy in search of criticism. The Uruguayans sent back five unexpected words: "Ravndal is a *real* diplomat." Edward G. Miller, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, ended the episode promptly after that by formally declaring his confidence in Ravndal's judgment.

Reds Go After His Scalp

During this hiatus, the Communists went after the ambassador's scalp officially, by asking the Foreign Office in Montevideo to declare him *persona non grata*. Failing in that, they appealed formally for "protection" against him during the election campaign.

"It is not coincidence," Justicia said, "that cowardly enemies of the working classes break up Communist party meetings either just before or just after the agent of Wall Street, the procurer of cannon fodder for Korea, pays an 'official call.' "

Behind this smoke screen they advanced to the town of Florida (population 18,000) to "defend" themselves against Ravndal. Their meeting, of course, took place before the ambassador was due to arrive. Their theme was that the Uruguayan government had sold out to him.

Señorita Lucía Sala, a high-school history teacher, made the keynote speech. She escaped the fate that Fernández had suffered in Tacuarembó, but she had to hurry. Scrambling into a bus and pulling the window curtains down, she managed to confuse her pursuers.

On the following morning, she had no classes to teach. The pupils were on strike in protest against her behavior. To leave would be an admission of failure, so she stood in the school entrance and handed out anti-Ravndal pamphlets under guard of three armed thugs.

When another teacher, Bautista Ochoteco, spoke his mind about this, the pluguglies jumped him. Two of Ochoteco's pupils joined the fray and the three together drove the assailants off. Some nights later, Ochoteco was chosen to represent the town in introducing the Yankee envoy at a public reception. Plainly marked with bruises black-and-blue, the teacher was hailed by the welcoming throng as a local hero.

If that was not enough to prove that the Communist "defense" did not work well, the experience in Mercedes (population 30,000) should have settled the question. The mob that swept down on the anti-Ravndal orators there was so inflamed that fire-department pumpers were called out to throw up a wall of water in support of the Fifth Infantry Battalion to fend off a riot. Nevertheless, the Reds were not convinced until after the incident at San José.

There were six hard-bitten Communists on the high-school faculty at San José (population 28,000) and they succeeded in stalling a school reception. But the non-Communist parents herded the pupils into the patio of the building and Ravndal talked directly to them there.

"In politics," he said simply, "you must try to find the right answer the same as you do in any other problem. Study hard and think carefully. One thing democracy is not afraid of is the truth."

Two months before the Presidential election of November, 1950, it was clear to all but the Communists that the wild campaign to discredit Ravndal had succeeded only in destroying popular tolerance for the Reds. The election count itself convinced even them, and the ambassador at last was allowed to continue his trips in peace. In 1946, the Communists had polled 36,000 votes. This time they got only 19,026. Andrés Martínez Trueba, candidate of the progressive Colorado party, which had been in power since 1903, was elected President. He got 312,192 votes. Herrera ran second, poling 25,307.

Altogether, the peripatetic envoy traveled 3,577 miles, reached all of the 19 departmental (state) capitals in the country, shook hands and talked with every conceivable type of citizen—poverty-stricken migrant farm workers, cow hands, ranch owners, sheepherders, cheese makers, textile spinners, labor-union leaders, nurses, soldiers, police, cannery girls, quarry drillers, chefs, waitresses, merchants of all kinds, schoolteachers and children of every age down to babes in their mothers' arms in hospitals—and accumulated thousands of autographs, photographs, crayon drawings, metal plaques, books, and silken and parchment scrolls, as well as more peculiar items like a rowing-club pennant, a carved wooden inkwell, a hand-woven lap robe and a small doll made of blue yarn.

One place he visited twice. That was the town of Durazno. On his first call, normal-school girls who were studying English couldn't fathom his American vernacular. So he went back later with a set of vernacular records and a pledge that a similar set would go to every normal school in Uruguay from the government of the United States as a practical gesture toward better understanding.

The Young Lady of Trinidad

Behind him, along with the records, he left myriad memories in the minds of the growing generation, minds that struggled with the difficult melody of The Star-Spangled Banner and the unfamiliar history of Washington, Lincoln, Whitman and Poe. And he took away memories in return, particularly the one of Trinidad, where he told a young lady, "Rarely do I see a dance like this," and the young lady replied, "Rarely do we see an ambassador."

Just before Ravndal left Montevideo for Washington, bound for his new job in the Balkans, the Uruguayan party in power felt safe in ignoring the opposition of the *caudillo* Herrera and—"as a farewell gift to our good friend," Foreign Minister Cámpora said—offered to the United Nations a regimental combat team to help fight Communist aggression in Korea. That was high tribute, but higher still in terms of his chosen method of diplomacy was the message he took home from his last call, to the town of Rocha.

On the day of that visit—the coldest day of the year incidentally—high-school students throughout Uruguay were on strike in protest against the then pending plebiscite on adoption of the Swiss form of government, whose members rotate as President. Not only did the young people return to school to greet Ravndal, but they sent a delegation to the luncheon the army tendered the ambassador. As the meal was at its height, this delegation rose in a body at its table, raised its wineglasses and shouted a toast:

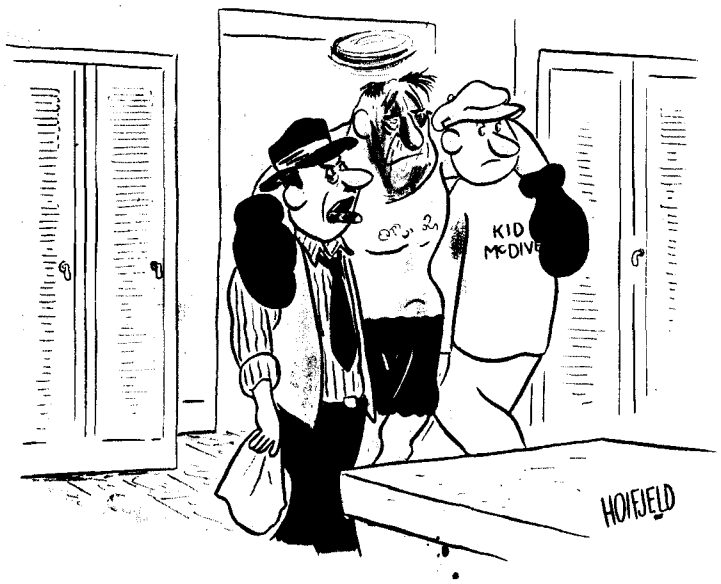
"Eep rahw, *los Estados Unidos de Norte America!*
Eep rahw, Mees-taire Ravndal!"

Which was as close as their untrained tongues could come to "Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Could all our diplomats get so deep down into the hearts of people abroad? Not always in the same way, not always to the same degree. But somehow, at least somewhat, Ravndal thinks they could. He himself faces the ultimate test of the universality of his idea in his new assignment in Hungary, where he will be surrounded by secret police, watched every step he takes. However he fares, he is cognizant that he, or even the entire diplomatic corps, cannot alone fight the long cold war against the Communist idea.

"It is the people we must reach," he reiterates. "We must tell the story of America, and tell it often and tell it well. We must try to give foreigners a realistic understanding of the United States and what it stands for. This is a personal responsibility of every American citizen; and if Americans would not shrink from that responsibility, would not kid themselves that what their government and their official representatives can do, and actually do do, is enough, would themselves be militant ambassadors of our way of life, realizing that the times are too critical to pass the buck, I am confident that in the end tyranny must and will fall back before the tremendous moral strength of personal knowledge."

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Stop beefing! You only worked three minutes and you collect five dollars. That's almost two dollars a minute"

NORMAN HOIFJELD

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The Waiting Room

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

sunless apartment in a noisy city. They wanted a family, but how could they *be* a family now? She wanted her children gay and vigorous.

If Don hadn't wanted to study physics at night school, while he was working days at the travel agency, they could have stayed in their town. He could have taken over his father's men's clothing store; their child could have been born and brought up in her mother's house. But that house and that comfortable, sane life were a thousand miles away now.

And she and Don? They were on their way to becoming another of those older, pathetic couples like the Norrises upstairs, with whom they played canasta once a week, and who, Sophie thought, still lived in bent dreams of what they were going to become but were no further toward it than they'd been on the day they were married. No progress, no growth. And into this you shove a child, she thought. Might as well bind its feet, like the Japanese.

DON'S rain-song as he came up the stairs made her close out the guilty thoughts and hurry to the door to meet him. She made her greeting sound so usual that he noticed nothing and, after a kiss, let himself be rushed into the bathroom to clean up so that they could get to the Reicherts' party on time.

But after she had heard him take his shower, she followed him into the bathroom. She sat on the edge of the tub, as one of them often did while the other was dressing. She watched him slip into his shirt and slacks, then fling his tie around his neck.

"Guess what," she said.

He looked down at her reflection in the mirror and grinned. "You're going to have a baby."

She looked up, wide-eyed. "How did you know?"

He swung around. "You're not really? I was kidding. Are you sure?"

"Really. Isn't it something?" She saw the look on his face, unguarded and vulnerable, that often and for no reason—when he was only reading a newspaper, or studying for night class, or hanging a shelf—would make her want to burst into tears. She supposed it was simply her love. But now there was something else added to make her eyes blink. Her fear.

But he had drawn her head toward him, pressing it against his chest. "Isn't it something? It's wonderful!" She could feel his flat stomach muscles vibrate as he spoke. "When?" he needed to know urgently. His untroubled delight momentarily exploded her fear.

But the moment passed. "How can we, Don? How can I have a baby in this—packing crate?" How big and white and warm her mother's house had been. . . .

"I guess you're right," he was smiling. "Where *are* we going to put it? We certainly aren't ready, are we?" But he moved her head back gently and saw her white face. "It's not as bad as all that, Soph."

"One bedroom!"

"Hey, now, it's a fairly big bedroom."

"It's tiny!" She saw the big room that had been hers at home, the windows overlooking the quiet fields and roads. "Where'll he play? Where'll he keep his toys? Where'll he get fresh air and learn to play baseball? Out in the street?"

Don nodded. "I guess so." His glance toward Sophie was sober. "I guess we really aren't ready. I sort of didn't figure on this."

"Is it wrong, Don?"

But then he took her hand and asked, "Do you think so?" and all the way in the cab to the Reicherts', through the slopping rain, kept up his gentle pressure around her fingers. Trying to give her courage, but partly, she thought, as if he were asking for some himself.

In the cab, he said, "We could go back to your mother's house. There's so much room there."

"And you quit school?"

"Sure."

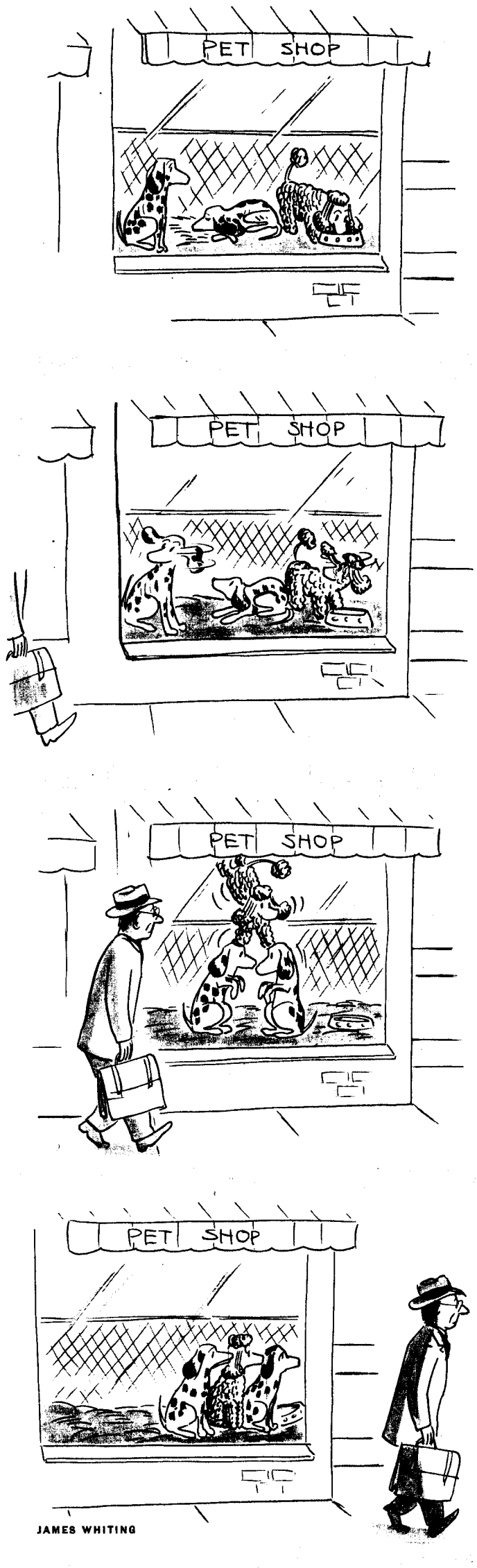
"And you end up in men's clothing?"

"Dad made out in it all right." He grinned. "They raised me."

The rainy evening lights flashed against them. She could see Don looking already like Mr. Norris upstairs. Quickly, she shook her head.

Then he broke out laughing—his usual way of making everything seem so simple. "We'll just find a bigger place!"

"On what? On your salary?" It had slipped out, sounding angry.



JAMES WHITING

SHE tried to put her fears away during the party, particularly as Don grew brighter. In his glances toward her, she could see his satisfaction. Her fears left her altogether when the Paddocks arrived at the party. Though they had never met before, Audie Paddock came directly to sit beside her, and after the first few exchanges of eager words, they seemed to have been friends a long time. Sophie saw Audie's eyes flick amusedly around the room.

The Reicherts' place was nondescript, a midtown furnished apartment they had moved into a month before, but before that they had lived in a residential hotel, and in another month they would probably be in Maine or Mexico. They were eternal transients—childless and likable—and generous hosts. You never paid much attention to their impersonal surroundings, because it mattered so little to them—they did not need an anchor. Don once said that being with Ben and Ginny Reichert was like floating in a cloudless sky, but it didn't matter, because they made you feel so good just floating. Now into this vacuum the Paddocks burst like a bright, enduring constellation.

To Sophie it seemed the Paddocks had safely arrived where she and Don had always intended to arrive—and where, she thought abruptly, they too should have arrived by now. But after that, the plunging fear quieted. The Paddocks' charm banished it. Cliff Paddock was a chemist, and already a successful one. Sophie, across the room from them, watched Don and Cliff fall into immediate, lively conversation, like old friends reunited. They recognized each other through their mutual interests. She heard the familiar-unfamiliar words Don would sometimes toss at her, looking up from his textbooks: fissure, implosion, beryllium . . .

Audie Paddock was tall, and wore clothes so simple and expensive that Sophie longed to look at the labels. Her face was fine, elongated, yet had a childlike freshness—even Don kept glancing at her admiringly from across the room. There were other couples at the party, but when Ginny called them in to supper—a buffet that had come impersonally from an impersonal, expensive delicatessen—Sophie and Don found themselves sharing a window seat and two pulled-up stools with Audie and Cliff. Beginning then, and all evening, it seemed that no one else was at the party, and all their talk made it clear that the Paddocks were as excited in their new friendship as Don and Sophie were. And beyond the window the rain kept coming down, drawing them still closer together.

Cliff speared the brandied and cream-topped pear from his dessert plate and plopped it onto Sophie's. "Here, Soph, you'd better eat this. I'm beginning to put it on here, notice?" He touched his stomach.

As if they had been friends so long that she would know whether he was putting weight on or not . . . Sophie smiled and pushed the rich pear to one side when no one was looking, knowing she must not eat it now but saying nothing, and feeling nothing but contentment. She caught Don grinning at her, wise about the pear.

Cliff had turned to Don. "Play any handball, Don? How about working out some-

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time?" he suggested. "Tuesday after work?"

"Tuesdays, Soph and I have supper with the Norrises. Then afterward Tom Norris helps me crack a few dynamics problems. He'd always hoped to be a physics professor, but somehow he never made it. Works in an insurance office now."

"Norrises?" Cliff frowned, as if he ought to know them but could not place them. Then he said, "Well, hell! I could help you with those problems, Don."

"But it's a standing date. They're an older couple, live upstairs from us," Don said. "Then after *that*, we have a game of canasta. How about Wednesdays, though? I quit work early."

"Wednesday afternoon I want to see The Lavender Hill Mob," Audie said. "Can't you make it too, Sophie? Then we can all meet and eat out somewhere."

It went on all evening. They laughed with a secret sharing in their bursts of laughter that made other guests begin to look at them coolly, as if they were deliberately trying to keep their jokes secret among themselves. Sophie and Audie talked about their home towns, and Sophie found herself telling proudly about her mother's big, friendly house, without any of the puzzling dissatisfaction she had felt when she had recalled it earlier. She had the sensation of holding the future elatedly in her lap. The Paddocks were richer than they, and Cliff had a better job than Don; but she was content in thinking someday she and Don would be like the Paddocks, who, it seemed, had everything.

The party began to break up.

"You're coming home with us for a nightcap," Audie said. "Anyway, I want you to see our place."

Sophie fell silent. She could imagine the Paddocks' place—lovely, roomy, airy, with space enough to bring up a dozen children.

Outside, the rain was still coming down. She and Don huddled together under Don's topcoat that he carried over them like an umbrella, as they fought their way to the Paddocks' parked convertible.

But as they stumbled along under his shielding topcoat, Don caught her hesitation. "You want to go, don't you, Soph?"

She saw Audie glance back toward her, a brief puzzlement on her rain-wet face.

Sophie laughed, and ran faster. "I'm dying to see your place, Audie!" she called.

IT WAS in the river neighborhood, and the apartment building was the kind grand enough to support a doorman, who met them with a huge, black, teetering umbrella as they pulled up at the curb.

They rode up silently in the elevator, but several times Audie turned to smile at her—a smile of welcome. Then Cliff unlocked the apartment door and stepped aside to let them in. Audie went in first to switch on the lights.

And in that first flare of lights, Sophie seemed to see every corner of the apartment, as spacious as she had known it would be, seemed to touch lovingly every precious chest or satiny tabletop. Cliff was hanging up their coats in the hall closet, striding over to stack the record player, then was pouring brandies, while she wandered about the room. Its lamps were celadon, its cushions rich and inviting. And space was everywhere. Through the high windows she could see the river, smoothly flowing, studded with lights.

Audie came up beside her, in the same friendly way she first had at the Reicherts' party.

"It's a beautiful place," Sophie murmured, but then, unexpectedly, caught herself almost adding, *But there's something wrong, something here I don't like!*, without knowing why. Abruptly, she felt herself alone in the room.

"Cliff and I love our place," Audie said. "I knew you and Don would too."

"Oh, yes!" Sophie touched a finger to the mellow, biscuit-colored velvet of the sofa. *I'm only jealous . . .* Then she saw Don wasn't drinking his drink, but was frowning down at his hand, so that she knew that whatever strange thing had begun to trouble her was troubling him too. *It's because this is the kind of a room we can never have—isn't it?* Don looked as if he were in a roomful of strangers among whom he could never find his place. She wanted to call out to him, or put her hand in his, as it had been in the cab, but they were so far apart in the handsome room that voice or touch could not reach him.

The rain sang against the tall windows, more tunefully than the sounds from the record player. All at once, through the warm, spacious apartment, she could see children playing, hear their laughter. They went rollicking down the corridor, hurrying outside to play along the sunny river's edge, then returned, pouring noisily from the elevator into the gold-papered hall; and, at teatime, sat well-manneredly in the handsome living room before the high windows, while Audie told them stories about the pictures on the walls. Happy, growing children flooded the apartment, the boys, after teatime, their energy renewed, racing to play with their electric trains in one of the bedrooms that gave off the long corridor; the girls, remaining behind, putting their dolls to bed in the old pine rocker cradle that stood beside the sofa. *Only the little girls would have to dump all those magazines from the cradle first!*

Audie saw her gaze held on the cradle crammed with magazines. "Our magazine rack?" she smiled. "Believe it or not, Cliff's dad was rocked to sleep in that cradle every night when he was a baby."

Cliff gave a proud grin. "You ought to show Soph and Don the nursery."

"Oh, I can't," Audie said. "The curtains aren't back from the cleaners."

"A nursery?" Sophie asked excitedly. "Really a nursery? But you never mentioned all evening that you had children. One? How many?" And her words reached for Audie again, their closeness restored.

"Hold your horses," Audie said. "Not really a nursery. It's just what Cliff calls the guest room. The people who had this apartment before us had a nursery, with a fairy-tale wallpaper and clouds and things painted on the ceiling. It was so charming I left it the way it was. For the guest room. But you can't see it yet. The curtains are still at the cleaners."

"Oh." For an instant, Sophie was silent. "But a nursery waiting for you, whenever you want it—it makes your place complete." She looked through the windows. She could imagine bright daylight, the sun splashing over the river. Inside and out, so much space. So much fresh air and quiet, up this high. She was pleased, for the Paddocks' sake; everything was ready for them. Then the longing to confide in Audie about her child, the need to share secrets with close friends, made her cry out, "I envy you. I'm going to have a baby."

She knew, again without knowing why, that she should never have said it. Audie was smiling in amusement, not like anyone she knew, but rather like a friendly stranger with whom you talked dresses or dishes. Don's face showed nothing; he was a thousand miles away from her. Then Cliff was clapping Don on the back.

"Well, pass the cigars!" He was suddenly loud, as if someone had made a joke. "So you've put yourself in chains, pal." He looked at Don kindly. "Though maybe it's not such a bad idea, I guess, if you've got the time for it."

"Or the place," Audie said. "Not for us, though. We've thought of it, but where would you *put* kids in a place like this? Crawling over the furniture, breaking all your nicest things." She glanced around contentedly at all her best things. "Maybe you've got the place for it, but for us—really, now—where would we put it?"

"*No, we don't have the room either,* Sophie was going to say, when Don faced Cliff and Audie bluntly. "You've got the nursery. Why not there?" he asked.

"Because—Oh, I've already told you—it's a guest room now," Audie answered and then, with a reach of her hand, she set the wooden cradle beside the sofa in motion, and the magazines rocked back and forth in silence. In an instant, her voice had become as cold as the rain pounding against the high windows. "This is the only kind of cradle we need." She looked from Don to Sophie to Cliff.

"Righto," Cliff said. And then he was jovial again. "But I guess you can't change it now, can you, you poor kids!"

THEY stood in the hall. It seemed to take half of what was left of the night for the elevator to come up. Sophie saw Don glance at his watch, yawning without trying too hard to hide his yawn.

"About our date for the movie on Wednesday," she said quickly to Audie.

"Well, why don't I phone you in a day or two?" Audie answered, smiling, but her voice still cool as the rain.

"Yes. Of course," Sophie said. But she knew Audie would never call. She glanced back into the apartment. Their friendship seemed to be lying there, discarded, in the bright, empty room.

"Well, don't forget our handball one of these days," Cliff was saying to Don, as they shook hands.

"Sure," Don said. "Don't *you* forget."

Once they were outside, the doorman came fluttering at them with his black umbrella, hovering over them until he had whistled a cab for them. In the cab home, both she and Don were silent.

Then, when they were nearly home, she burst out, "But I *did* like them! They're such nice people!"

She could see Don nod in the half-light. "Lots of fun. They seem to be taking care of themselves pretty well." And then he added, "Sort of *unnecessary* people."

"But their place—so big and beautiful!"

He did not answer. When they reached home, she raced up the stairs ahead of him, and stood waiting until he came to slide his key into the lock of their door. Suddenly, inside, the rain sounded friendly—not hard and cold, as it had sounded on the Paddocks' windows.

Don switched on the lights. Sophie dropped down to the sofa. She watched in silence while Don hung up her wet coat and then came to stand in front of her.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

She knew what he meant because he was looking down at her waist, as though he might discover a swelling there already—but also, she knew, he meant much more.

"I feel good," she said. And she laughed.

"So do I," he said, bending down to kiss her. Then he loosened his tie and started through their small, friendly, tired rooms, from the living room through the kitchen into the bedroom. She saw him take up a textbook to glance through in bed.

Alone, she looked around her. Everything she saw—the small rooms, the corners, the chairs and tables—looked ready in the nick of time. Abruptly she cradled her arms, leaning her head forward so that a wing of hair fell to touch against them—her arms, where there seemed now to be so much room.

THE END

MARTHA BLANCHARD

After Reading One Too Many

I'm weary of books about family life
And the capers of Mommy and Poppy;
SOMEwhere there must be an author who thinks
That his kin are too dull to make copy!

—ELEANOR S. J. RYDBERG

VIP'S WAR

COLLIER'S **"I just don't like it. . . . He's up to something"** VIRGIL PARTCH

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Wizard of the Court

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

Ben Wheeler was coming down from Midwestern with one of the best teams he'd ever put on the floor, undefeated this season and pointing for a national championship. Even with his three stars in the line-up, Amos Judson had anticipated a rough evening. With them out, it would be just a workout for Wheeler's whiz kids.

"Will this business have any effect on State's future as a basketball power?" the young man wanted to know.

"No comments at this time," Amos Judson said.

He was saving the comments for the period after the game tonight, when he would come out with the statement that he was resigning from his position as basketball coach at the big university. He'd decided upon that a few minutes after the detectives had left, the previous day, and he'd discovered that this, probably his greatest team, had been wrecked. He'd had enough.

The young reporter was standing up, thanking him for his time. "We're all sorry about this," the young man told him. "We're sorry it had to happen to you, Mr. Judson, after all the long years you've spent at State."

"Thank you," Amos Judson said gravely.

They could talk about it, and they could make it sound nice and sentimental in their papers, but none of them really knew. They couldn't know what it meant to spend years with a group of boys, to weld a machine out of the raw product, and then to stand by and see the monkey wrench thrown into the machine.

The reporter said, at the door, "We're all pulling for you tonight, Mr. Judson. Good luck."

"Thank you," Amos Judson said, nodding.

He was smiling wryly after he'd closed the door. He'd have three sophomores on the floor tonight to take the places of three of the smoothest court men in the country, and it was going to take a lot more than luck to get by Ben Wheeler's powerhouse team.

HE SAT down in the parlor and glanced through the morning papers, which were filled with the details of this mess. All the writers regretted tremendously that it had happened to the grand old man of basketball, who'd always been a credit to the game. They said that he'd undoubtedly been crushed by the news, but that he was holding up magnificently, determined to give a good account of himself tonight against Midwestern.

At eleven in the morning, Amos Judson put the papers aside and took his usual walk around the campus. There was snow on the ground and a nip in the air.

A number of undergraduates, probably boys who were working their way through school, were shoveling the snow from the walks. They looked at him respectfully as he went by, and one of them said, "Morning, Mr. Judson."

"Good morning," Amos Judson said. He was a walking tragedy this morning, and in a way he rather liked the role. He'd had more publicity from this scandal than he'd had from his great teams in the past. Writers had reviewed his career, showing how he'd come to State in the infancy of basketball, a young man from a small college, and how he'd developed the game offensively and defensively, other coaches copying his principles. His training methods and practice warmups had been copied. Young men he'd coached had gone through school and signed up as coaches themselves, taking his system with them.

He pictured the headlines in tomorrow's papers, after State had gone down to disastrous defeat and he'd made his statement that he was resigning as basketball coach at State. Sports writers would love to work on something like that.

"Disillusioned, the grand old man of basketball steps down from his throne."

They'd always played up his age, but he was not really old. Sixty-six was not too old. He could have gone on coaching for quite a number of years if he wanted to, but he didn't want to. It was better to stop now, while he was on top, still thought of as the wizard of the court, rather than later, after he'd turned out mediocre teams, and State was no longer a basketball power.

He'd planned what he would do after he quit. He wanted to write some books on the sport he'd loved so well. He'd never had time for things like that, and now he would have the time—the rest of his life.

At noon, he went back to his little cottage on the edge of the campus, and he looked through the mass of telegrams and letters he'd received from all parts of the country—sympathetic messages, wishing him success tonight against Midwestern.

He made his own light lunch as he looked through the telegrams. The school had offered to get him a housekeeper, but he'd insisted on living alone, taking care of himself. He had a woman come in once a week to clean the house; he made his own breakfast and lunch, and he ate the big meal out.

Very carefully, he'd built up the legends about himself—the lonely old man whose only mistress was basketball. Occasionally, he left a light burning in his study all through the night while he was sleeping, and the rumors got out that Amos Judson often worked till three or four o'clock in the morning, doping out the intricate little set plays for which he was famous.

After lunch, he took his nap, but he didn't sleep immediately. A meeting with the members of the athletic board had been scheduled for three o'clock, and he knew, beforehand, what it would be like. All of them would be righteously indignant, stressing the fact that sports had to be de-emphasized.

Five years before, the same thing had happened in football at State, but nothing had come of it. The powers that be had to put on a show, but when the furor died down they would go on as before, recruiting athletic talent, reaping the rich profits from the games at the Palladium.

Amos Judson lay on the bed, his eyes wide open, staring up at the ceiling. He knew athletic boards, and he knew them well. He lay there, and the old bitterness came back. He rolled back the past, and he was a young man again, one year out of the little agricultural college where he'd first played and loved the court game.

He had spent his first year coaching at a little college called Middleburg. Fifteen hundred a year, a furnished room in the library building, and, "Would you mind keeping an eye on the furnace in your spare time, Mr. Judson?"

That year, he *had* stayed awake till three o'clock in the morning, working with checkers on a flat board, developing the patterns for his plays. He'd had a good year that first one at Middleburg, considering the fact that he'd had to teach some of the boys how to play the game. He'd worked with them patiently, teaching them the rudiments, bringing a measure of skill to their game, and they'd lost only twice during the season.

He'd stoked the furnace that winter, and he'd carried innumerable barrels of ashes out of the basement, and he'd been happy, making his plans for the next season. Then the athletic committee had called him in, and the hatchet-faced little man with the gold-rimmed spectacles and the toothy smile had blithely informed him that his services would not be required next winter. They had another young man in mind for the position—a Middleburg alumnus.

As he remembered those two bitter years which had followed his dismissal from Middleburg, Amos Judson's thin mouth tightened into a grim smile. He knew athletic boards; he knew how to deal with them.

INTENTIONALLY, he got to the meeting a few minutes late, his shoulders bent a little more than usual, his face grave; but he was holding up; his chin was up; and he saw the sympathy in their eyes. There were a half dozen on the board.

They voted first to extend their sympathy to him. A reporter was present to take this down, and all that followed. There was the usual harangue against the gambling element which had seduced the three boys. The police had to crack down on the gamblers; they had to clean out the Palladium.

A suggestion was made that the State games be taken out of the Palladium and returned to the school gym, but Amos Judson noticed that this suggestion was cleverly circumvented and eventually lost in the host of pious resolutions that followed.

The school gym held three thousand spectators; the Palladium could accommodate eighteen thousand, and every State game was a sellout. To put the games back into the school gym would keep many of State's well-wishers from seeing their team in action. The fact that it would tend, too, to bar the gamblers was not mentioned.

Judson sat through it all, saying nothing, listening. The reporter would have it in the morning paper that he'd sat through the session, never showing any emotion on his face. He would go down with his boys tonight.

For the benefit of the public, a resolution was made to give out fewer athletic scholarships in the future. Six months from now, Amos Judson knew, that resolution would be forgotten, as State scouts and alumni got on the heels of high-school talent.

The meeting lasted till five o'clock, and they asked him if he wanted to make any comments before the meeting adjourned. He made a very brief speech, thanking them for their expressions of regard. He denounced no one—neither the players who'd ruined him nor the gamblers. He said his boys would do their best against Midwestern tonight, in an attempt to reach the national tournament.

The athletic board applauded when he'd finished. They all shook his hand, and then he left, in the eight-year-old car he drove even though State was paying him the highest salary of any basketball coach in the country.

He ate in a modest little restaurant and, at seven o'clock, parked the car in the space that was reserved for him under the Palladium. Most of the fifteen-man squad was already present when he came into the locker room, his face still expressionless. He nodded to the players as he walked on

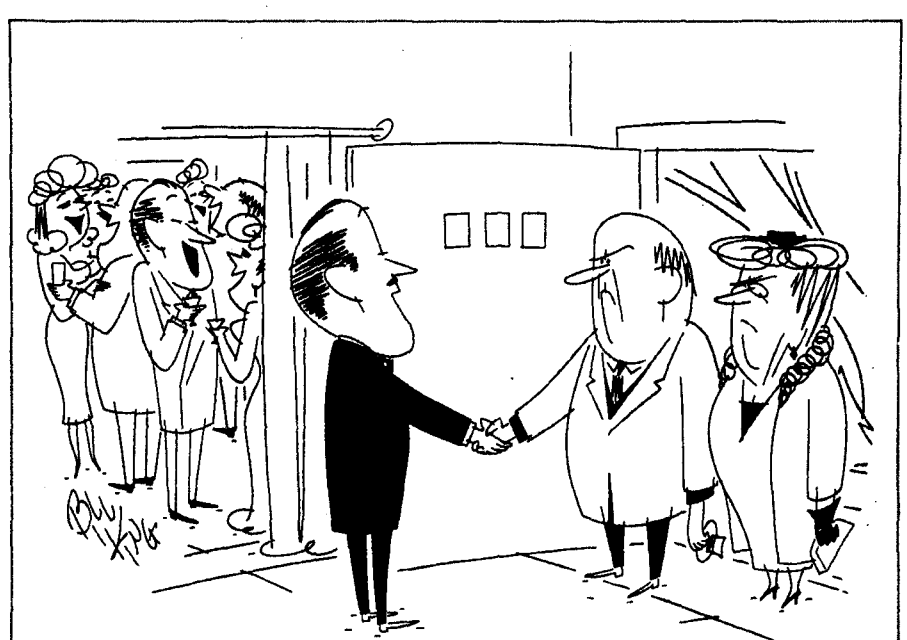
ZIUQ

See if you can guess the questions to these answers. When you give up, look at page 61

Answers

1. Double features.
2. Copper, iron, steel, bronze, silver.
3. The Horseless Headman.
4. (A) Obtuse angle, (B) Acute angle, (C) right angle.
5. Circus, rodeo.
6. Size 6½C, Size 4AA, Size 5½B.
7. Cabbage and lettuce.
8. Carburetor, transmission, clutch, valves, tires, fuel pump.
9. Elm, ash, oak, fir.
10. Beef.

—CARL H. WINSTON



"I'm afraid it must have been rather dull for you folks—all that fast, sophisticated patter in there"

COLLIER'S — BILL KING

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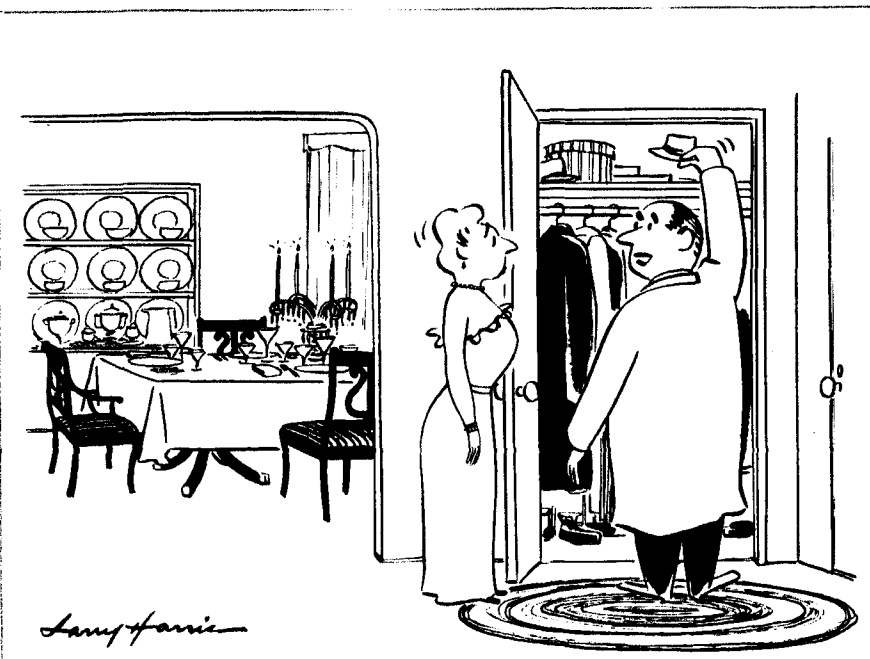

"Why, yes. I phoned you that I'd invited the boss to dinner, and I *took* him to dinner at Dolan's Chop House. Why?"

COLLIER'S — LARRY HARRIS

to his private little office, closing the door behind him. They called him "Mr. Judson." All his players always called him "Mr. Judson," and they were respectful.

He took off his overcoat and his hat, and then he sat down at the desk in the room. They'd provided the usual pad and pencils for him, and he scribbled five names on the sheet—the names of the men who would start this game tonight. He'd known their names five minutes after the police had informed him that they'd apprehended the three fixed players.

He had Nolan and McCoy, the regulars, in the line-up, along with the three sophomores who'd shown promise this season, and who'd spelled Abrams, Caldwell and Slater. The sophomores were Meyer, Schofield and Vanizotti.

He slid the sheet of paper into his pocket, and then he walked to the mirror to comb his hair. He dressed quietly, just as he was quiet on the bench during a game. He did not throw towels into the air when his team scored a point; he did not harangue with the referees. Through the years he had been cool, unperturbed, watching as his great teams rolled up their scores.

He ran a comb through his hair, which was gray and full. The lines in his face seemed to be deeper than usual, and the reporters would all notice that. He let his features sag a little as he studied himself in the mirror—just a little, to create the right effect: a brave man, wrecked inside, but holding up.

WHEN he went back into the dressing room, they were waiting for him, sitting around on stools, their silk green-and-white State jackets buttoned up, pure-white sweat pants, with the green stripe up the side, tight at the ankles. They wore white sneakers and green woolen socks.

Amos Judson had the sheet of paper in his hand. He leaned back against the rubbing table, looking at the sheet, and then he stroked his jaw thoughtfully before he read the names of the starting men.

He knew what was expected of him. He was to give a little talk to his wrecked team; he was to inspire them in his quiet way.

His locker-room talks had never been long; this was the shortest. Just a few sentences, and he knew that in some way they would reach the papers. He'd prepared the few sentences, carefully, the evening before. He said, "This team has been hard hit. We are not expected to win tonight. In my thirty-six years at this school, however, I have learned that a State team is not defeated until the final gun, and the opposing team has more points than ourselves. Good luck."

He didn't believe it himself, but it sounded good. They were going to take an awful lacing tonight, but they didn't believe that. They believed him. He saw it in their eyes when they passed him at the door on the way to the court. Vanizotti, the sophomore, had tears in his eyes. He stumbled as he went by.

Johnny Nolan, who'd been appointed captain, with Abrams gone, stopped and said quietly, "We're going to win tonight, Mr. Judson."

Nolan should have known better. Nolan had been around three years. He knew how good Midwestern was this year. He'd seen the scores they were rolling up against some of the best teams in the country. He knew how inexperienced the sophomores he had to play with were.

"Thank you, Johnny," Amos Judson said, and for the first time he felt some shame.

ZIUQ

Questions

See page 60

1. What would you call Jimmy Durante's nose, Joe E. Brown's mouth and Charles Laughton's chin?
2. What is the correct spelling of coper, irun, stele, bronz, silvar?
3. What would you call an Indian chief whose steed was shot from under him?
4. Describe (A) a stupid geometric figure, (B) a pretty one and (C) one that knows all the answers.
5. What's a pair of spectacles?
6. When a woman with what size foot asks for what size shoe, what size shoe does she finally accept?
7. What's money?
8. What's wrong with that 1934 jalopy of yours?
9. Give three three-letter words beginning with vowels and one beginning with a consonant.
10. What does a man do when he has a complaint?

At the athletic board meeting, he had not experienced any shame. They'd all been hypocrites. There were no hypocrites in this dressing room. They were just earnest young men, very young men, who'd believed all the things that had been said about him. He followed them out on the court and walked to the bench, listening to the applause. It was for him.

He sat on the bench, alone for a moment until the noise died down, and then men started to come up to him to shake his hand and wish him well. Ben Wheeler, the Midwestern coach, drifted over to express his sympathy. There were many others whom Amos Judson did not know. They said something and he nodded, and they went away, and he wondered who they were.

THE game got under way, and Midwestern scored six times from the floor before State hit once. It was the way Amos Judson had thought it would go. Midwestern was a tall team and a good team, possibly even a team that would win the national championship. They carried too many guns for Captain Johnny Nolan and his team.

State fought hard, but Midwestern, with their superior height, controlled the boards, and the team that controlled the boards usually won. They would not have controlled the boards, though, with Sam Slater in the State line-up. Slater was tall, too, with tremendous spring in his legs, and he could get those rebounds.

It was 14 to 3 for Midwestern in six minutes, and then State came back hard, Vanizotti and Nolan hitting from inside, working two of Amos Judson's beautiful give-and-go plays.

The crowd roared as Meyer, a sophomore, hit from outside with a set shot, and then Vanizotti, playing hard tonight, piled in to lay up another one.

It was just a spurt, though, because Midwestern quickly regained control of the game, moving to a 36-to-19 lead at half time. Amos Judson sat through it, sending in an occasional substitute, talking to a player when he came out, glancing at the scoreboard every once in a while.

When the half was up, he walked off the court with his players, his head down, and eighteen thousand people watched him go.

He made another short speech in the dressing room after the players had wiped the perspiration from their bodies with towels and put on dry shirts. He said, "Midwestern is a fine team, possibly a great team, but next half they can only put five men on the floor at one time. State will have just as many. I'm expecting State to give a good account of itself."

Vanizotti, the fiery Italian, said, "What's seventeen points! What's a lousy seventeen points!"

The tears were streaming down his face. Amos Judson walked into his office and sat down, and he felt cheap. . . .

The game got under way again, with Midwestern still putting on the pressure and State fighting back, battling for every point. Meyer and Schofield, two of the sophomores, teamed up to work through the Midwestern defense for a score. Vanizotti who had never been a great basketball player, and probably never would be again, was one this evening. He drove through the opposition, scoring six points in succession, and put State back into the game.

Watching him from the bench, Amos Judson was not surprised. He'd seen Vanizotti's type on the court before. The Italian boy would achieve real greatness before this game was over. He was not merely a basketball player tonight, trying to win; he was fighting for his coach. He raced around the court, intercepting passes, driving in for the rebounds, for the first

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Color photos of Hawaii hula kids

Next Week in *Collier's*

●

IS CANCER HEREDITARY?

Research being sponsored by the National Cancer Institute and others has provided a number of important clues

●

Zhukov—Russia's "Eisenhower"

While Ike builds our NATO army, the top Red general has been busy too—lining up strong opposing forces

●

FASTEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD

Jacqueline Auriol, the aviatrix daughter-in-law of France's President, beat death to win the women's world speed mark

●

The St. Louis Browns Stop Singin' the Blues

Owner Bill Veeck and manager Rogers Hornsby are twinning up to lead "baseball's worst team" along a new glory road

time giving State control of the boards. They crept up slowly, with Midwestern gradually going on the defensive and their lead dwindling as the minutes ticked off. At the ten-minute mark of the second half, it was Midwestern 53, State 46, and then Johnny Nolan, the cool one, dropped a long shot, the ball zipping through the cords cleanly.

The big crowd yelled as Vanizotti took a pass from Schofield and tore through for a lay-up. He missed it, but then he fought like a demon to recover the ball and push it up again. This one he didn't miss, and it was 53 to 50 for Midwestern.

Amos Judson sat there, watching, no expression on his face. He'd watched great State teams before, but he'd never seen a team fight like this one.

The smoother, technically better Midwestern team was being rushed off its feet. With seven minutes left, State tied them at sixty all, and then the real fight began. Midwestern was strong two-deep and they were able to send in replacements. Amos Judson didn't dare take his regulars out of this game, having no one capable of filling their places with the chips down.

IT WAS a wild game, with many spills and much diving after loose balls. Midwestern went ahead, and State caught up with them. Midwestern went ahead a second time, and Johnny Nolan flipped another in from outside.

Amos Judson's mouth was dry, as he watched. He saw how it was now, and it amazed him. These were the young men, the truly amateur athletes, who gave all that they had and then dug down to find more to give. In spite of crooked gamblers and a high-pressure athletic board, in spite of the money-grabbing promoters and the publicity-seeking university men and even the hypocritical coaches, this would go on.

A big-time scandal might hurt the system, but it could not destroy it. There were too many young men like these who were basically decent, who would cry over defeat even though in terms of dollars and cents it meant nothing to them. This was too big to be destroyed—too big and too good.

Sitting there, Amos Judson felt his own shame, and his own smallness. He did not measure up to the young men who idolized him.

Johnny Nolan was hacked in center court, and he made the free throw good, giving State the lead for the first time this evening, and they went mad up in the balconies.

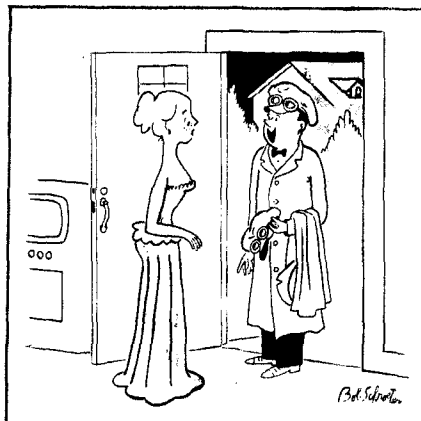
With three minutes left, Midwestern opened up with everything they had, storming the basket. Vanizotti recovered a rebound and whipped it out to Meyer. Meyer, in his anxiety to move the ball upcourt, stumbled into Tommy McCoy, losing the ball.

The crowd roared as an alert Midwestern player snatched it up and let fly for the rim. The ball dropped through the net for two points, giving Midwestern a one-point lead again.

Amos Judson felt as if he wanted to pray. They had to make it now. These boys had come so far, and they had to make it. With two minutes to go, and then one minute, Midwestern had possession of the ball, freezing it inside the ten-second line, moving it beautifully, smoothly, with the State men crowding them, trying desperately not to foul, but knowing they had to get possession of that ball.

It was Schofield who broke it up eventually, slapping the ball out of the hands of a Midwestern player. Vanizotti snatched up the loose ball and pushed it at Johnny Nolan.

They had a matter of seconds remaining now, but they were cool. They worked it up carefully, and then they moved into position for one of Amos Judson's beautiful plays from the keyhole. Schofield formed the screen. Nolan's man was blocked off with a stationary block, and then Vanizotti, the key man in the play,



"We're in luck, Sally. I finally managed to borrow a car for the dance!"

COLLIER'S — BOB SCHROETER

whipped the ball to Nolan as he made his break for the board.

Amos Judson stood up, the first time he had stood up all evening, all season. He watched Nolan take that pass, and go high for the net, reaching with the ball in the palm of his right hand.

Nolan nudged it up easily—maybe a little too hard, because he'd been going at a tremendous rate of speed. The ball rolled on the hoop, rolled again, with the crowd roaring, and then it fell down, on the wrong side.

The gun went off with the ball concealed in a mass of writhing, leaping players. It was a Midwestern win by one point.

THE players sat in the dressing room, none of them taking off his uniform. They sat on the benches, mopping their sweaty, tense faces with towels. Three of them were crying. Vanizotti walked up and down the room, unable to sit down, his face haggard. He kept saying over and over, "We beat 'em, I tell you. We beat 'em."

A man should smile, though, when he spoke of victory. Amos Judson, standing against the wall, his drab suit seeming to hang on him like the clothes of a scarecrow, noticed that Vanizotti was not smiling.

Outside, in the corridor, Judson could hear the noise, the mumble of voices. He'd locked them all out of the dressing room after he'd come in with his defeated team—all of them, the big-time sports writers and columnists who'd built up the ego of these young boys, spoiling them; the alumni, with their flattery and their furtive gifts which made the players susceptible to other, less honest, gifts. The photographers were there with their flash bulbs, and all the hangers-on who rode the glory train.

Amos Judson stood against the wall, his hands in his pockets, his old gray fedora pulled down low over his eyes, his jaws sagging a little. He'd locked them all out.

SITTING a few yards away, with his head in his hands, Johnny Nolan looked up. He hadn't been crying, but there were deep lines in his face, the kind of lines a young face should never have.

Captain Johnny Nolan said, "It was my fault, Mr. Judson. I wanted to win this one for you. I want you to know that."

Judson put a hand on the young man's shoulder, and then he walked to the door and opened it. He didn't let them in. He stood there, one hand on the doorjamb, the other holding the door. He wasn't going to let them in—not just yet. He looked at the faces, and he heard the talk, the questions coming at him. He'd had a speech of resignation ready for them, but he didn't give it. He'd prepared a brief speech with all of the old Judson touches. He didn't give the speech.

A reporter in the rear called to him, "Any truth in the rumor, Mr. Judson, that you won't be at State next season?"

Amos Judson looked at the speaker. "I am not resigning from State," he said, and then, for one brief moment, he was the old Judson again, and the words and pet phrases came to his mind. He wanted to say, "I shall remain at State as long as there are young men at the university who need to be taught the value of co-operative effort on the basketball court."

The old Judson would have said that. The new Judson said humbly, "I'll stay at State as long as they want me."

By "they" he did not mean the athletic board, or the alumni associations. He meant the Johnny Nolans and the Vanizottis—and even the Abramses, the Caldwells and the Slaters, who, perhaps needed him most.

THE END

"Now, a Happy New Year from a freighter out in the Pacific Ocean!"

COLLIER'S — JEFF KEATE

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Planet Parenthood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

comes on, he takes the turtle bowl and puts it on his head."

The interest of the kids in this world-of-the-future stuff merely reflects the preoccupation of many of their elders. In the past few years, magazines, comic strips and movies, as well as TV and radio, have been kept busy attempting to satisfy the demands of these *aficionados* for futuristic entertainment.

One of the earliest operatives in the field was the highly technical magazine Astounding Stories of Super-Science, which started in 1930 and is still going strong under the name Astounding Science Fiction. And there are a number of other magazines in the field as well.

Kids Go for "Comics" Heroes

Then a few years after the debut of the science-fiction magazine, a brilliant young artist-cartoonist named Alex Raymond introduced Flash Gordon to the comic strips, and the kids went wild for this space hero. Buck Rogers was another pioneer, and soon Buck was on radio, as well as in the funnies. After a while came the Rocket Age movie serials of the two heroes, played by Buster Crabbe. In recent months, there has been a rash of World-of-the-Future movies, of which the informed rated Destination Moon as tops from the scientific viewpoint.

In radio, NBC weighed in last year with a science-fiction series called Dimension X, and, in television, ABC came up last summer with an adult-angled, half-hour series named Tales of Tomorrow. More recently, CBS entered the TV adult science-fiction field with a series entitled Out There, dramatizing the adventures of earthmen in the outer spaces.

But it's the kid-slanted TV shows that are going over the biggest—and providing the most fascinating pictures of the coming Rocket Age.

You may be alive now, but if you haven't watched the spacemen on TV, you haven't lived in the future. Let's reminisce about tomorrow, as a Newark fight manager said recently on his radio program. I'm just the party to do it, too, because in the interests of science—and Collier's—I've been tailing the rocketeers for months. Great Ganymede gremlins, but they're wonderful!

Captain Video and His Video Rangers was the first of the TV sagas of space, which has been defined by those who should know as "any place beyond the atmosphere of a planet." The show originated with Dumont in June, 1949, and has been climbing steadily. Sponsorship was taken over by General Foods last April.

Captain Video is an interplanetary do-gooder in the late twenty-first century. He operates out of a secret laboratory in the mountains somewhere on Earth. From it, he takes off in his space ship, the X-9, on missions to the outer world. He is a completely independent agent (competing unattached, as they say in the fight amateurs), but he accepts assignments from various governments and planets in the interests of universal peace.

Thus, he is frequently called on by the Interplanetary Alliance to capture some space rat who wants to cut himself a slice of space for his own sneaky purposes.

Captain Video has agents everywhere, including Earth. Some of them happen to be Good Guys in Western movies. This gives Captain Video a chance to tune in on what's happening in the old West via his miraculous remote carrier beam. Halfway through his program, one of his rangers tunes in on the remote carrier beam—and the kiddies get about seven minutes of Western movies. This clever device takes care of the youngsters who might otherwise pine for TV cowboys.

Something of a genius, Captain Video has invented a staggering array of Rocket Age gimmicks to help him in the cause of interplanetary justice. The remote carrier beam is just one of his inventions. Among others are the opticon scillometer, which permits him to see through any object. Then there's the discotron, a portable TV set that enables the viewer to watch anything that's occurring anywhere, and radio scillograph, a gadget that does approximately the same with sound.

COLLIER'S

"It's a very nice bank. . . . I've been matching wits with them for ten years"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Although Captain Video is tops in the weapons department, its producers stress the important fact that he never kills. "We bar all death on the show," they explain. "Captain Video just stuns his enemies, takes them prisoner, and even tries to reform them. Only the villains speak of killing. That's why they're villains."

But a space rat can get pretty thoroughly stunned by the captain's fearsome arsenal. The cosmic ray vibrator, for instance, shakes a victim into submission, and the atomic rifle pelts him with atomic energy. The thermoid ejector can douse him with enough thermal waves to roast a small heifer (only, under the captain's careful handling, it gives him nothing worse than a good heating up). The nucleamatic pistol, a paralyzing ray gun, can give a man a hard time, too. Hard, but not fatal.

One of the most entrancing inventions of the Rocket Age is the electronic strait jacket. Push a button on the wall, and the prisoner is encased in invisible restrainers that keep him put until you unpush the button. "He's in durance electronic," is the way one of the show's staff puts it. Captain Video's prisoners, incidentally, are stashed away in space prisons—same as the electronic strait jacket, except that the prisoner can move around inside a restricted area.

Speaking of space prisons brings up a recent favorite among Captain Video's enemies—the sinister Dr. Zodiac, who wound up, naturally, in durance electronic.

This Dr. Zodiac was nobody's Martian mouse, even if he did come from the dark side of the moon, which is the same as the wrong side of the tracks. A pretty fair inventor himself, he had the mirage maker to his credit (a device on a par with the amnesia helmet thought up by some other evil genius of the space lanes—put it on, and you can't remember a thing).

The mirage maker enabled Dr. Zodiac to appear in person, but not in the flesh, wherever he wanted. In other words, he seemed to be present when he was actually someplace else.

This had obvious advantages, as Captain Video demonstrated when he swiped the mirage maker, and then went comfortably on his business while Dr. Zodiac shot the captain's image full of holes with his trusty atomic cannon.

It was this incident which led to Dr. Zodiac's downfall (temporarily, at least, because you never can tell). Secure in the belief that he had done away with Captain Video, the doctor decided to finish the job by killing off the rest of the X-9's crew. He started with Video Ranger, Captain Video's close companion: pumped his space suit full of heliox, a gas which made him float, and pushed him right out into space. But just when Dr. Z. and his stooge, Leo, were going heh-heh-heh, Captain Video showed up, caught them with their guard down and disarmed them, and retrieved Video Ranger.

The ignominious fate which befell Doc Zodiac is what happens to all villains who test their mettle against the doughty captain. It's what happened, for example, to an assistant baddie named Clumsy McGee; in this one case, however, a number of televiewers felt regret at his passing. While he lasted, he was (and the past tense is used sadly and advisedly) a favorite with many.

The part was played by Arnold Stang, the engaging little radio and TV comic who looks like a chipmunk (his own description) and snéers "Big deal!" at the whole cosmos. Clumsy McGee was the first space schlemiel on television, a poor little Martian mouse who always pushed the wrong push button and complicated things no little for his boss, Space Hawk, a real space rat. Everybody else in video's magic world of tomorrow could operate every shining gimmick to perfection. But not Clumsy. How he ever got into the Rocket Age in the first place is a mystery. But he didn't last long. Maybe a couple of episodes. He went down, fumbling to the last, when Captain Video gave Space Hawk the works.

The first Captain Video was an actor named Richard Coogan, but the role has been played for the past year by Al Hodge, a tall, blue-eyed, former radio actor. He lives in Manhasset, Long Island, with his wife and young daughters. Before becoming Captain Video, Hodge, now in his thirties, had such varied radio experience as announcing University of Michigan football games, playing the Green Hornet for eight years and appearing in numerous daytime serials. His radio career was interrupted by a three-year hitch as a Navy lieutenant in World War II.

The demands of the Captain Video show are among the most strenuous in TV. With five shows a week, the cast rehearses four and one half hours a day, in addition to time required for memorizing lines. Week ends, there are personal appearances to be made. And Captain Video, on top of these commitments, taught Sunday school in Manhasset for quite a while (he's now the school's supervisor). Hodge travels to and from home in a four-cylinder car—a far cry from the X-9. He's not too crazy about speed in this earth-bound area.

Production of Captain Video, as well as other space programs, presents constant problems, technical and scientific. The show, directed by Larry White, employs different writers for each episode. Scripts and story lines must be checked for scientific plausibility. Youngsters are surprisingly quick to spot errors.

In costuming, the Captain Video show is not so gaudy as some of the other futuristic fables, although it sticks to a principle I've noticed with puzzlement in my rambles through space: to wit, space villains always wear tights.

Without Benefit of Badmen

This is as true of Tom Corbett, Space Cadet, as it is of the other shows—and the Corbett program is probably the most scientific in the field. But the Space Cadet show differs from Captain Video and Space Patrol in that the menace is furnished by conditions in space itself, not by bad guys on strange moons and planets. Most of the Space Cadets' enemies are asteroids, space-happy meteors, space diseases and the like. Again, as in Captain Video, there is no violence or death.

The Space Cadets are students at Space Academy, the interplanetary West Point of the future. They are training to become solar guards, whose job it is to protect the peace of the universe. There really isn't much to do but keep an eye on goofy meteors and meteoric trash, because—the time being 2351 A.D.—war and the use of destructive weapons have long since been outlawed.

It's easy to see why teen-agers yearn for the world in which the Space Cadets live: the Space Cadets have a study machine. All they do is plug in their earphones before going to bed. While they sleep, education forces its way into their heads.

The Cadets led by Tom Corbett are second-year men at Space Academy. They usually take instructional and practice flights into space on the rocket ship Polaris under the watchful eyes of Captain Strong, Commander Arkwright and the beauteous Dr. Joan Dale, blonde instructress at the

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academy. The boys think highly of Dr. Dale, for her intellect.

The charm of the Space Cadet show, aside from the careful supervision and documentation of its scientific premises by Willy Ley, author and rocket expert, and its close ties with Hayden Planetarium in New York, is the fact that the boys, products of the wonderful twenty-fourth century, still act like American youngsters circa 1951. They squabble, brag, show jealousy, and generally behave like typical teen-agers.

Dinosaurs on Strange Planet

In a recent sequence, the Space Cadets landed the Polaris on a newly discovered planet with conditions approximating those of Earth 100,000,000 years ago. They lost their way, and, to make matters worse, Tom's Venusian friend, Astro, sprained his ankle just as a herd of dinosaurs rumbled into view.

"I'm afraid I'm just so much dead weight to all of you now," Astro groaned.

"When were you any different, you Venusian ape?" Cadet Roger Manning snapped. "But don't worry. Just hang on to Uncle Roger and I'll get you outta this!"

Tom Corbett is played by Frankie Thomas, child stage star of the 1930s. He portrays the Space Cadet with quiet authority, a balance against the impulsiveness and chip-on-the-shoulder attitude of Cadet Manning.

The show first appeared on CBS in October, 1950, but moved to ABC last January 1st. It is written by Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert. Author Weinstock is a New York physician whose hobby has long been science fiction. However, before he and Gilbert began writing the show, they teamed up in turning out night-club and musical-comedy routines.

For the Space Cadet program, they outline a story idea and turn it over for discussion to Allen Ducovny, producer, and Albert Aley, script supervisor. Enter then Willy Ley, who provides the location in space to fit the episode. The writers then go to work on the script, turning it in a week later. The final script is turned over to George Gould, director, a week in advance of telecast.

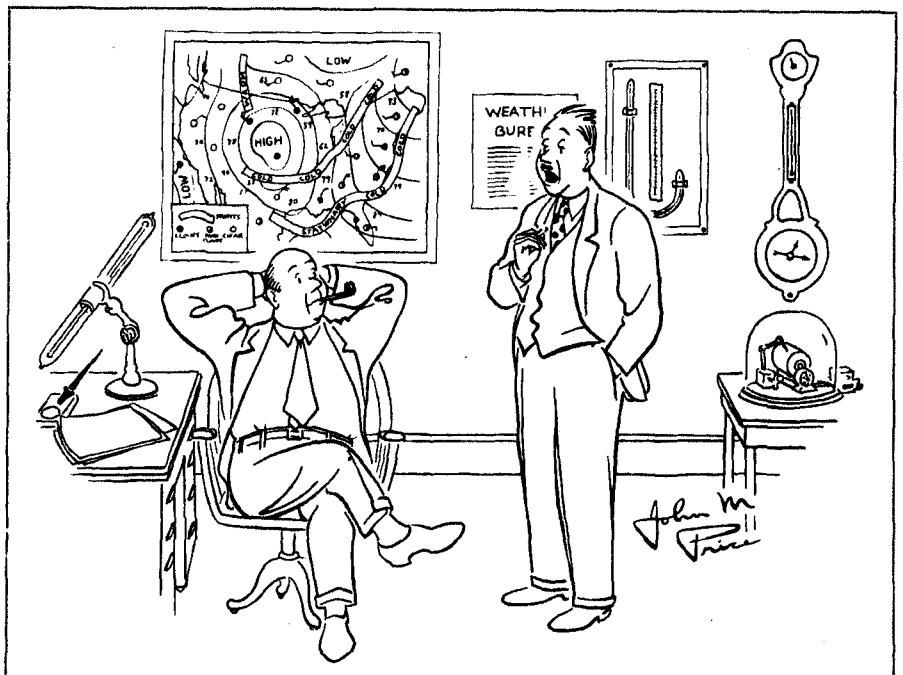
Gould has developed a special method of electronic superimposition which enables the production of unusual trick effects. For example, in the dinosaur scenes on the retarded planet, a baby alligator, a turtle and a newt were used to simulate the prehistoric monsters. The electronic method made the tiny reptiles look gigantic in comparison with the actors.

Favorite space drama of California TV and radio fans is Space Patrol, a slick, fast-moving serial which grandly takes up where Captain Video and Tom Corbett leave off. Commander Buzz Corry and his crew are so far ahead in time that they look on many of the standard gimmicks of the other space shows as slightly mildewed.

Recently, for example, the show opened with an explanation of a mission undertaken by Captain Logan of Commander Corry's forces. It was to demolish with hydrogen rockets a derelict old "space station" bobbing forlornly in an orbit around Ganymede, a satellite of Jupiter. During "the old days," the audience learned, rocket ships had used these space stations to refuel. In Commander Buzz Corry's time, space stations are as pointless as hitching posts on the Indianapolis Speedway.

Well, this business of demolishing the derelict space station almost got Commander Corry, Cadet Happy, his cheerful but not overbright assistant, and Tonga, a sultry reformed villainess, into a pretty kettle of interplanetary fish.

This was because Captain Logan, in charge of blowing up the quaint old space station, Prometheus by name, with the rockets, took it into his head to advance the time of blasting by 24 hours—just when Commander Corry and his crew were exploring it, unaware of the big blowoff. In fairness to Captain Logan, it must be said he kept announcing the time change over the air, but Commander Corry and his entourage were nowhere near their space ship at the time.



"But why don't we be perfectly candid and just say it might rain and then again it might not?"

COLLIER'S — JOHN M. PRICE

I am happy to report that they got out just in time—in fact, two seconds before the hydrogen rockets hit Prometheus, which just goes to show how fine some authors will draw things to create suspense. They made both Tonga and Happy faint. Commander Corry did not faint, as you may well imagine.

In spirit and format, Space Patrol—which started for ABC in March, 1950—resembles Captain Video much more than it does Space Cadet. The Space Patrol works for the United Planets of the Universe, an interplanetary counterpart of the United Nations, maintaining order in space and running down any bad guys who may be lurking behind meteors and such. As in the other space shows, violence is out. Commander Corry's chief weapon is the paralyzer ray gun (similar to the paraloray gun of Space Cadets and Captain Video's nucleamatic pistol) which leaves its victims in a state of suspended animation.

The suspended animee stays that way until he's put through a "brainograph," which picks the evil out of his mind and starts him on the road to rehabilitation. All troublemakers captured by the Space Patrol live to become decent citizens.

This brings us to the subject of Tonga, one of the two regular female characters on Space Patrol, and an interesting subject she is. Tonga, as noted before, is a reformed villainess, and she has become the trusted assistant of Major Robertson, security chief of the United Planets. This is a first-class rehabilitation job, because Tonga looks a lot like Hedy Lamarr. Besides, she goes around in tights. She seems to spend an awful lot of time with Commander Corry, too. H'mmmmmm.

The show has another gal, too—and here it differs from the other space operas, because this second lady provides what the producers call an "extremely subtle and kissless love interest" with Commander Corry. This was the only indication I saw, in my months of practically living with the rocketeers, that they even *think* of love in the space era.

The commander's extremely subtle and kissless love interest happens to be the daughter of the secretary-general of the United Planets. Her name is Carol, and she does a lot of pretty hovering in the Space Patrol ship, but is careful not to bump into any atomic push buttons.

Commander Buzz Corry is played by thirty-year-old Ed Kemmer, a native of Reading, Pennsylvania, and a P-51 pilot during World War II. On his 48th mission Kemmer was shot down over Germany. While in a prison camp, he developed an interest in acting and, at war's end, entered the Pasadena Playhouse. Shortly after completing his course, he was signed for the Space Patrol lead by Mike Moser, producer of the show.

For a switch, I also studied a Gene Autry serial that was on television for a while—something called the Phantom Empire, an NBC half-hour show. The Phantom Empire is not in space, but underground. It is an empire ruled by a fierce-looking blonde queen and the name of the empire is Murania. Luckily for the serial, the secret entrance to Murania happens to be near Gene Autry's ranch, so he gets all mixed up with the Muranians.

The Muranians' costumes are somewhere between Graustark and the court of King Louis XVI, with a stopover at the Battle of Hastings, but they're pretty smart cookies when it comes to futuristic gadgets.

Rougher Than Horse Opera

The Muranians call Autry the "surface man" and boff him around something fierce. In one episode, a couple of courtiers with high hard hats tell the queen he's dead. This makes her mad, not because she wants him to live, but for two other reasons: first, because he hadn't died in the manner she had ordered, and, second, because he died before revealing who had let him escape on an earlier occasion. So she has the hard-hat boys take him to the "radium reviving room," where he is brought around with the help of a "radium generator." Then the Muranians start boffing him again. At that point, Gene figures there's no percentage in this, and leaves.

But what I like about Murania is the type of life the Muranians lead. One Muranian, for instance, sees another Muranian walking down the street. Muranian number two is toting a big bale. "Things have come to a fine pass in Murania," Muranian number one mutters, "when a Muranian must do his own labor. *Where's his robot?*"

Although this comment came from underground, rather than from a million miles out in space, it is in the proper spaceman spirit. For the spacemen live in a world where nobody totes that bale, where there is a gimmick for every whim and the sky is just a beginning, not the limit. But there may be one drawback to life in 2351 A.D., if a timid prediction may be made in this timid year of 1951. That's boredom. How do you keep interested in a world where everything's been done, where there are no more surprises?

This dismal possibility was touched on in one Tom Corbett episode some weeks back. The Polaris was blasting off merrily toward the Alpha Centauri Star System. The Space Cadets aboard were just sitting around buffing their fingernails like a bunch of unrocketing earthlings in any corner ice-cream parlor on a rainy night.

Cadet Manning spoke up. "Where's all the excitement?" he griped. "I thought this was going to be an adventure."

"Why don't you plug your jets, Roger?" Cadet Corbett suggested. "You're always complaining."

"Adventure," sneered Cadet Manning. He pointed through the view-port of the Polaris, now millions of miles from Earth. "Look out there—nothing but crummy space!"

THE END

"Say, *here's* good news! My credit is no longer good at Finkel's Department Store!"

COLLIER'S — BANDEL LINN

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Eve Arden—Teachers' Pet

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

corrected, when the time came to pick a stage name, by looking over the labels of cosmetic jars on her dressing-room table, and combining Evening in Paris with Elizabeth Arden). An only child, reared by her divorcee mother and an Aunt Elsie, Eve was a self-reliant youngster who loved the outdoors and hated shoes—an aversion which still causes her to kick off her footgear at rehearsals, movies or night clubs.

At seven, Eve's dramatic flair took the form of dialect recitals, and in a W.C.T.U. contest for second-graders, she won a gold medal for reciting a pushcart Italian version of "No Kicka My Dog." It was most heart-rending, but Eve has some doubts that it was actually her recital that won her the prize. "While we were sitting on the stage," she recalls, "I noticed that the lady sponsoring the contest was losing her hairdo in back. So I got up and whispered to her about it. I honestly believe she gave me the medal out of gratitude."

During visits to her grandmother's big three-story house in San Francisco, Eve staged dramas in the attic, operating under a severe handicap. Since her productions could take place only while her grandmother was napping, Eve had to shush the neighborhood kids up three flights of stairs, and then try to collect admission when they reached the attic.

It wasn't until her senior year at Tamalpais High School that the future Miss Brooks had her first truly satisfactory theatrical experience, when she played the lead in the senior play, Dulcy. After graduation, Eve moped around, brooding about the long summer months that lay ahead. "Finally, several friends drove me over to San Francisco," she says, "and dumped me out on a street corner to look for a job."

The street corner was the one occupied by the Alcazar Theater, which then housed the Henry Duffy Players, San Francisco's most successful repertory company. Brazenly, Eve made her way backstage and asked Duffy, who was involved at the moment with a strike of musicians and stagehands, for a job. Despite the distractions, she made such an impact on the beleaguered entrepreneur that three weeks later he wrote, offering her a walk-on bit.

Eighteen months and several hundred performances later, Eve left the staid confines of the Duffy company to join a vaga-bond troupe of four players who called themselves the Bandbox Repertory Theatre, and who were dedicated to bringing The Theatah to the wealthy but uncultured hinterlands.

For more than a year, the Bandbox Players wandered up and down the state of California in a battered Model A Ford, staging their plays in hotel lobbies, vacant barns, private homes, and even in the streets. The group carried its props and costumes in an equally battered trailer, and improvised scenery from whatever furniture could be found in the vicinity. The big resort hotels in Santa Barbara, Del Monte, Carmel, Tahoe and Palm Springs provided the best pickings, of course.

"We always had 10 plays under our belts," Eve says, "and usually that was all. Most of the time we were a pretty hungry crew. But whenever we played a big hotel, we went top deck: $25 suites, big meals, valet and maid service—on the house, naturally."

Eve was a seasoned, if somewhat underfed, nineteen-year-old when she left the Bandbox gang in 1933 to join Leonard Sillman's show, Low and Behold, a West Coast revue which launched many young movie players, including Tyrone Power. Eve had just four days to learn her numbers before the show opened at Pasadena Community Playhouse, but by the time it moved to larger quarters at the El Capitan in Hollywood, she had a healthy grasp of the whole revue. In fact, toward the end of the run, as cast members dropped out to accept movie offers, Eve was appearing in almost every skit.

"I out-endured everybody," she says, "until I was practically the star of the show."

It was then that Lee Shubert saw Eve, and offered her $100 a week to go East for the Ziegfeld Follies of 1936. After living in New York three weeks, Eve began to realize that she simply couldn't eat, dress and behave like a Ziegfeld star on $100 weekly. This problem she solved with characteristic directness by walking into Shubert's office and bracing him for a $25 raise. Shubert was so startled by her calm approach that he promptly gave it to her. "If I'd known then how tough it was to get money out of Lee Shubert," Eve laughs now, "I'd probably have died of fright. But I guess my youth and ignorance served me well."

"I figure the best way to keep him from running around with some chorus girl is to cost as much as one"

COLLIER'S — SIDNEY HOFF

The young actress remained in New York to do a Theatre Guild revue and the subsequent Follies of 1938. Then, when her mother died, Eve returned to California to clear up her affairs.

During a visit to Hollywood a few weeks later, Eve allowed herself to be persuaded into making her first movie, a B melodrama entitled Oh, Doctor, in which she played a gun moll. "Things like that shouldn't happen to anyone," she shudders. "Especially not to an idealistic country girl just off Broadway."

If getting into the movies was a disaster, a similar calamity lay ahead: Eve's first big screen test, at RKO in 1939. Eve made it with a cuddly young starlet whom the studio—and the test director—were grooming for big things. Eve immediately sensed that she was there strictly as window dressing. She played the entire test out of the spotlight, dodging around the dim background to stay in camera range. But even from the darkness, Eve came through. When producer-director Gregory La Cava, who was casting for Stage Door, saw the test, he called for Eve and not the junior miss.

Henry Was a Cat with Talent

Quite possibly, Eve's relatively minor part would have ended on the cutting-room floor if she hadn't recognized the unique dramatic properties of a cat named Henry, who was scheduled to appear in several scenes. Between shots, Eve discovered that Henry was a very lazy fellow and enjoyed being draped around her neck like a fur piece. She thoughtfully called this phenomenon to La Cava's attention one morning. "Will he stay that way long?" the director asked. "Of course," Eve said, smoothing Henry's coat. "He likes me." Both Miss Arden and Henry ended up with fat parts, and for long afterward she was often identified as "the girl with the cat."

Such resourcefulness has continued to stand her in good stead ever since. By contributing some device or small piece of business, Eve has cannily built up many a small role far beyond its author's original intentions. Even when the parts remained minute, Eve saw to it that the audiences remembered her.

In The Doughgirls, at Warner Brothers, she beefed up her comic role as a tough-talking Russian guerrilla by enlivening her conversation with broad, funny gestures of her rifle. In My Dream Is Yours, for the same company, there was a scene in which she washed a dog; she appeared wearing a pair of incongruous leopard-skin slacks, which she designed herself.

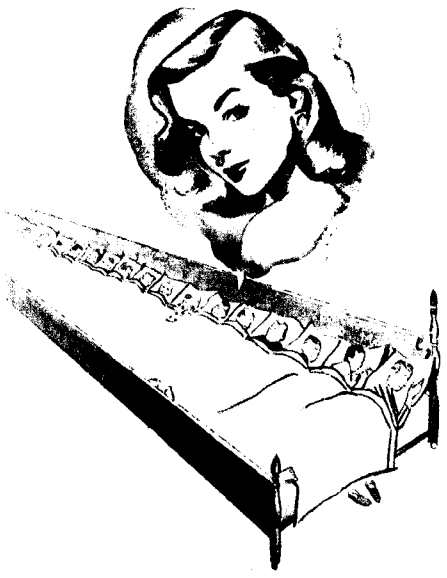
"Eve is a brilliant woman," director Mike Curtiz commented afterward. "When she is in a picture, everything comes to life."

The forthright application of the Arden imagination has not always had such successful results. Several years ago, a producer at Warner Brothers nearly exploded when an item appeared in the Hollywood Reporter, the trade gossip sheet, to the effect that Eve Arden was rewriting much of the dialogue of his production on the set (which was true) and, incidentally, improving it considerably (which many observers felt was also true). The next morning, through channels, Eve received a sharply worded request to cut it out.

In the three years following her screen debut in RKO's Stage Door, Eve made a total of 23 pictures for several studios, including Mildred Pierce, Let's Face It, Night and Day, and Voice of the Turtle. Despite this backbreaking schedule, she managed to make two excursions to New York, to appear in the Kern-Hammerstein Very Warm for May, and another musical, Two for the Show—and to acquire a husband, writers' agent Ned Bergen, whom she married in 1939.

Throughout her professional career, Eve

Who is the Girl
in the dreams of
ten thousand men?



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has always been known as a stable, even exuberant woman. No one can recall ever witnessing her in an outburst of temperament. If she had tears, she retreated into a private corner, then blew her nose and came back smiling. So when, a few years ago, she announced that she was beginning psychoanalysis, her friends were flabbergasted.

"I woke up one morning," Eve explained, "and realized how miserable I'd been. There are two kinds of neurotics in this world—those who take their frustrations out on the world, and those who take them out on themselves. I happen to be a bad case of the latter type."

During most of her adult years, Eve was periodically driven by an overwhelming compulsion to go domestic, to feather a nest. Soon after her return to Hollywood from New York in 1940, the urge for roots caused her to begin the long, arduous process of gathering the appurtenances of domestic bliss. One night while visiting friends in the Hollywood Hills section, Eve spotted a vacant, sloping lot. It was deep in rank growth, but to her it looked like an ideal homesite.

She bought the lot three days later, and her evenings for the next weeks were spent drawing up floor plans on butcher paper. She stood like a mother eagle over the architect while he transferred the plans to blueprints, harassed the carpenters while they were hammering up the studs, and directed the painters, room by room. Finally she insisted on moving in before the lights and gas were turned on, or the windows installed.

Domesticity had become such a vivid part of her nature by the time she went East again in 1941 to do the Cole Porter musical Let's Face It, with Danny Kaye, that cast members backstage were unable to escape her evening sermon about it. She waved green- and red-speckled color photographs under their bewildered eyes, explaining, "It's the view of the city lights from my house in California." She went to the Dodgers-Yankees World Series that year with an old friend who had obtained hard-to-get tickets, then infuriated him by calmly knitting antimacassars for her house through all five games.

Simultaneously, Eve was developing a mania for American antiques which, according to her friends, occasionally threatens to impoverish her. "I believe Eve wants to own all the antiques there are," says her friend, actress Helen Parrish. "She's just like a bird dog about them. She walks into a dirty little shop, and her nose starts twitching. She burrows in a pile of rubble, and it's not until she reaches bottom that she finds the one piece in the shop she considers worth while."

High Cost of Primitive Art

Eve's collector's instinct took an even more expensive turn when she began buying American primitive paintings. Typically, she couldn't stop with half measures. Today, the resultant accumulation, which consists primarily of portraits of children, is considered one of the best private collections of primitive art in the West.

Although her paintings are an excellent investment as such, Eve's business counselor, George Ward, has tried, on occasion, to slow down her expenditures. She simply retaliates by refusing to offer him a drink when he comes to her house. "I can't afford it on the budget you give me," she explains.

One day in 1943, her house furnished and comfortable, Eve stood on the veranda, surveyed her hill and found it wanting. "Two men came over one afternoon to clean up the rubbish and put in about $100 worth of shrubs," George complains. "By the time they left, it was four years later." The results of their work include a swimming pool, sweeping flagstone terraces, and enough rare shrubs to start a commercial nursery.

Once the gardening was rolling along nicely, Eve's mind turned to thoughts of children; since Ned was then in the service, she undertook the responsibility of adopting two infant girls, Liza and Connie. Nothing before or since has so completely dominated Eve's life nor, for that matter, her conversation.

COLLIER'S

"Since this is our twenty-fifth anniversary, let's celebrate by doing something different. Let's eat out tonight"

IRWIN CAPLAN

"As soon as Liza began piano lessons," says Larry Berns, who is an old friend as well as Eve's radio producer, "it became a topic for argument whether Liza or Mozart started playing younger."

In 1947, after their long wartime separation, Eve and Ned Bergen were divorced. During the ensuing months, Miss Arden was actively pursued by several of Hollywood's romantic leading men, but one by one, she ruled them out because they were not sufficiently interested in home and family.

Three years ago, when the actress was valiantly trying to raise her children alone, she wrote an article for a fan magazine, titled Life Without Father, which concluded with her ideas about a husband. "I'd make a point to have any man I liked out to dinner often so I could indoctrinate my family while making notes on the man's candid attitude. When I felt sure that he was not pretending an interest in the children which he didn't feel, I'd marry him without hesitation."

The man who fitted those specifications ultimately arrived, in the handsome person of Brooks West, an actor from the New York stage. They met when Brooks was recommended to Eve as the leading man for her 1950 summer tour in Over 21. After a successful season Eve returned to California, and Brooks joined her a short time later. There he met the children—and, fortunately, made a favorable impression.

Eve and Brooks teamed up again last summer for a 12-week swing through New England in the play Here Today, which broke house records everywhere it showed, and netted Eve an average of $4,000 weekly. So great was her drawing power that a theater owner in Somerset, Massachusetts, had to seat the overflow audiences on folding chairs in the aisles; when he was ordered by the fire department to stop that practice, he came backstage with a glum look and reported: "A bad night, folks. Only capacity."

Because of the long schedule, and perhaps for other reasons as well, Eve took the children along on this tour. Midway through the season, it became evident that Brooks had made the grade and that the girls were doing their best to heckle the adults into marriage. One night while they were all eating dinner together, Liza calmly turned to Eve and said, "Mother, I want Brooks for my daddy. Will you arrange it?"

From that moment, it was simply a question of ironing out the details. Eve and Brooks were married in Bridgeport, Connecticut, last August.

COLLIER'S

"Of course it's only a suggestion, but suppose I make you a three-week reservation at a rest home to begin the minute the quarantine is lifted"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Domesticity in Full Tide

Since their return home, they have done little entertaining. They've been too busy scooting furniture around the living room, storing newly acquired antiques, and painting the children's bathroom with hopeful good-behavior mottoes, a gesture which Brooks felt might help their behavior conform to the requirements of indoor living after the summer's outdoor freedom. As for Eve, her domesticity in full tide, she has begun poring over recipes again.

Fortunately for Eve's home life, Our Miss Brooks is what is known, in the trade, as a "happy show." After three and one-half years together, the cast is now able to fall into the spirit of the show with no delay; rarely do they spend more than two and one-half hours of actual working time on Sundays. Eve arrives at the studio at approximately 10:30 A.M., runs through a relaxed round-table rehearsal, then joins the cast for a leisurely lunch. The final rehearsal goes on at 1:30 P.M., after which Eve leaves in a blur of motion, in order to spend every possible moment at home with Brooks and the kids.

By 3:30 P.M. (6:30, Eastern Standard Time), when the show is broadcast to Eastern audiences, Eve has accomplished her Sunday-afternoon miracle of good grooming, and is standing, impeccable and relaxed, ready to put Miss Brooks over her weekly hurdles. The West Coast hears the program 4½ hours later, by tape recording.

Having set her private life in order so well that she now sees her psychiatrist only once every two months, she is beginning to undertake other plans. She has too much energy simply to sit and purr in her parlor. Aside from the imminent problems of conveying Our Miss Brooks to television, she would like in the near future to return to New York in a play. She would even like to make another movie—on her own terms.

With her last film, Goodbye, My Fancy, which concluded a contract arrangement with Warner Brothers, Eve said a dry-eyed good-by, once and for all, to the other Eve she so cordially despises. She is determined not to appear in films again until Hollywood recognizes her for what she is: a versatile, competent actress.

Directors and casting departments have not received this news cheerfully. Only a few weeks ago, an important director from RKO called Eve's agent, George Ward, to offer her a $50,000 screen role.

"Does she get the guy?" George interrupted.

"Well . . . no," the director confessed. "But," he added hastily, "this is a great part for Eve. I don't know anyone else who could do it justice."

"But Eve doesn't get the guy?" George insisted.

"No," the director admitted, and then said urgently, "but this is a typical Eve Arden part, George. It was written with her in mind."

Ward is a canny Scot who hates to turn down $50,000 offers; but he gritted his teeth and, hiding his anguish, said firmly:

"I'm afraid you'll have to get someone else. Eve Arden isn't playing 'Eve Arden parts' any more." THE END

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Animal Husbandry

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

leave them alone," Dr. Forbes said. Unvarnished honesty smote him. "In my present circumstances, I leave them alone, Miss Mande—"

"Alice," she said.

"Alice," Dr. Forbes said.

They went out to Alice's station wagon. She loaded Cedric in it, and the doctor had a feeling he was going to be lonely when she left. "I suppose you're from the city?" he said. "Los Angeles?"

"No, San Francisco. But I live here—down the road about four miles—bought the Emerson place. I'm going to be a farmer as soon as I can decide what to raise."

"Raise cattle or hogs," Doc Forbes said eagerly. "You've got plenty of water, and there's money in it."

"Money!" Alice said, and shrugged.

THE doctor pointed to higher ground a mile or so away, where fields of vivid green lay behind whitewashed fences. Black Angus cattle and horses strolled about, eating their heads off. "Look at that. It belongs to Dick Delaney; he's on television in the city. A hundred acres under cultivation. You can do that with your place."

"Those cows your patients?"

The doctor sighed. "No, he has another man. Very good doctor too."

"If I put in animals, would you take care of them?"

"Oh, yes!" Doc Forbes said. "I—I could probably even give you the animal equivalent of socialized medicine."

At that moment a mature, tanned, brush-haired man drove by in a convertible, hauling an elegant trailer in which was a white horse wearing a silver-mounted saddle.

"That's Delaney now," Dr. Forbes said. "He spends half of every week down here. You must have seen him on television. He has a variety program."

"Never heard of him," Alice said. "Never look at television. Listen, Doc. Confidentially. How's business?"

"Confidentially, Alice, it's terrible."

She looked at him with narrowed but still glowing blue eyes. "Ah. Well—we'll see. Good-by, Doc."

"Good-by," Dr. Forbes said. "Good-by, Cedric, bless your heart."

He stood in the doorway for a long while after they had gone. Into the bleakness of his life had come a mysterious warmth, and he missed it. He had no doubt the warmth was gone forever.

He was mistaken on at least one count. The mysterious warmth was back the following afternoon, in person. She leaned against the door, her hands in the pockets of her blue jeans.

"Is Cedric—" he started to ask.

"In the pink," she told him. "He couldn't come because he got married and is on his honeymoon."

"Eh?" the doc said. "Well, give him my congratulations."

"I trust," Miss Mandeville continued, "that Cedric and Wilhelmina, his wife, will eventually be blessed with some little bundles from heaven which you will oversee, Doc."

"Yes, yes," the doctor said. "Glad to, Alice. A fine fellow, that Cedric. I wish him every happiness."

"By the way," Alice said, "I've just been talking to a contractor. He's coming to survey my ranch tomorrow. I'm going to level all the land, put in a well and pump and sprinklers, permanent pasture, alfalfa, a new barn, and a few other odds and ends. Then I'll want your professional advice on cattle, horses, hogs, sheep, goats and so forth. At your regular rates."

"Huh?" the doctor said. "How—how many acres are you going to use, Miss Mandeville?"

"Alice."

"I prefer to call you Miss Mandeville in view of this," Dr. Forbes said firmly. "How many acres?"

"I don't know. Three hundred, I guess."

"But that'll cost an enormous amount of money!"

"Money," Miss Mandeville said, and smiled faintly. "Unfortunately, Doc, time must elapse before I am ready to install my livestock. To take up the slack, I have put the arm on Dick Delaney."

Miss Mandeville held up two fingers, pressed together. "We are just like that. Briefly, I am pitching my curves at him in your behalf, and he's a sucker for a curve. Soon, in a nice way, he will be in my power. You are just as good as taking care of those black Anguses right now."

"Why, thank you very much," Dr. Forbes said. "But you mustn't put yourself out, Miss—"

"You're welcome," Miss Mandeville assured him. "It's almost a pleasure. What are you doing tonight, Doc?"

"Uh—addressing the Four-H girls."

"I asked you about their ages, didn't I? Well, anyway, I thought we might go into town and sit in a saloon and talk."

"Some other time," the doctor said in a faint voice.

"Any old time, Doc," Miss Mandeville said. "The phone number is four-eight-two, ring two. If a man answers, don't hang up—it's some guy on the party line who listens to all my calls."

THEN she was gone, and Dr. Forbes was absorbed in bitter thoughts. They continued for two days; during that time there was not a moment when he didn't want to call four-eight-two, ring two. But he kept away from the telephone. In addition to having no money to spend on idle amusements, he hated himself for secretly wanting Miss Mandeville to have a free hand in continuing to act as a sort of commercial Mata-Hari for him.

Alice's pitching was obviously airtight. Dick Delaney visited the hospital, his mustache and prison haircut bristling with energy.

"Hi, Doc," he said. "Only got a minute. I want you to come up to my place. See my foreman about a couple of sick animals."

"I'd be delighted, Mr. Delaney," Doc said with difficulty.

Mr. Delaney started out, paused, turned, and came back.

"I understand you've met La Mandeville," he said.

"Yes, I treated Cedric."

Delaney's eyebrows lifted. "She thinks well of you, Doc. Are you acquainted with her circumstances and—and so forth?"

"Why, no," Doc said, "other than that she has a ranch up the road and is planning to put in a well. Miss Mandeville and I are acquainted solely through Cedric, who is now a bridegroom, I understand."

Delaney patted his shoulder. "That's the spirit, my boy. Keep it that way. Stay among your animals and be happy. I have staked out a claim on this tender little morsel, Doc. She is mad about me, of course. Don't rock the boat."

"I am not the kind that rocks boats," Doc Forbes said, and turned a dull red.

"She's going to be on my program soon," Delaney said, "so watch for us. We'll be a charming couple."

He was off, waving cordially. The doctor made up his mind not to go near Delaney's farm, but the foreman called, and he couldn't think of any good excuse. He treated a couple of ailing calves and went right back to the hospital and asked the operator for four-eight-two, ring two.

"This is Dr. Forbes," he said, when Alice came on.

"Howdy!" she replied. "What's up, Doc?"

"Miss Mandeville, I have come to the conclusion that I am in a false position in this matter."

"What matter?"

"A short time ago," Dr. Forbes said, "I gave aureomycin to a couple of black Angus calves. I believe you understand me."

"Oh, sure. I told you he was putty in my hands."

"Well, he must cease being putty in your hands—at least on my behalf. I cannot accept such favors. I will not treat any more black Angus cattle belonging to a party who shall be nameless."

Heavy breathing came upon the line.

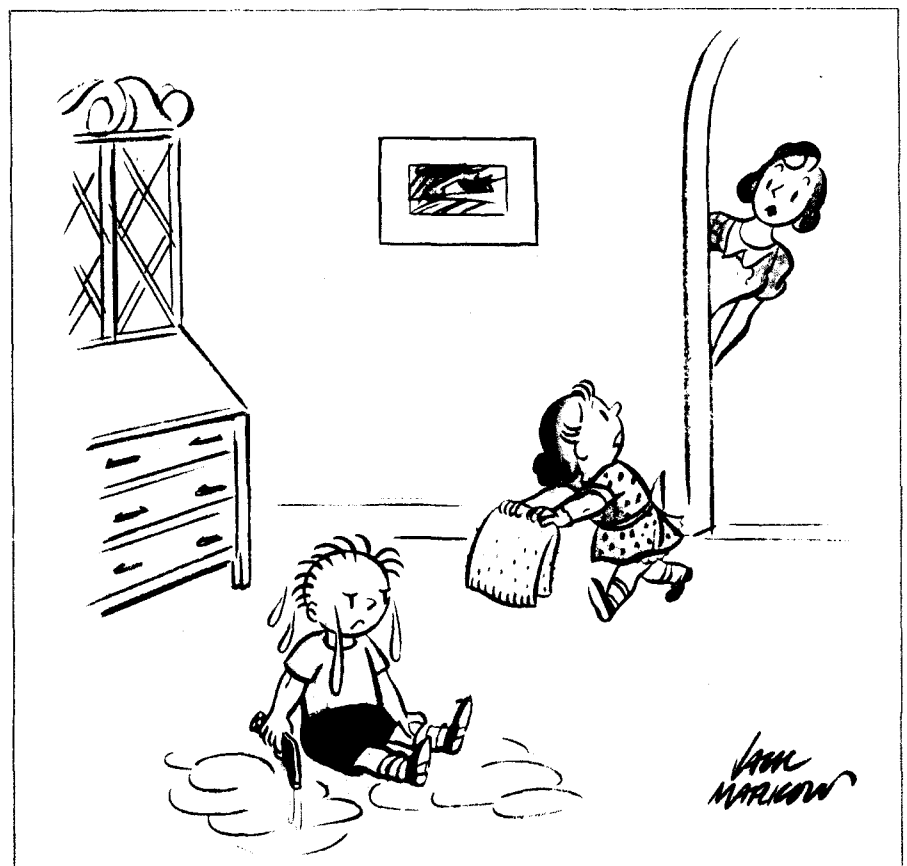
"Get off the phone, you bum!" Alice said. "This is a personal call!" The breathing stopped. "Doc, may I interpret your attitude as one motivated by jealousy?"

"Certainly not! I have my principles."

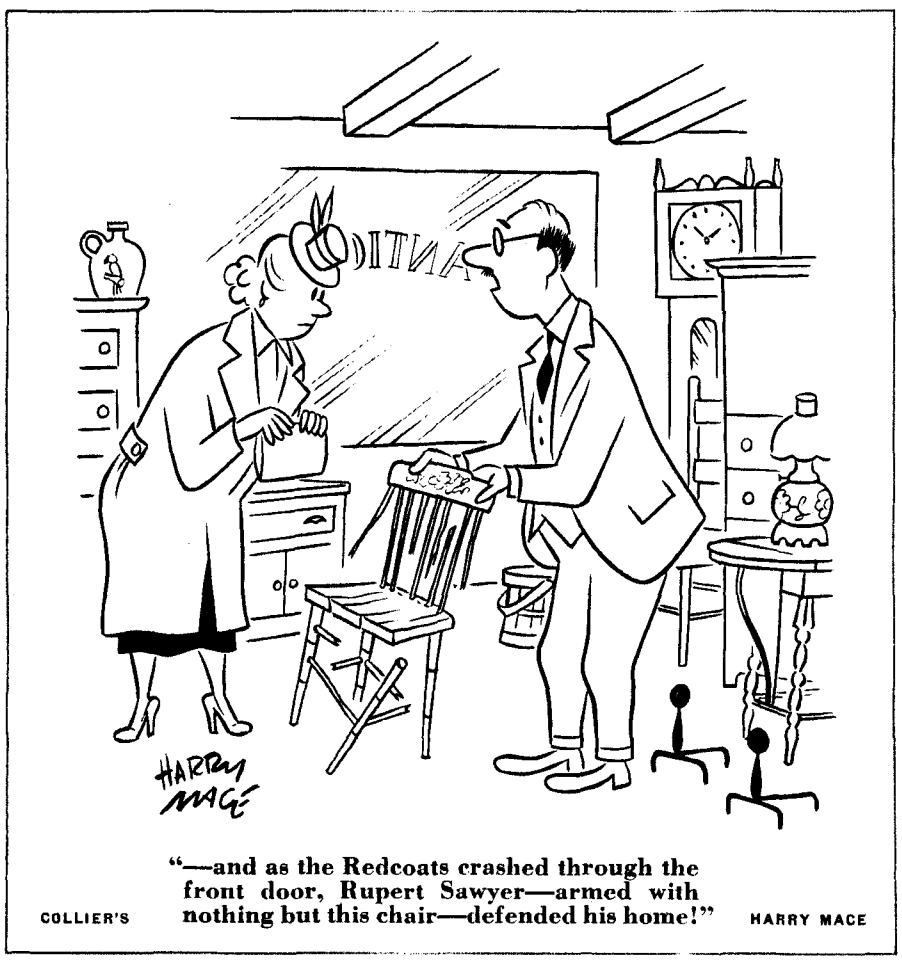
"Who could miss 'em? Listen, why don't you come over to my place and we'll discuss it without benefit of a third party? The contractor is letting me run his bulldozer, and I'll be happy to have you sit on the seat with me."

"Thank you, but I'm busy."

"How about tonight?"



COLLIER'S — **"He shot himself while cleaning his water pistol"** — JACK MARKOW



COLLIER'S — **"—and as the Redcoats crashed through the front door, Rupert Sawyer—armed with nothing but this chair—defended his home!"** — HARRY MACE

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"I have a previous engagement."

"The minute you're in the clear," the affable and handsome girl said, "let me know."

Doc Forbes, sitting rigidly, heard her hang up. Then his ear was assaulted by a shrill cackle of mirth, followed by the click of a second telephone being put down. The doctor thought he recognized the laugh as belonging to old Dad Walters, a local patriarch, and made a mental note to complain to his kinfolks; but at the moment he had more pressing problems. Temptation was assailing him dreadfully. For two cents he would have got himself a date. To fight it off, and to conquer the sinking feeling that resulted from abandoning those black Anguses, he took a bottle of antiseptic, poured it in a pail of water, and started mopping the hospital. Within ten minutes his iron will had prevailed and he felt as clean as the smell. The telephone rang.

"Miss Mandeville speaking," Alice said. "Doc, they're having a do at the Odd Fellows Hall tonight. Raffling off box suppers. It's on me and the sky's the limit. What do you say?"

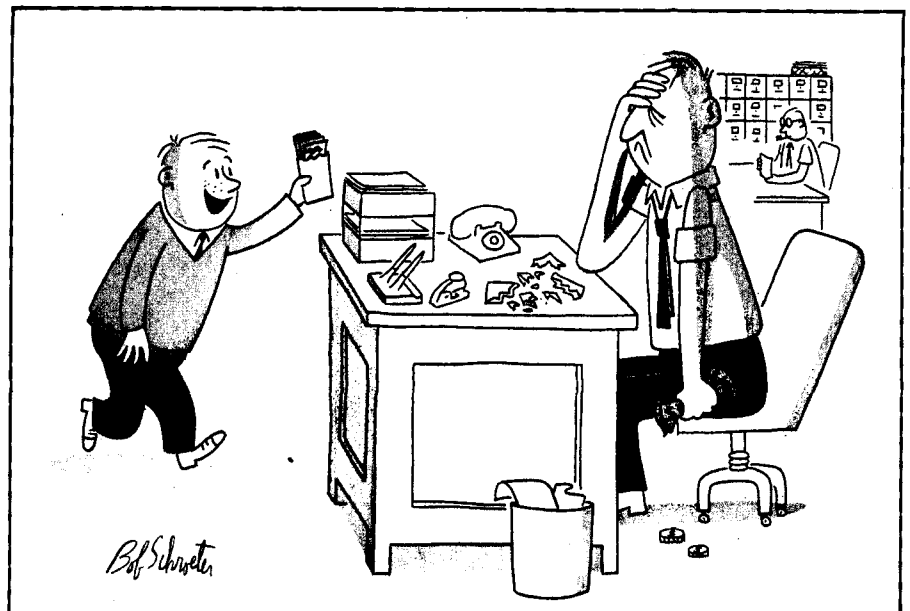
"Yes," the doctor said. "Absolutely!"

"What about your previous engagement?"

"I'll cancel it," the doctor said. "Positively!"

That night Dr. Forbes attired himself in the blue suit he'd bought with part of his Army separation pay, and accompanied Alice to the Odd Fellows Hall in her station wagon. She was wearing a starched gingham dress, a little white woolen coat, high heels, two or three pieces of costume jewelry, and a perfume that had a far greater effect on the doctor than the disinfectant had had.

Naturally, he attracted a good deal of attention, since he rarely came to such affairs, and never with a gorgeous companion. People slapped him on the back and said, "Good old Doc!" and, "Whatcha treating *her* for, Doc?" and so on.



"Say, Mr. Feeney, did you get my pay envelope by mistake?"

COLLIER'S — BOB SCHROETER

RAFFLING the box suppers turned into a tremendously exciting event. In spite of what Alice had said about everything being on her, the doctor had intended to go without lunch for a few weeks and bid on a supper for them; but the best on display went on the block first, and the opening bid, made by Mr. Turner, the president of the Farmers' & Merchants' Bank, was ten dollars.

Mr. Stansfield, auctioneering for the Essextown Relief Fund, of which he was the chairman, urged further action.

"That's for us," Alice whispered to Dr. Forbes. "Always travel first-class, huh, Doc?"

Twitching rather than nodding to her, Doc tried to bid ten dollars and twenty-five cents. His voice failed him. Speaking clearly, Miss Mandeville said, "Twenty bucks."

Mr. Turner stiffened, contemplated his adversary, and made it thirty. Miss Mandeville raised the ante to fifty. White and speechless, Dr. Forbes watched a duel between Alice and Mr. Turner that ended when she bought their supper for three hundred dollars. Mr. Stansfield got down from the rostrum, shook Alice's and Doc Forbes's hands, and thanked them on behalf of the Essextown Relief Fund. Alice paid from a roll that would, as somebody behind the doctor said, choke an ox.

They sat at a table with the younger and gayer group of the county and dined very well. Alice got along beautifully with one and all. As he came out of shock, the doctor's appetite revived. Throwing caution to the winds, he drank a bottle of beer. He decided he was involved in the nicest evening of his life.

Afterward there was square-dancing, a form of getting around the floor new to Alice. Dr. Forbes, who had taken lessons in the high-school gymnasium on Tuesday nights, was able to instruct her. She caught on quickly, and they stayed until the affair ended.

Driving home in the moonlight, Alice said, "Doc, I hope I didn't embarrass you on the box-supper deal, and I hope the people around here didn't think I was trying to show off."

"You didn't, they didn't, and the fund appreciates it. Besides, everybody likes to see Mr. Turner taken down a peg."

Alice smiled gratefully. "I'm out here trying to turn over a new leaf, and that includes not flashing my roll, but I can't seem to stop acting rich. Maybe I ought to tell you the story of my life."

"Do that, Alice," Doc Forbes said. "I am a doctor, and you can tell me anything."

So she did. The doctor kept saying, "I see," and wondering at the mysteriousness of life. They arrived at the VETERINARY HOSP, which was glaring redly in the night, and parked. Alice kept talking. As she had said at the beginning of her tale, she was holding nothing back.

It appeared she was a San Francisco postdebutante, aged twenty-two, standing approximately five feet one inch high in platform shoes, that she was active, healthy, fun-loving and hot-tempered. Orphaned at an early age, she had been raised by the trustees of the Mandeville Shipbuilding Corporation, who also continued to operate that huge organization at Hunter's Point in her behalf. She was the sole heir to the whole pile.

"The fact is, Doc," she said, "I've got plenty of the world's goods. I should be riding in an armored car instead of a station wagon. And it's had a bad effect on my character: I'm dictatorial, spoiled, and used to having people cultivate me for my goods. Especially men. In my youth I was thrown out of three or four schools, and otherwise caused the trustees a good deal of trouble. I can't seem to settle down because I think everybody's got an angle. A year ago I went to a psychiatrist. The head-shrinker pointed out the error of my ways. Now I'm trying to reform."

"I see," Doc said.

"To put it bluntly," Alice continued, "I'm a ticket-of-leave girl from northern California. I gave the ticket to myself. I thought if I went to a new place, lived a different kind of life and met different people and remained unknown, I might find happiness." She gazed at the doctor, her eyes glowing in the moonlight. "I think I have, Doc."

"Goodness, with all the money I spend, how do you expect me to keep track of it?"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

"I see," Doc said, for the sixteenth time

There was a silence. "Well, that's that," Alice said. "You know all, and tomorrow's another day of bulldozing. You're not going to try to kiss me good night, are you?"

"Oh, no," the doctor said. "That is, my condition being what it is—"

"I thought not. In that case, I'll try to kiss you."

She did, and was highly successful. Dr Forbes stumbled into the hospital, his heart racing dangerously. He put a finger to an artery in his wrist and counted. This was not good. As a medical man, he made no attempt to conceal the truth from himself: he was gone on the luscious rancher

FOUR days passed, during which the doctor talked several times to four-eight-two, ring two and was evasive. Miss Mandeville was busy moving heaven and earth, but she was willing to entertain the idea of another date or of his calling on her.

Then Dick Delaney turned up, mounted on his white horse and attired in brand-new cowboy clothes.

"I hear you've been dating my girl Doc," he said.

"That is true, Mr. Delaney," Dr. Forbes said.

"I presume you are now acquainted with the fact that she is loaded to the gunwales?"

"That is true."

Delaney looked as if he wanted to reach for his six gun, but he didn't have one. "A kind of animal chiropractor who hasn't even got enough dough to spell out hospital on his sign wouldn't stop at anything, would he?"

"That is not true," Dr. Forbes said.

"Doc," Delaney said, "I'm going to be brutally frank with you. Miss Mandeville is my pigeon. Money and whisky are everything to me, and I too will stop at nothing. I am forty-one years old, handsome, a man of the world, a star of radio and television, and women are crazy about me. You're not even pretty, let alone solvent. Don't you want to withdraw from this unequal contest?"

"In my estimation, I have not yet entered it."

"For years I have been trying to lead young women astray and I've had good luck. Now I've got honorable intentions. How can I lose?"

"You could," Dr. Forbes said.

"My black Anguses are melting away before your very eyes, Doc," Delaney said.

"Very well," Dr. Forbes said. "Let 'em melt."

Delaney frowned. "Listen, Doc, I hear you teach animal husbandry to the Four-H girls. Well, I'll show you some real husbandry before long. Put that in your sterilizer and sterilize it!"

Then he galloped off. Dr. Forbes went back in the hospital. His rival had awakened his conscience, a powerful item in the doctor's make-up. Being honest with himself, he rightly saw he was in no better case than the star of radio and television. Kissing Miss Mandeville only led to thinking of that shipbuilding corporation at Hunter's Point, particularly when you were a croaker without a practice. Her very frankness had ruined things. The situation thus defined, Dr. Forbes's better self staged a fifteen-round championship bout with the darker side of his nature and won a split decision. Miss Mandeville was written off. Highly agitated, the doctor resolved to wash all the windows in the hospital, but at that moment the charity-patient cat had her kittens.

Then the said Miss Mandeville appeared. She was again in blue jeans and wool shirt, her hands were thrust deep in her pockets, her lower lip protruded slightly, and she looked nervous. His heart pounding nastily, Dr. Forbes tried to eye her in a cool, professional way.

"Good afternoon, Miss Mandeville," he said.

"Doc," the delightful girl said. "It's been four days. What's happened?"

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"I've—I've just had kittens," the doctor said. "I'm a busy man. What can I do for you—as a veterinary?"

Alice's great eyes began to fill with tears.

"Nothing, I guess," Alice said. "Only the county fair is starting over in Riverside tomorrow, and I thought we might take it in. I guess not, huh?"

"Uh—no," Doc said. "I find it impossible to accept your kind invitation, Miss Mandeville. But thank you very much."

"You're welcome," Alice said, and the tears dried up and her countenance grew grim. "This is the end, eh, Doc?"

"By no means," Doc said. "By no means. That is, when you have stocked your ranch, I shall be happy to—"

"Oh, no you don't," Alice interrupted. "There's not going to be any stock, or ranch either. And I'm going to the fair with Dick. Furthermore, I'm probably going to marry him!"

She left for the station wagon, but not alone. Dr. Forbes followed her, ashamed of the virulence of his mean emotions.

"He drinks," he said. "He has no respect for women. He's after your money."

"Who isn't?" Alice said. "Except you."

She got in the car. Dr. Forbes struggled with himself. Leaning out the window, Cedric licked his hand. That did it.

"That's the trouble," Doc said. "So am I, Miss Mandeville. So it can never be. To go on is madness—and grand larceny. Good-by forever, Miss Mandeville."

"Good-by, you fish-faced, noble horse doctor!" Alice said.

Dr. Forbes stood on the steps and watched her go out of his life. Sure enough, the station wagon went up the hill and turned in at the whitewashed fence. This was indeed the end.

BY LATE afternoon, the doctor had washed the windows, scrubbed the floor, and nearly rubbed the enamel off his sterilizer. Mother and kittens were doing well, but he wasn't. He had arrived at the conclusion that he had to save not only himself from himself, but, in addition, Miss Mandeville from herself. Ringing four-eight-two, ring two was in vain; all he got was cackling Dad Walters.

As Doc was considering mixing more disinfectant and having another go at the floor, Dick Delaney galloped to the doorway with one stirrup lost and both hands clutching his saddle horn. He seemed so happy that the doctor's spirit broke then and there.

"Congratulations, Mr. Delaney," he said.

"Oh, you know?" Delaney said. "I thought you couldn't be as simple as you look, Doc. We were lucky on that one, weren't we?"

"Huh?" Doc said.

"I'm no high-school girl," Delaney said, "and I was wondering too. The minute she belted up to the ranch with steam coming out of her radiator cap, and said you'd brushed her, and proposed to me, my suspicions came to a head. It was too easy, Doc, and with the kind of horoscope I've got I have to be careful. So I stalled her and got her out with my usual charm and sat right down and phoned the Mandeville trustees in San Francisco. Funny neither one of us thought of doing that before—or did you? Anyway, they never heard of her. They got very excited when I identified myself and told me I was marrying an impostor."

"Ah?" Doc said.

"This is a confidence woman we're dealing with," Delaney said. "She puts up a big front, flashes a roll, hopes to fool the simple countryfolk, and intends all the time to catch me. Obviously you were only the innocent tool in her scheme, the come-on." He shook his brushy head. "There ought to be a law. Dames are getting smarter all the time. Well, I've warned everybody in Essextown. She's foiled. Good-by, Doc. I'll bring you a basket of food someday. You're good luck for me."

"Take another look at your horoscope," Doc said. "And don't come down here again, or you'll go back in your own basket."

Delaney rode off at a walk, still holding the saddle horn. His happiness overpowering him, he began to sing, "You can have her, I don't want her, she's too poor for me . . ."

Dr. Forbes's brow was furrowed as he walked back in the hospital. He was outside again almost immediately, to meet a deputation from Essextown. Among the callers was Mr. Turner, the contractor; various merchants; a dealer in tractors; a well digger; and Doc Helmser, Doc Forbes's rival. They all talked at once, but the doctor managed to sort out their conversations and discover they had one fear in common—that they'd been taken. And they wanted to know if he could shed any light on the matter.

"Poor Mr. Delaney," Mr. Turner said. "Obviously you were only a tool in this, Doc—a come-on. We don't blame you, but—"

"She was going to buy my practice for you," Doc Helmser said. "I was ready to retire. What the hell is this?"

"She's got everything on credit," Mr. Turner said. "Even the ranch is still in escrow; she wouldn't wait, and just moved in. I don't know what we're going to do."

"Gentlemen," Doc Forbes said. "Please. I feel an obligation in this matter. I'll stand behind her and make everything good to the extent of my assets."

"*Your* assets?" Mr. Turner said. "That's a laugh!"

"I have insurance," Doc Forbes said. "Quite a bit, from the war and otherwise. I'll cash it in, and I give you my word you won't lose by this."

Mr. Turner said Doc was one of nature's noblemen, no doubt of that. The posse left calmly, promising not to mention anything to the district attorney.

FEELING rather calm himself, Doc Forbes at nightfall was feeding his kittens from an eye dropper when the beautiful confidence woman called on him. She looked at him with her large eyes for a moment.

"You really are a right guy," she said. "even though it can never be. But brushhead was wrong when he knifed me in Essextown. I'm Mandeville, all right. The trustees denied it because they thought I was making a bum marriage." She handed him a slip of paper. "Here's a cashier's check for thirty grand. I want you to have the credit for this paper anyhow—you have to stay here. Pay everybody off, sell my ranch and send what's left to the trustees. I'm going back to San Francisco."

"San Francisco, eh?" the doc said. "You're welcome. It was little enough to do for the woman I love."

"How's that again?" Miss Mandeville said. "Uh—I imagine you're not going to try to kiss me good-by."

"Oh, yes I am!" Dr. Forbes said, and he did.

But then he pushed her away, turning white. Miss Mandeville stared at him, her own color fading. She groaned.

"Oh, no!" she said. "Not again! Don't tell me it can never be!"

"It can't, it can't!" Doc said. "Honest, Alice, I'm as bad as the others. I didn't make an unselfish gesture. I knew you were Mandeville all the time. Dad Walters told me about your telephone calls to San Francisco he'd listened to because he didn't think Delaney ought to get you. I was going to lie to you, but I can't. I haven't even got any insurance!"

"Look, Doc," Alice said quietly. "Look. Let's give this deal a fair and calm appraisal. Why did Dad Walters want me to have you instead of Brushy?"

"Because—because I'm the better man."

"Okay. Why are you the better man?"

"Because—I'm honest, upright, clean-living, willing to work for what I get, and have a conscience. And I love you for yourself alone—practically."

"Okay," Alice said. "I knew you'd tell the truth. Well. What're you waiting for? Isn't it better to have a wonderful guy like you dipping into my poke than somebody like Delaney?"

"Unquestionably," Doc said. "No doubt of it. I'm convinced. Come here. Did I kiss you, darling?"

"No," Alice said. "So I'm the liar in the family." Later on, she added, "I'll buy you Doc Helmser's joint for a wedding present, Doc. We'll have the best animal husbandry in the county. If any poor animals come, we'll treat 'em for nothing."

"I couldn't accept such a present even from a relative by marriage," Doc Forbes said, and then gently elbowed his conscience out of a place where three was a crowd. "Except, maybe, on behalf of the lower Primates." THE END

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LOWELL HESS

Truman's Crystal Ball

SHUCKS! Here we were looking forward to the 1952 Presidential campaign, and hoping that it would be full of surprises, uncertainties, fireworks, and just possibly some statesmanlike good sense. But that was before Mr. Truman made his speech before the Woman's National Democratic Club in Washington. Now the thrill is gone—in advance. For the President blueprinted the whole thing, almost a year early, and left us nothing to get excited about.

Mr. Truman did omit a couple of minor matters, such as whether he is going to run and who the Republican candidate will be. But that is merely incidental, for the race is in the bag for the Democrats. They're going to win because they have all virtue, idealism, good intentions and the heartfelt interest of the common people on their side. At least that, in effect, is what Mr. T. said. The Republicans, on the other hand—well, we guess the Republicans will have to have a separate paragraph for a partial listing of their villainies.

They will "want to put foreign policy into domestic politics," though Mr. Truman hopes that foreign policy will not become a political issue in the campaign. They are going to "play petty politics with the nation's safety." They will make "a deliberate attempt to misrepresent the basic facts." They will try to "discredit the effort we are making to bring about peace" and "destroy our hope in the vision of the future that leads us on." Furthermore, the G.O.P., financed by an unprecedented slush fund from the coffers of "the special interests," will equip itself with "slick public relations counselors and gigantic national advertising campaigns." (This is a new one in the catalogue of political sins.) It will use the "big doubt" technique: "First, tell a lie to create the doubt, and then use all the tricks of propaganda to exploit it." And the Republicans will also indulge in "lies and smears."

If Mr. Truman's forecast is accurate, we would have to admit that we had lost interest in the whole affair. For one thing, the prospect is boringly and outmodedly melodramatic. We can't remember such a radical, sheep-from-the-goats division of vices and virtues since East Lynne and The Old Homestead. But somehow we have an idea that everything is not quite so simple as the President put it. We get the feeling that perhaps he is a little bit nervous about the outcome. It seems rather a waste of ammunition to lay down a full-scale barrage before the enemy takes the field, and we would say it indicates a slight case of the jumps.

But, jumpy or not, Mr. Truman seems to have made his intentions and his technique quite clear. Assuming that he will again be a candidate—and there was certainly nothing in his speech to contradict that assumption—he is trying to brand every criticism of his administration in advance as a lie, a smear, or a deliberate misrepresentation.

Take the matter of foreign policy. We believe that when such a policy has been adopted, after deliberation and debate, it should be supported by both parties in government. But when the country comes to the momentous task of choosing a new President, we see no reason why the foreign policy of an incumbent administration should not be the subject of a searching examination and review. Then, we believe, it is correctly a "partisan political issue." And unless Mr. Truman actually believes that the right of free speech does not extend to discussion of his decisions in foreign affairs, we don't think he can dismiss all such discussion as "playing petty politics with the nation's safety."

Nor are all the domestic activities of the Truman administration beyond reproach. For all of the President's stuck-whistle clichés about the "special interests" (we do wish his speech writers would find him a new phrase), the White House has some "special interests" of its own with whom it has played footie on more than one occasion.

We're not going into a dreary rehash of a lot of unsavory and unrebuked things that have happened during Mr. Truman's term in office. But a succession of major and minor scandals over the years, from vote frauds and stolen ballots to questionable influence peddling and gift taking, has added up to something which, in our eyes, looms about as large as Teapot Dome. The President may talk about the "vision of the future." But the vision of the present, when platoons of internal revenue agents are running, not walking, to the nearest exit, is hardly one in which the Truman administration looks quite at home wrapped up in the spotless robe of virtue.

About the only assurance we got from the speech before the Democratic ladies was that if Mr. Truman sets the pattern, the coming campaign will be just as intemperate, emotional and unspecific as the one in 1948. We hope it won't be. We hope that the Republicans may come up with a candidate who will not follow that pattern. And we think that if General Eisenhower should be their choice, he would make a hard, clean, factual and reasonable fight of it.

Meanwhile, Mr. Truman's preview of his plan of action leaves us feeling rather distressed.

Add Russian Inventions

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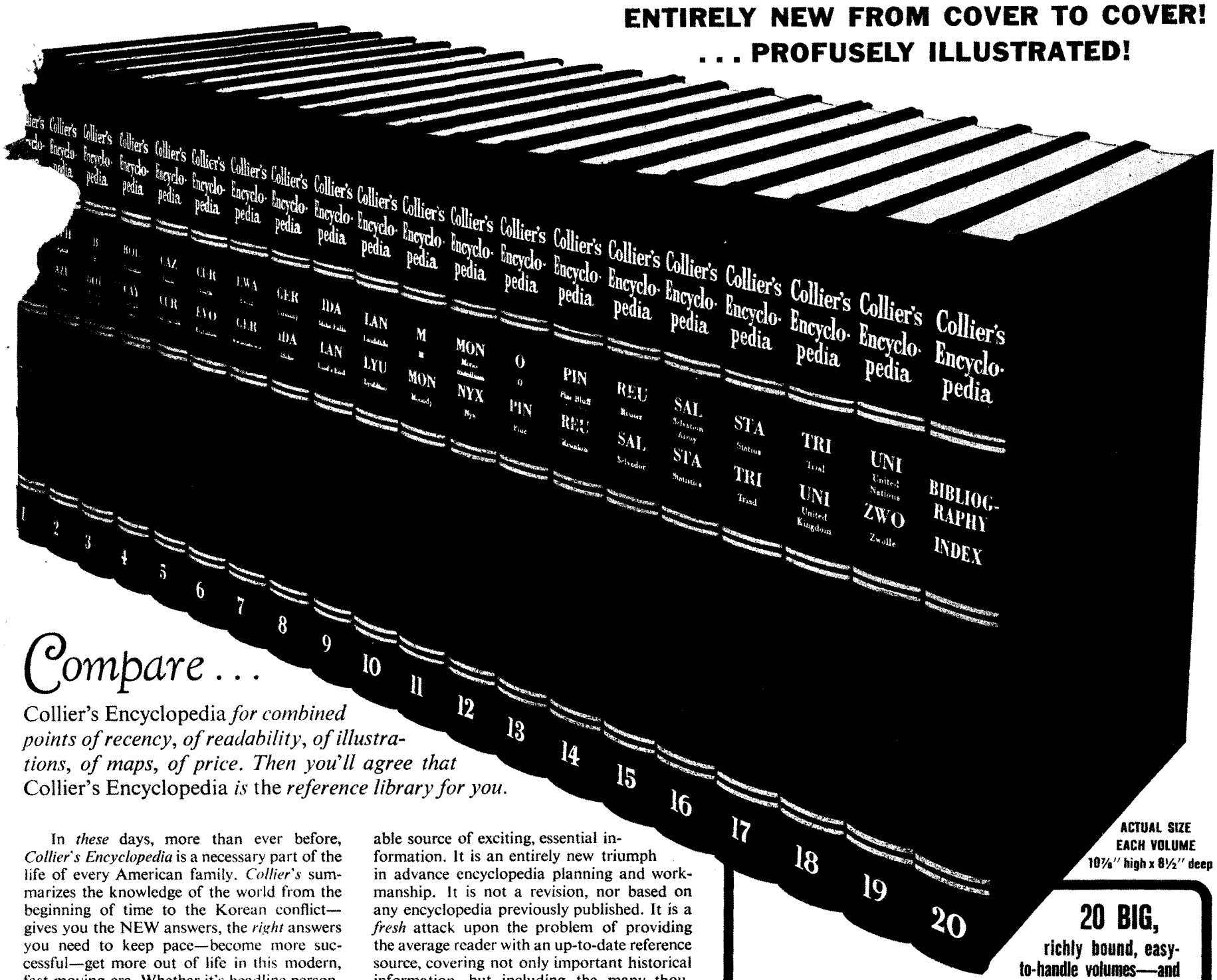

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